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//HELLO, NASTY!
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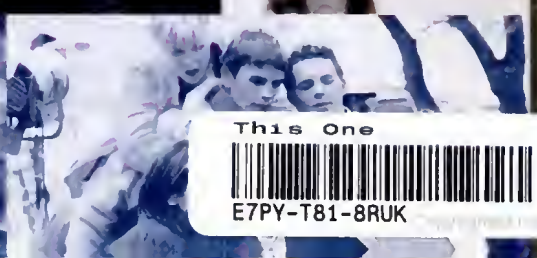

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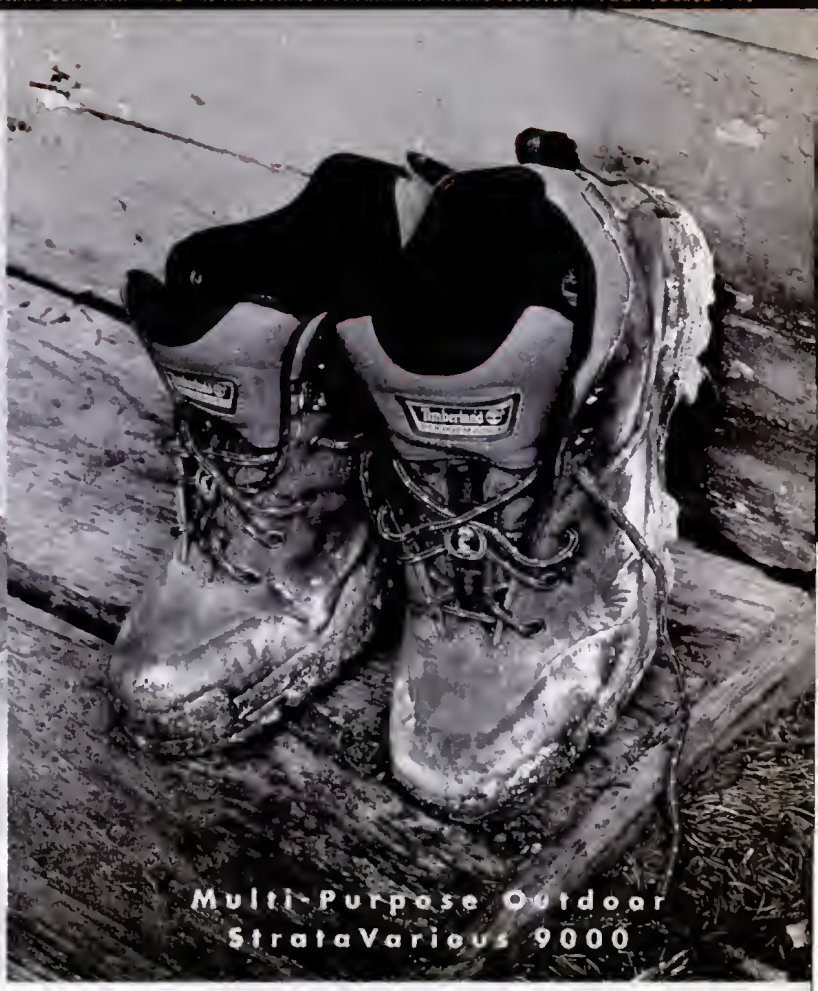


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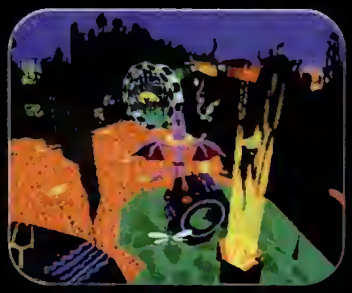
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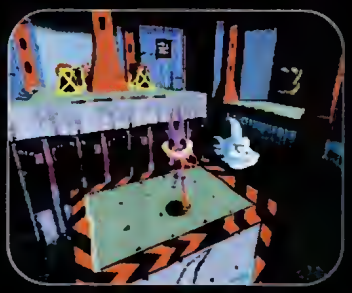
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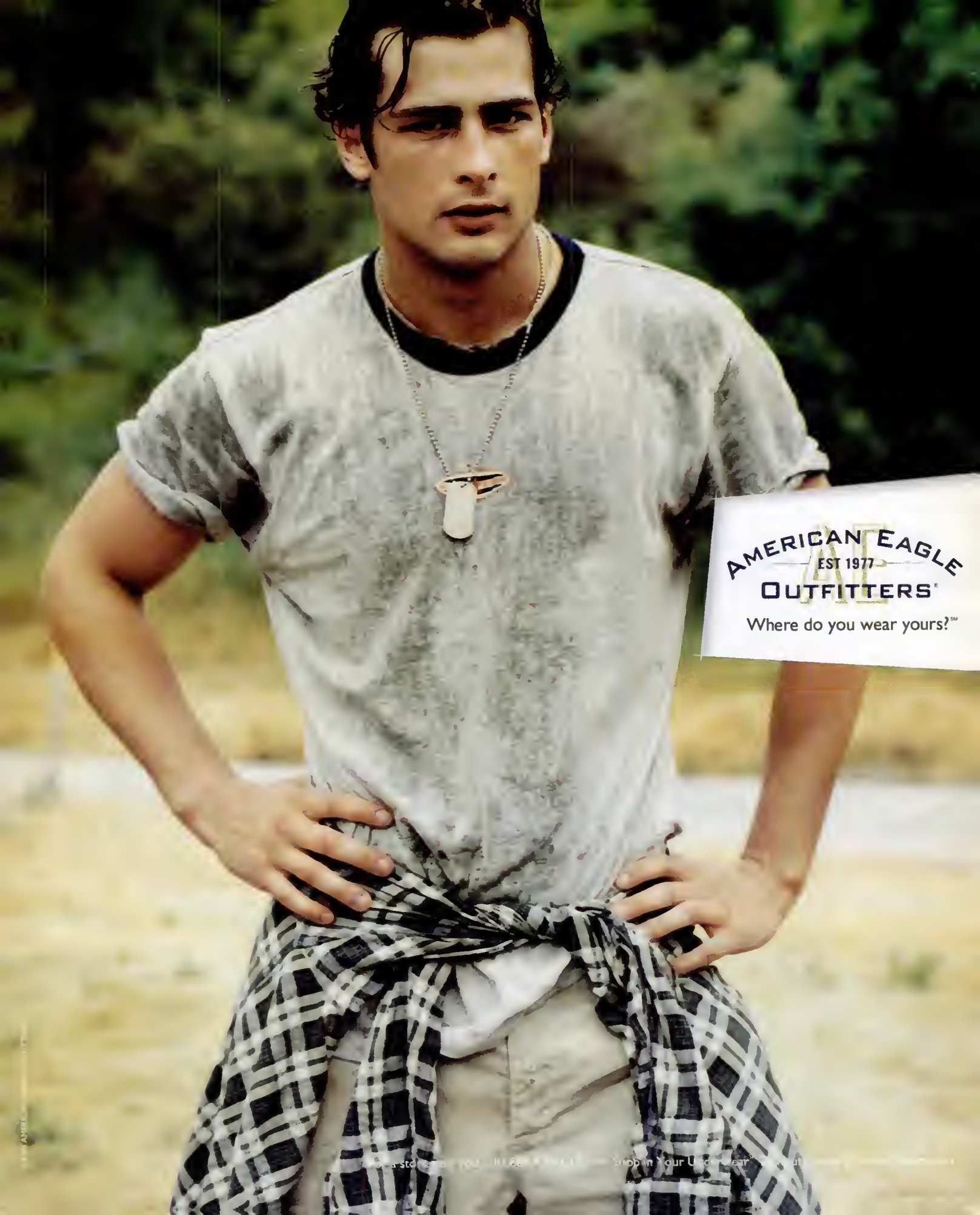
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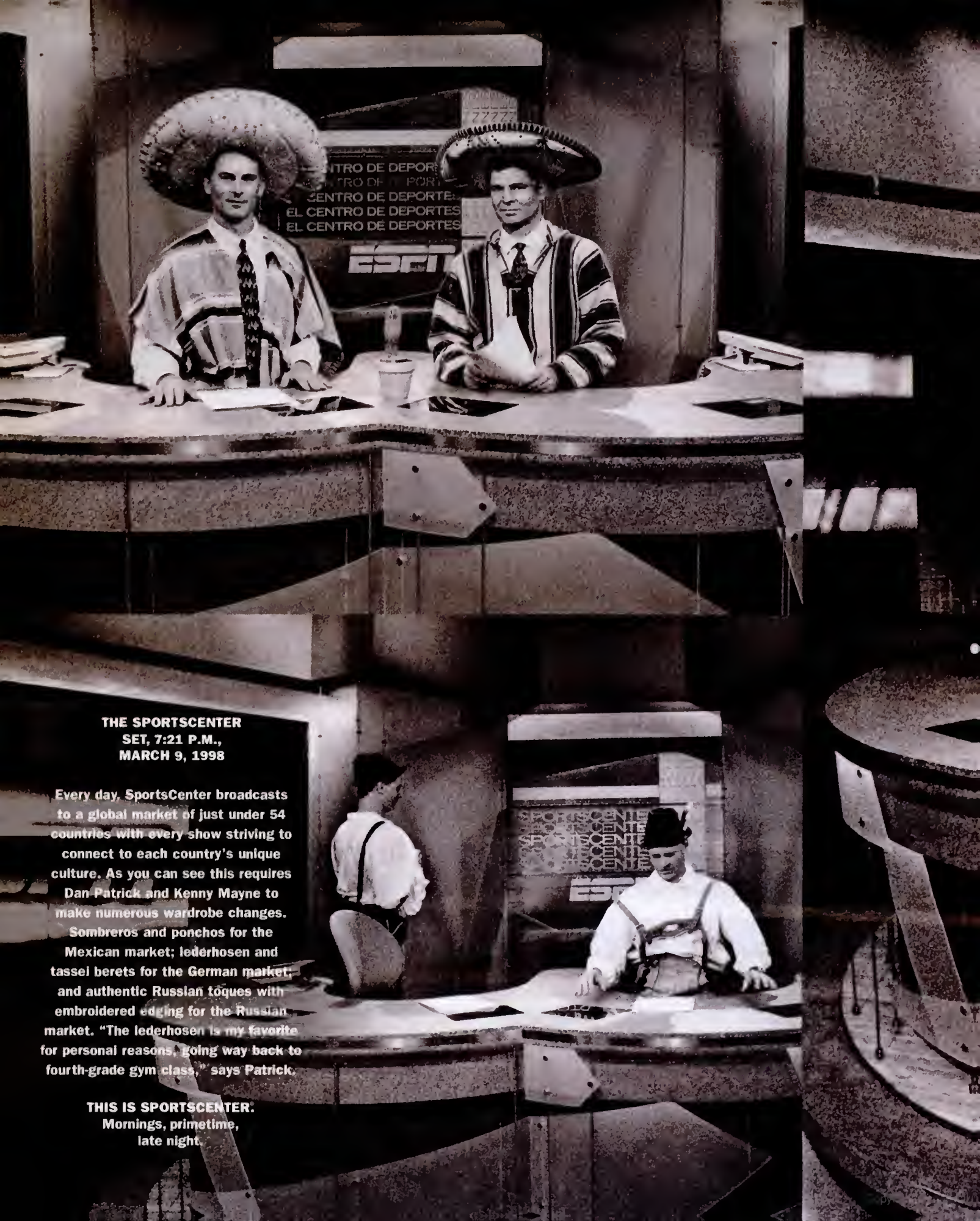
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This photograph by Marcelo Krasilcic.



THE SPORTSCENTER SET, 7:21 P.M., MARCH 9, 1998

Every day, SportsCenter broadcasts to a global market of just under 54 countries with every show striving to connect to each country's unique culture. As you can see this requires Dan Patrick and Kenny Mayne to make numerous wardrobe changes. Sombreros and ponchos for the Mexican market; lederhosen and tassel berets for the German market; and authentic Russian toques with embroidered edging for the Russian market. "The lederhosen is my favorite for personal reasons, going way back to fourth-grade gym class," says Patrick.

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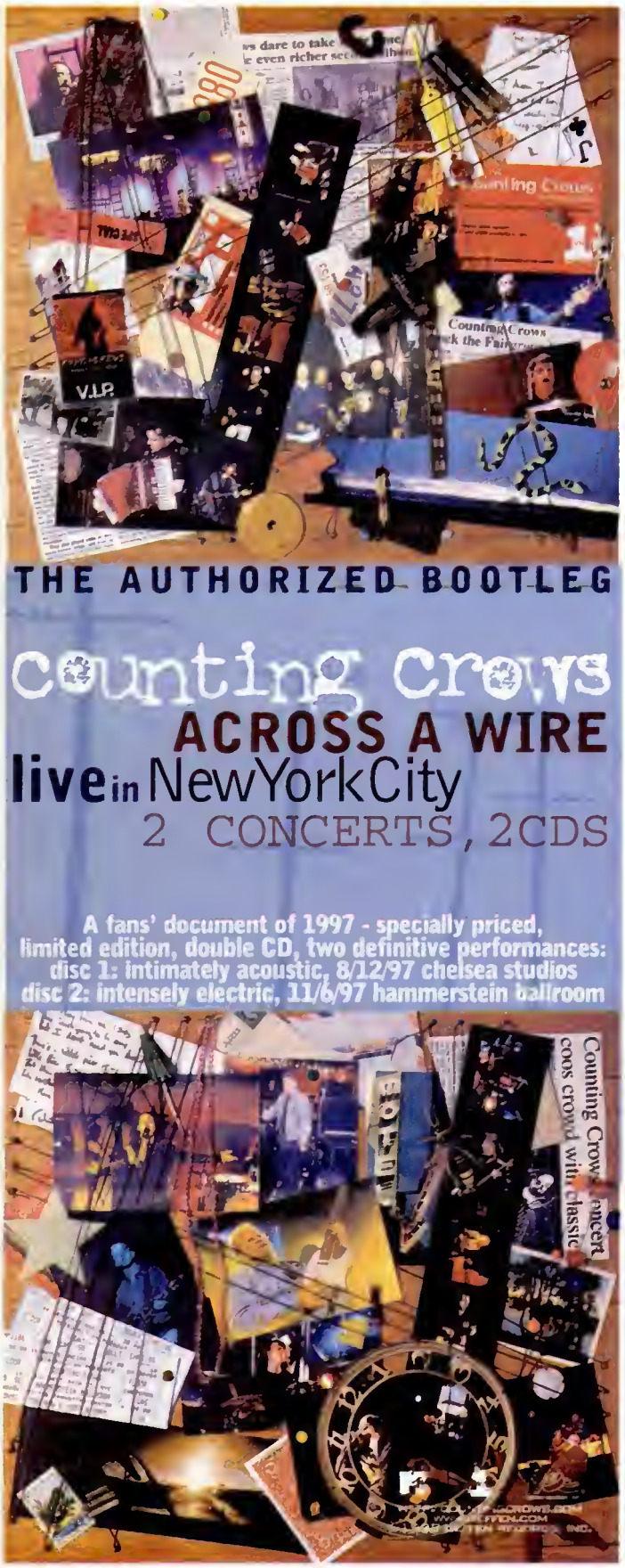
Actual Kraftwerk photo: the legendary band at a comeback gig in Manchester, England, in 1992. Photograph by Wolfgang Tillmans.

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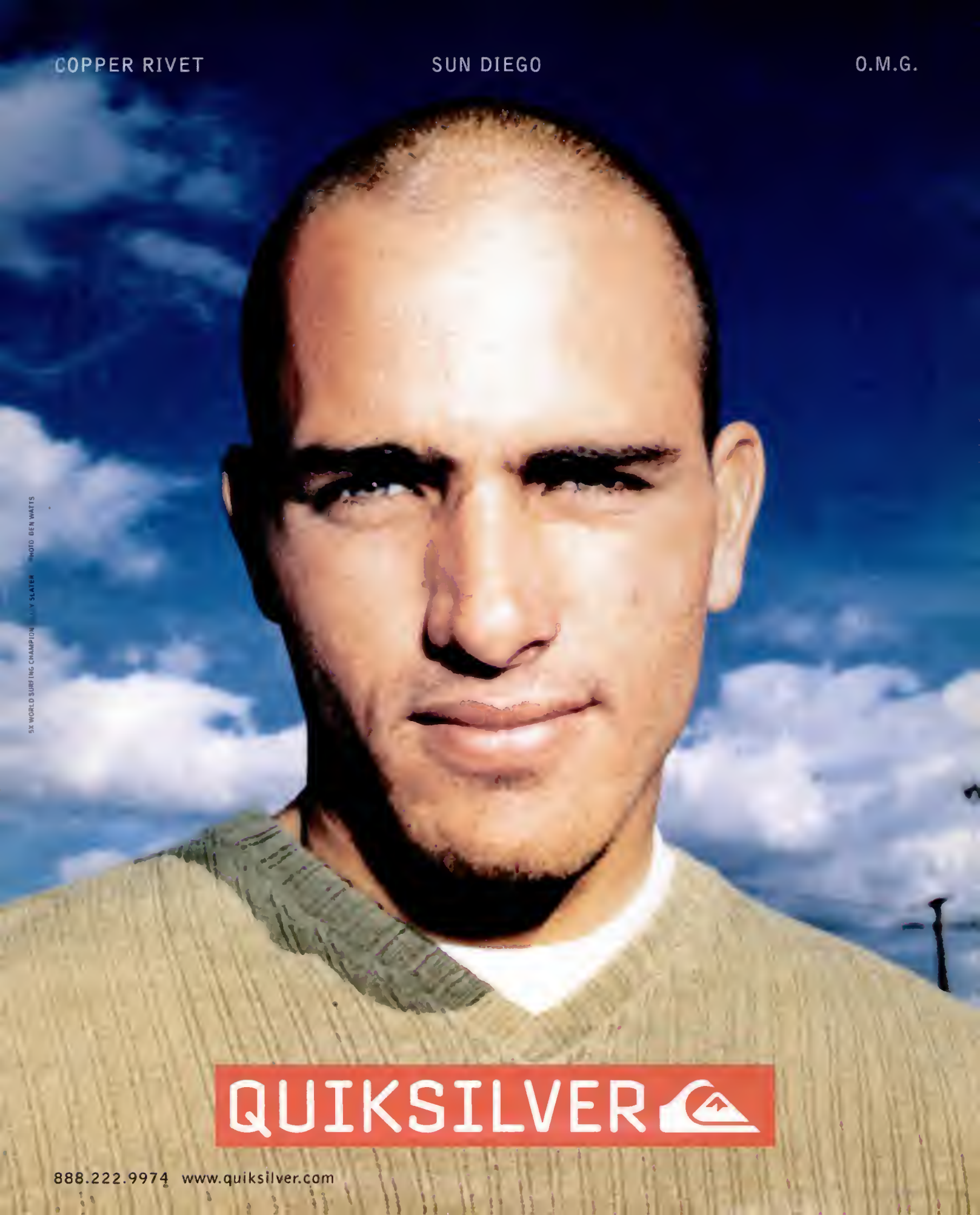
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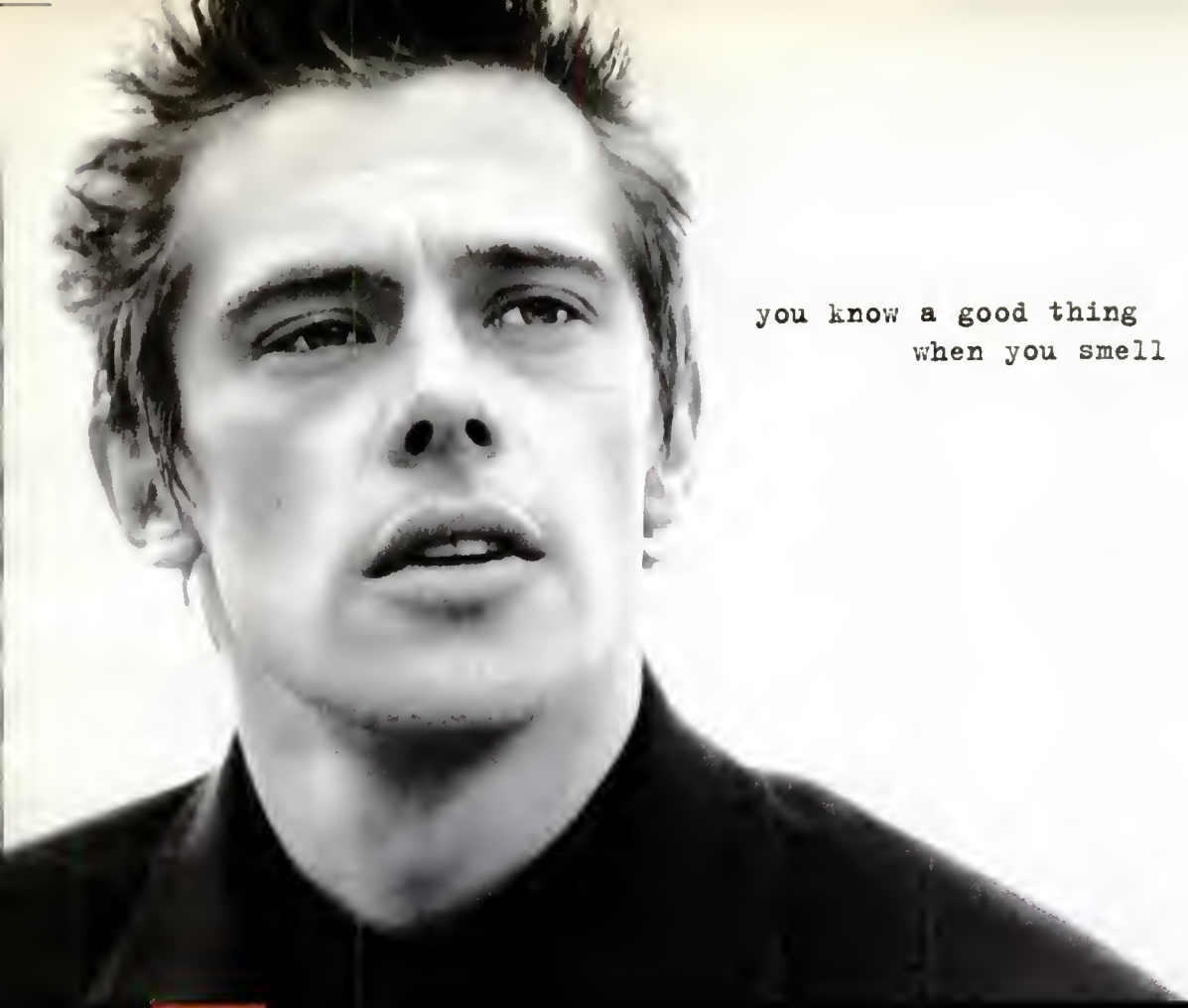
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Photographer **Paul Wetherell** says the greenery that appears in his fashion spread ["Supergress"] is all "within half a mile of my housa in Eest London." Not straying far from familiar ground, he also uses friends as models for his urban pastorals. "Most of my photographs are based on friends," he says. "I used natural-looking people who looked like they waran't unhealthy." Wetherell's work has also appeared in *Arena*, *Self Service*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.



Alac Wilkinson traveled to South Dakota to report on a cluster of teen suicides that spooked an already-depressed reservation town this past winter ["The Blackout Game"]. "The winter's very hard," Wilkinson says. "The houses aren't built to withstand it. They're the next thing up from cardboard." Wilkinson says the town still hasn't recovered from the suicides: "It's as if a fira went through." Wilkinson is the author of five books of nonfiction, including *A Violent Act* (Vintage).



Citing the gore-infested *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* as a primary influence, photographer **Tarry Richardson** shot Christina Ricci for this month's cover story ["Hello, Nasty!"] as a parody of slasher chic, replete with lush cleavage and a snarling saw. "I love that film," Richerdson says. "I thought it would be funny to put her in something sweet but have her holding a chain saw." Richerdson's photos also appaar in *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Face*, end *i-D*.



"They took me on a tour of their rehearsal studio," **Lorraine Ali** says of her visit with rising New Metal band the Deftonas ["The Rabirth of Loud"]. "It has a skateboard ramp, eight bongs, and a scrungy old mattress for whomever gets too stoned." Still, they're decidedly responsible dudes: "They give each other child-raising tips in between talking about how the new Girls Against Boys album is the bomb." Ali also writes for *Rolling Stone* and the *Los Angeles Times*.



Thomas Beller theorizes that cover subject Christina Ricci's cinematic backlist will soon achieve cult status. "It's like she was an infiltrator in the land of normal," he says. "It's so strange to see her smiling and running and hiding har sensibilities. It's an eeria, beautiful kind of quality." Bellar is the editor of the recently published *Personals* (Houghton Mifflin), an anthology of essays by young writers, and the author of a short-story collection, *Seduction Theory*.

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Murder by Numbers

I enjoyed your ennual "*Spin* Top 40" list [May], and I cannot agree more with the choices of Beck and Radiohead as No. 1 and No. 2, respectively. Both ara daring and experimental at a time when music is mired in a sea of mediocrity. I personally judge e band's success by how much I anticipate their next release, and I'm dying for new music from them. As for the rest of the list, how can you omit Sarah McLachlan? Not only is her singing and songwriting ebility unparalleled, she was the founder and organizer of the most successful festival tour of 1997—and very likely 1998.
Anil Sharma
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

We know Ani DiFranco to be a person of laudable political depth and a socially responsible CEO, but we found her comment on the tradition of political activism in folk music to be dismissive and incomplete. We agree that one cannot speak for a community that she or he doesn't come from, but there is a vast difference between speaking for and working with a disenfrenchised group. The folk community has long recognized the interconnectedness of all struggle and oppression. True grassroots community activism means that one can help support a community without cooopting its identity or dictating the parameters of its movement. Too often the mainstream music media undermina political action—either by failing to give a story the coverage it deserves or by affecting flippancy or cynicism in order to justify their own apathy.

As for the "rumored" Rolling Thunder Pussy Revue tour, Ani was involved in some imeginative dielogue about this project. However, she is not a founder or facilitator of it, and this tour is not meant to be an "anti-Lilith Fair, anti-Palooza thing." Its seeds were planted five years ago when Siouxsie Sioux and Ferron joined us on the road as musical guests. Various jams and late-night poker games inspired us to start plotting a rock club tour composed of women from diverse artistic persuasions. We are in the final planning stages for Rolling Thunder, which is slated for late August.
Amy Ray and Emily Saliers
Indigo Girls
Decatur, Georgia

I laughed my ass off when I saw the photo of Missy Elliott, Timbaland, and Magoo (No. 3). Finally, some hip-hop artists who aren't afraid to get silly wit' it. Not since Run-D.M.C. has the rap elite been able to have a good laugh without acting the fool. Mad props to three comedian MCs who have tons of talant to back the jokes up.
Jeff Tobias
East Meadow, New York

Much applause for your No. 1 ranking of Beck in your "*Spin* Top 40" list. He is a man of extraordinary talent who is always seeking out new musical landscapes. I was also glad to see that you had the integrity to keep PJ Harvey in high regard even though her last major work was released three years ago. My only complaint is the omission of Dave Grohl. Not only does he lead one of the few "rock bands" left, but he was an integral and underrated part of the most influential band of our generation.
Allie Tarantino
New Rochelle, New York

How did Hole move up two spots (from No. 8 to No. 6) if they did not release a single piece of music in 1997—or 1998 (yat) for that matter?
Brendan Babish
Orange, California

I was glad to see somebody finally deems Phish worthy of "vital artist" status. But how can Pavement—who were ranked No. 20 last year and whose brilliant *Brighten the Corners* was one of your picks for the top 20 releases of 1997—not be included this yeer?
Jon McCoy
Duluth, Minnesota

How could you bypass the Spice Girls? True, it isn't "cool" to respect them or to admit that they have achieved many notaworthy accomplishments. But these women deserve a little recognition for their overwhelming success, as well as the positive and fresh perspective they have brought to pop culture.
Liz Basedow
Mequon, Wisconsin

Your "*Spin* Top 40: The Most Vital Artists in Music Today" should have been called "Beck, DJ Shadow, and 38 artists who are either watered-down copycats, past their creative prime, or both." Okay, maybe there are a few other bands on your list

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Spies in the House of Love SPINonline is assembling an elite team of undercover operatives to transmit intelligence reports from the front lines of this summer's biggest tours. Bad Religion's Greg Graffin unearths the populist punk perspective from the Warped Tour; Fastball show you the way, H.O.R.D.E.-style; and Sevendust uncover the dirty secrets nobody else at Ozzfest is willing to cop to. Check our Summer Entertainment Guide throughout July and August for the latest reconnaissance.

A Troma Star is Born Pssst. Hey kid, wanna be a star? SPINonline, in conjunction with Troma films, presents the Get Tromatized contest. We'll quiz your knowledge of the sick, sad world of Troma. Winners will receive animation cels, videos, and T-shirts. One grand prize winner, who can make it to New York City, will appear in the upcoming *Terror Firma*l Log on August 1–15 and get freaky with us.

Our Friends Electric Computer music maestros Add N to X, featured in this month's *Spin*, will soothe your existential torment with musical Prozac es the trio schools us on thair all-time favorite mood music and synth sounds. Download for the upbeat on July 15.

The Sound-Off shannon@thebee.com vents on Hole's "*Spin* Top 40" inclusion: "The world could die holding its breath waiting for Hole's follow-up to *Live Through This*. What has the band done for us *today*?! While Courtney's going through an over-hyped so-called transformation and trying to walk the Hollywood walk, why don't you take a look at someone who's remained true to her art?" Dear Shannon: Chill.

SPINdex Cover girl Christina Ricci is the latest in a long line of cinematic bad seeds. From Jemes Dean to Peter Fonda, Sean Penn to Drew Barrymore, young actors have defined their respective disaffected generations. Who's your favorite troubled teen star and/or film of all time? E-mail SPINtronic@aol.com.



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COMEDY CENTRAL

Wankerspotting: He's Off His Tits, Him!

Query to Tad Friend ["England's Puking," May]: If not for puke, shit, and cum-obsessed teens, what new frontiers would commercial art have to explore? Lowbrow stomach-emptying social commentary and scrotum-scretching annui are nothing new, or distinctly British (Uh, *South Park* cover?). Unfortunately, *Spin*'s vestad intarest in keeping postpubescent demos doped on Brit pop culture (Oasis, Prodigy, Tricky, et al., have been sucked and tucked to bed ad nauseam) guarantees future pond-hopping pandering. But even mediocrity's savior—electronica—is rapidly going down the yadda-yadda-yadda trail. Sir, no more porridge, please!

So, to take a cue from our Cool Britannia mates, the Top 40 made ma bowals move. However, I shall start my tirade by doling out praise: Beck at No. 1 for donkey samples. NIN at No. 4 because being vital somatimes means keeping the people guessing. Ani DiFranco at No. 9 for movin' on up just like Weezie. Now let's slag. Puff Daddy at No. 5? Bye-bye alt-rock, hello Top 40 suburban rap cool enough for the 'hood, safe anough for Wally and the Beav. Manson at No. 10? Purely Kevorkian as vital stats go. And, Lil' Kim at No. 25? She's vital like a tapeworm. Thase bloody bottomfeeders have nicked tiaras meant for artists not for sale. For instance, Björk at No. 23? Like Twizzlers, just saying the word makes you happy. Pumpkins at No. 18? Despite all my rage, I am still just annoyed at this band! (But relentless music-making ranks them higher.) Tori Amos at No. 17? That bird's got the Choirgirl Hotel booked solid.

Then there's the McBandwagon of trendy or obscure acts whose existance isn't the problem—it's where they are put in the food chain: Sleater-Kinney at No. 27? Nice try, grrrls, but I like Bananarama. Belle and Sebastian at No. 31? Think Hayden, '97 *Spin* Top 40.

Frankly, Mr. Shankley, Noah Webster said things deamed vital are "essential to continued worth or well-being." Tuck this wisdom nugget in your nubbin. Or, next time you get mad for it, take out those annoying littla subscription cards. A barf bag is more appropriate.

Cheers,

Tony Stockton
Roanoke, Virginie

who make good records—or at least good singles—but "vital"? Where's Fugazi? The Ex? Shellac?
Todd Padezenin
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvanie

Many, many thanks for the wonderful article and picture of Tori Amos (No. 17). It's nice to see her—along with Ani DiFranco, PJ Harvey, and Björk—getting the recognition she deserves.
Lorraine Ramos
Canoge Park, Californie

We would like to congratulate Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott (and your computer graphics dapartment) for dropping many pounds for the cover photo—and fully regaining them 85 pages latar.
Lindsay Metcalf and Jim Fairlee
Oroville, California

You left off the most important and vital band in the world today—Matchbox 20. Maybe they are too controversial, too edgy, or too extreme for *Spin*. You may not agree with their politics, but you must admit that they are *the* band of the '90s. Or maybe you left them off tha list because you think the song "Push" is about beating women. Well, it's not. I heard them say so in a televised interviaw.
Adam Craft
Richmond, Kentucky

Check Your Head

I felt physically ill as I read your story on trepanation ["A Hole in the Head," May] and had to finally stop reading because I was about to lose my lunch. Congratulations to Susan Perry on an extremely well-written story.
Kate Shaw
Camden, South Carolina

Every idea, no matter how strange, contains a small grain of truth. In the case of trepanation, if you are a person who thinks you need to drill a hole in your skull, then you definitely are not getting enough blood to your brain.
Larry Brunson
Stretford, Connecticut

I would like to suggest that Lord James Neidpath, et al., pick up thair Flexshaft drills again, and, after penetrating their craniums, keep on drilling! Hopefully they will experience a much-needed "silence in [their] heads for the first time."
Paul Evans
Tempa, Florida

Has anyone at *Spin* ever heard of responsible journalism? Not once did you mention the risks associated with penetrating the skull with a sharp power tool. As Susan Perry writes, "Of all the people known to have been trepanned, not one could be found who would not excitedly advocata its effects." Well, the dead don't give interviews.
Tim Lafferty
Interlechen, Floride

Smack My Pitch Up

It has been noted that some depressives develop narcissistic tendencies. In *Bitch* author Elizabeth Wurtzel's case [Idiot/Savant, May], this attribute seems to have an uncommonly gargantuan presence. Such comments as "[I am] a depressive of a much higher order than all these happy pill-poppers" show a lack of sensitivity and overt pomposity that should hardly be rewarded through book contracts. Her implied thesis that manic depression equals genius is simply high romantic nonsense. To those of us who hava gona through sevare depression and dealt with it clinically, her coffeehouse musings seem quite comical and foolish.
Gevin Helm
Coronado, California

I was disgusted to see you join in on the Elizabeth Wurtzel bashing that seems to be journalists' favorite sport this season. Her book *Bitch* does not, as Maureen Callahan claims, celebrate manic deprassion, but indicts the cultural forces that drive manic-depressives such as Anna Sexton and Margaux Hemingway to suicide. Such a sloppy reading misrepresents Wurtzel's sad and thought-provoking book.
Steven Moore
Littleton, Colorado

Art Attack

Julia Chaplin wrote that Illegal Art [Soundbites, May], although they are activists against "corporate greed," aran't opposad to making a capitalist profit by selling their CD, *Deconstructing Beck*, for $5 a pop on the Internet. Boy, that's a lot of money. Considering that a blank CD costs almost $2 and postage is about $1, they have a $3 overhead *before* packaging and marketing costs are considered. Meanwhile, major labels sell their discs for more than triple that price. And by the way, the CD is hardly drum'n'bass as mistakenly described.
Matthew Carey
Arcata, California

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

No one needs a psychopathic 30-year-old [Ganius Lassons, May] who talks about how his life sucks and then proceeds to tell people how to live theirs. I think Sean Landers needs some serious counseling. He's bad-mouthed everyone from his coworkers to his (ex-)fans. So ara we supposed to care when he complains about his job, pleads to get it back, and drools all over Jewel?
Jenny Leigh
Center Line, Michigen

Jewel probably needs trepanation after har ancounter with Sean Landers.
Karen Baking
Jacksonville, Alabama

411 on the 420

Much props to your articla on the mystery of 420 [Exposure, Mey]. I thought the obsession started with the police code, too. That was until an educated stoner and true Deadhead told me that the history of 420 started in the late 1970s (not '90s), when the cops raidad Humboldt County, California, and arrested 70 percent of the city's residants for growing kind bud. The street address of the guy who had the biggest crop was "420."
DeeDee McMullin
Fort Worth, Texas

He Said, She Said

What happened? *Spin* used to have an AIDS column, articles on international avants by writars such as William Vollmann, and generally good coverage of politics, religion, etc. Now you are reporting about people who drill holes in their heads and printing ridiculous fashion layouts. Are you trying to become some sort of *People* magazine for young alterna-wannabes?
Jeff Sherman
Evanston, Illinois

Bisected cows, vomiting Europeans, and self-trepanation with power drills! Thanks for a great forahaad-slapping, eye-popping issue!
Katie Powers
Lenexa, Kansas

Write Going Postal, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011, or e-mail spinonline@aol.com. Always include your full name and phone number for verification. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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New Wave Squares '70s game shows and '80s popsters: two comebacks made for each other

HOWARD JONES **'80s Moment:** Once-heard, never-purged synth-pop melodies **'90s Setback:** Dropped from label in 1992. **Version 2.0:** Terminally perky Jones is opener on Culture Club's summer tour.
CULTURE CLUB **'80s Moment:** Cuddly cross-dressing meets soulful pop. **'90s Setback:** George and ex-bandmate/flame Jon Moss bitch-slapped each other recently on VH1. **Version 2.0:** Two have made up to tumble once again on tour this summer.
GARY NUMAN **'80s Moment:** The original man or astroman. **'90s Setback:** Anti-tech Numan is now cybergeek idol. **Version 2.0:** Back thanks to shoutouts from Trent, Numan is doing first U.S. tour in 16 years.
THE B-52'S **'80s Moment:** Arty pop disguised as dance-floor booty calls. **'90s Setback:** Fred Schneider's indie-inspired *Just Fred*. **Version 2.0:** Tour with the Pretenders and a greatest-hits collection.
BILLY IDOL **'80s Moment:** Turned punk disillusionment into MTV anthems. **'90s Setback:** The woeful *Cyberpunk*. **Version 2.0:** King Leer's next record will be out on Alanis guru Glen Ballard's label.
THE SPECIALS **'80s Moment:** Progenitors of 2-Tone ska. **'90s Setback:** 1996 comeback begat the lame-duck *Today's Specials*. **Version 2.0:** New album and Warped Tour slot, but not so special without Jerry Dammers and Terry Hall.
BOW WOW WOW **'80s Moment:** Obnoxious pop and a hot underage babe. **'90s Setback:** Singer Annabella Lwin was asked to tour with new-wave bottom-feeders the Fixx and Berlin. **Version 2.0:** Lwin and Co. are doing own club tour and live album.
BLONDIE **'80s Moment:** Deborah Harry married hip-hop and pop; made Puffy possible. **'90s Setback:** Versace killer Cunanan said mother spent time at spa with Harry. **Version 2.0:** Back with new album and tour.
NICK HEYWARD **'80s Moment:** Haircut 100 hit fey pop heights with pretty-boy Heyward. **'90s Setback:** A string of unnoticed solo albums. **Version 2.0:** New haircut and new opus, *The Apple Bed*. **TRACEY PEPPER**

JANETTE BECKMAN/OUTLINE; NORMAN NG FOR EDIE BASKIN/OUTLINE; (CENTER) ANDY FREEBERG/RETNA; (BACKGROUND) MPTV



Real Live Wires

The problem: mind-numbing electronic boogaloo. The answer: the big bleep of sound terrorists Add N to X

Screw dance, let's art!: from left, Ann Shenton, Steve Claydon, and Barry Smith.

You're not supposed to punish analog synthesizers. The Moogs, Korgs, and ARPS of the 1970s exist to be cherished as marvelous antiques that might yet unlock a man-machine future. But the future sounds of London trio Add N to X call for more aggressive tactics. "I sometimes call mine bastard," says Ann Shenton, one third of the electro-terrorist outfit. "You have to fight the robotic impulse when you play these machines. You have to smash them about."

Made up of former London art students Shenton, Barry Smith, and Steve Claydon, Add N to X are cerebral pranksters who make bone-crushingly visceral noise. Their full-length debut, *On the Wires of Our Nerves*, revs the twin motors of live drumming and unstable but gloriously dense electronics, with trace elements of ELP, ditzy synth-pop, and big, fat synthetic bass pulsing through the mix. They describe it as "avant-hard," but, really, their music is too physical to be art-skronk. "I like sounds that hit you between the legs," says Shenton. "Sound that makes your teeth hurt."



The trio formed in 1995 in boho spots outside the rave-culture loop. At club nights like Smashing and Smith's own We Are Electric, artists, students, and such Britpopsters as Pulp's Jarvis Cocker and Blur's Damon Albarn would frug to groovy Moog records, lost synth classics, and early Human League and Suicide. They were part of a movement that wanted to bring beck the pre-rave tredition of electronic music. "Dance music is completely irrelevent to me now," says Claydon. "It's so formulaic." Adds Smith: "I'm interested in euteurs within electronics."

After en eerly incernetion of the bend (prior to Cleydon) failed to auteur-ignite, Shenton end Smith went into a creative hibernation. "We spent a couple of months in e rehearsal studio trying to find out whet we were ell about," recalls Shenton. "With MIDI [a digital brain center that synchronizes decks and keyboards], it's about control, and we didn't want to be in control. It was more interesting to have a battle between ourselves and the machines." Cell it the derk side of the Moog. A recent performance at a Parisian fashion show dealt in such mammoth intensities that it had the Gucci-heeled masses running for their call cars. Other responses are more favorable. "A lot of girls who come to our gigs have invented their own wey of dencing," seys Shenton. "We call it orgasm dancing. They move like epileptics and they scream."

In their rehearsal studio one afternoon, the group is joined by three singers who alternetely howl, hermonize, end rap. Shenton says they're meent to represent different espects of the female experience. Rounded out by the trio's analogs end their three side drummers (including Stereoleb's Andy Ramsay and the High Llamas' Rob Allum)—the resulting sound is infernel, the size of e dinosaur, e demon-reptor in the bass bin. "There's e very sadomesochistic end ugly side to whet we're doing," says Cleydon. "There are things we're trying to exorcise." And in the bettle of men vs. mechine, Add N to X occasionally get whipped. "You can get electrocuted by them," Smith says convincingly. "I get blood end blisters on my fingers." TONY MARCUS



COVERAGE

This month's lessons

1. Tony Bennett would have been a safer choice, probably. The price Michael Stipe had to pay for promoting his new photo book, *Two Times Intro: On the Road With Patti Smith*, on *Live!...With Regis & Kathie Lee?* One: enduring Regis's snappy couch banter ("I'm digging the eye shadow"). Two: enduring Kathie Lee's Patty "Goodbye to You" Smyth/Patti "Piss Factory" Smith confusion.

2. Apparently, Ol' Dirty Bastard was not his birth name. "I want to let y'all know...no more ODB, no more Osirus," the artist formerly known as Ol' Dirty Bastard announced on *Vibe* (the TV show). "It's Big Baby Jesus. Don't kill me, because you know you all love me." While there's been a lot of speculation about why the rapper decided to change his name yet again, what's mostly been overlooked is that the moniker "Ol' Dirty Bastard" is now *completely up for grabs.*

3. Courtney Love is a fine entertainer. While the *SF Weekly* recently ran an advance, albeit fake, review of Hole's not-yet released record (asserting, snarkily, "British metal has never sounded so vital"), Love's impromptu debut of a song from the long- »

The Braidy Bunch

Cleopatra: the teen queens of pop-soul

For a moment earlier this year, the U.K.'s Brit Awards got *interesting*. Cremmed between enother bargain-basement number from the Spice Girls and the hunch-shouldered cool of pop divas All Saints, three Hydra-breided teenagers sidled onstage end sang en a cappelle snetch of their joyous, self-celebrating single, "Cleopatra's Theme." As the industry stiffs gave it up, the message was clear: Here is e trio with e sense of soul, e sense of fun, end, in the middle sister, a voice to move furniture around your house.

Cleopatra are the Higgins sisters from Manchester, England—Cleo, 16, Zainam, 17, and Yonah, 14—end their debut, *Comin' Atcha!*, is exuberant pop sunshine, both uplifting and cosseting, teen-keen and bouncy es a puppy. That the music was mostly written by an army of producers (Cleo pens the lyrics), will probably bring the inevitable accusations of prefeb pop, but the three are herdly newbies. They won e talent contest six years ago, but it wasn't until Brit soul sensation Mark Morrison gave one of their videos to his record company that the group took off. Zainem recalls en early meeting with one exec. "He said, 'I've been waiting years to hear music like this, then you chimps come along and sing it!' We were like, 'Who you calling chimps?'"

Indeed, while the girls know their TLC from their SWV, they're more business-savvy than pop-sussed. They talk about the career edvice ex–Spice Girl Geri constantly gives them. About how no one has intimideted them, not even Madonna, who signed them to her Meverick label. And about how they recently did a radio tour of America as a kind of dry run for the promotional blitz that's sure to come this summer. About the States, the girls are typically shrewd. "To me, America means big country," Zainam says, "*and* big money." CRAIG McLEAN

Warming up for Hanson death match: from laft, Yonah, Zainam, and Cleo.

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eweited follow-up to *Live Through This* et e West Holly-wood nightclub elicited e more tepid response. "It sucked," announced one eudience member. To which the elo-quent chenteuse snappily rejoindered, "Fuck youl I'm gonna kick your fucking ess!"

4. Marginalized people do not buy pizza. According to *Adbusters*, a Canadian pop band called the Parachute Club is upset over the fact that e cover of one of its songs, e 1983 peean to social ectivism titled "Rise Up," is now being used as the jingle for e pizze commercial. "This is e song about equelity," the Parachute Club's singer Lorreine Segeto explained. "It is an all-inclusive song, but really embraced by people who feel merginalized."

5. Jerry is the gift that keeps on giving. From Jerome Garcia's will, which recently appeared for some reason on Court TV's Web site: "If any person shall claim and establish eny right to participete in my estate other than provided in this will, whether as heir or in any other capacity whatsoever, I give end bequeeth to each such person the sum of one dollar."

6. When going to Detroit, wear an off-brend. Displaying the sort of consumer loyalty thet mekes brand managers hyperventilete with longing, several Ralph Lauren aficione-dos at a Detroit high school attacked e Guess-cled girl gang



Inner-space invaders: Maybe Prozac will help.

Hooked on Sonic

Therapy for pathological gamers

At McLean Hospital, a Herverd-affilieted mental health facility near Boston, Dr. Maressa Hecht Orzack runs perhaps the first clinic to specialize in treating the latest widespread computer malady, video-game addiction. In a given month, Dr. Orzack will counsel dozens of twitch addicts, and the numbers, she seys, are going up. With the fell's computer-geme hype about to begin, here's Dr. Orzack's three-step pro-grem for chronic joystick jocks.

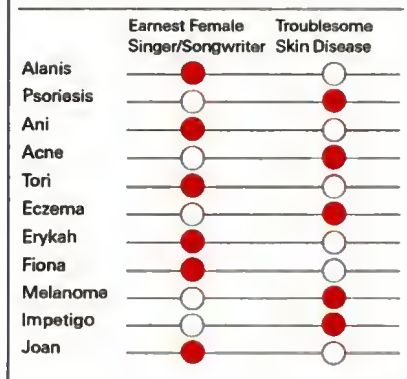
Flag the Problem Since computer-game addiction isn't yet recognized by the *DSM* (the Diagnostics Systems Manual that chronicles major mental afflic-tions), Dr. Orzack says, doctors don't elweys recog-nize the warning signs. Some symptoms are subtle—a steedy downturn in grades, brain-dead behavior offline—but others ere obvious. One Quake clanner played so long his eyes dried out, popping his con-tacts onto the floor. Indeed, such fentasy role-pleying gemes are the most nefarious. "The greater the stim-ulation," Dr. Orzack warns, "the greater the chances that you're going to get hooked."

See a Doctor Dr. Orzeck first does en inteke session to find out how bed off a patient is. Are you missing meals in order to get more game time? Blowing off relationships? One patient's husband became so fed up with their lack of quality time that he threw her modem out a second-floor window when she wouldn't stop pleying Net gemes. For some ceses, the treat-ment is extended psychotherapy end, often, mood adjusters such as Prozac.

Cut Down Cold-turkey methods aren't necessary or wise, Dr. Orzack says. Case in point: A 15-year-old patient ran away from home when his parents deleted his twitch time. "In this day and age, unplugging someone's computer is like destroying their liveli-hood." More creative methods to a richer, healthier lifestyle include setting en elerm clock to notify you when play time is over end freeware progrems such as Addiction Manager, which limit eccess to games on your desktop. When ell else fails, Dr. Orzack recom-mends an old-fashioned way to cool down. "It's amaz-ing what a shower can do," she says. DAVID KUSHNER

CLARIFICATION

Earnest female singer/songwriter or troublesome skin disease?



CHRIS HARRIS



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Lagoon Squad

Creeper Lagoon's guitar-pop bliss

Creepar Lagoon's Sharky Laguana doesn't care a lick for indie cred. In fact, he's kind of a modern-day Charles Atlas: "When I was a kid, I used to ride my bike home from work," says the singer/guitarist. "There was this one long-ass hill, and I'd be like, 'If I don't pedal all the way to the top, I'll never be a professional musician.'" Said ambition (and some of Laguana's skewed logic) makes its way onto *I Become Small and Go*, the Creepers' more-slick-than-sleck full-length debut end one of the initial releases from the Dust Brothers' NickelBeg label. On it, the San Francisco outfit—Laguana, singer/guitarist Ian Sefchick, bassist Geoffrey Chisholm, and drummer David Kostiner—spin e guided-by-Robert Pollard knack for hooksmanship into smartly wrought guitar pop that can be shuffle-geited end psychedelic one moment, wistfully enthemic the next. "I strive to be like a Led Zeppalin or Pink Floyd," says Sefchick, tongue only partially in cheek. "You know, bring back timeless music." Still, there's plenty of the latest in obscure sampling, including Bulgarian shepherdess chents and the other-worldly warble of e resonating belt buckle. "It's ectuelly the sound thet e women makes when I take off my belt," Sefchick cracks.

The group's grand sonic yearnings belie their humble origins: Their name derives from the fleebag hotel where Laguana lived and worked after he relocated to San Francisco from Ohio. "I never got any sleep, and I did all the worst drugs," he says. "It was ectually more depressing than inspiring." So, given the album's inspired eclecticism, is it safe to presume the drugs have since gotten better? "I experiment with all different kinds of formulas," Laguana says gamely. "All things in...." He stops for a moment. "I was gonna say, 'All things in moderation,' but I think I'll just say, 'All things.'" TIM KENNEALLY

SUBGENRE ALERT

Afro Funk

THE SETUP: Drum'n'bass, wondering which wey is up aftar getting shafted by speed garage, looks back to tha old school end says, "Let's do it ageinl"

THE HEIST: Vintage blax-ploitation soundtracks.

THE SCORE: Sweet Sweet-back's Beedasssss Jungle Track.

SOUNDS LIKE: Roni Size in en ankle-length fur risking his nack for his brotharman.

SEE: Mastermind's "Shaft/ 70's Flava" (Ranegade import); Adem F's "Dirty Herry (Grooverider Ramix)" (Astralwerks); Shy FX's "Bambeatae"/ "Funksta" (Ebony import).

SUPERFLY RATING (1-10) 8: After veering into the bleak, rhythmically stiff cul-de-sac of tech-step, jungle retrenches in this, tha year aftar Pam Griar, by getting too bleck rather than too dark. Can you dig it?

JEFF SALAMON



Waiting for god status?: from left, Laguana, Sefchick, Kostiner, and Chisholm.

» last spring when the geng brazenly wanderad onto turf that hed been designated Polo territory. Apparently, fashion-conscious gang members ere moving beyond mere colors and now signifying their elle-giences via specific brands. The Detroit confrontation led to multiple stabbings, three hospitalizetions, and, we essume, a trip to tha mall to replace tha battle-scarred garments with fresh sportsweer.

7. Dave Matthews: more then juet a pretty paunch. After that vaguely aggravating celebrity phenomenon otherwise known as Ben-end-Gwyneth stopped by a Matthews recording sas-sion to tell him how much they loved e particulerly saccharine song he'd racorded for his new album, the rock star said, "I knew then end there I had to changa it immadiately."

8. Clint Mensell is e man among men. It's 1998, and Cynthia Plastercastar, notorious groupie/artist of the '70s, is *still* meking plaster-besed impressions of rock sters' phalluses. She has about 50. But who's the biggest? Is it, es has baen rumorad, Jimi Hendrix? "Um, his is the thickest but it's not the longest," says Plastarcaster. "I would have to teke e wild guess end sey Clint from Pop Will Eet Itself is the longest. His is ectuelly twisted. Sometimes they come out [of tha mold] uncurled. I got about four of them that look like snake's or pig's tails." Hmmm, well, okey. We never would heve guessed that.



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The A-Team

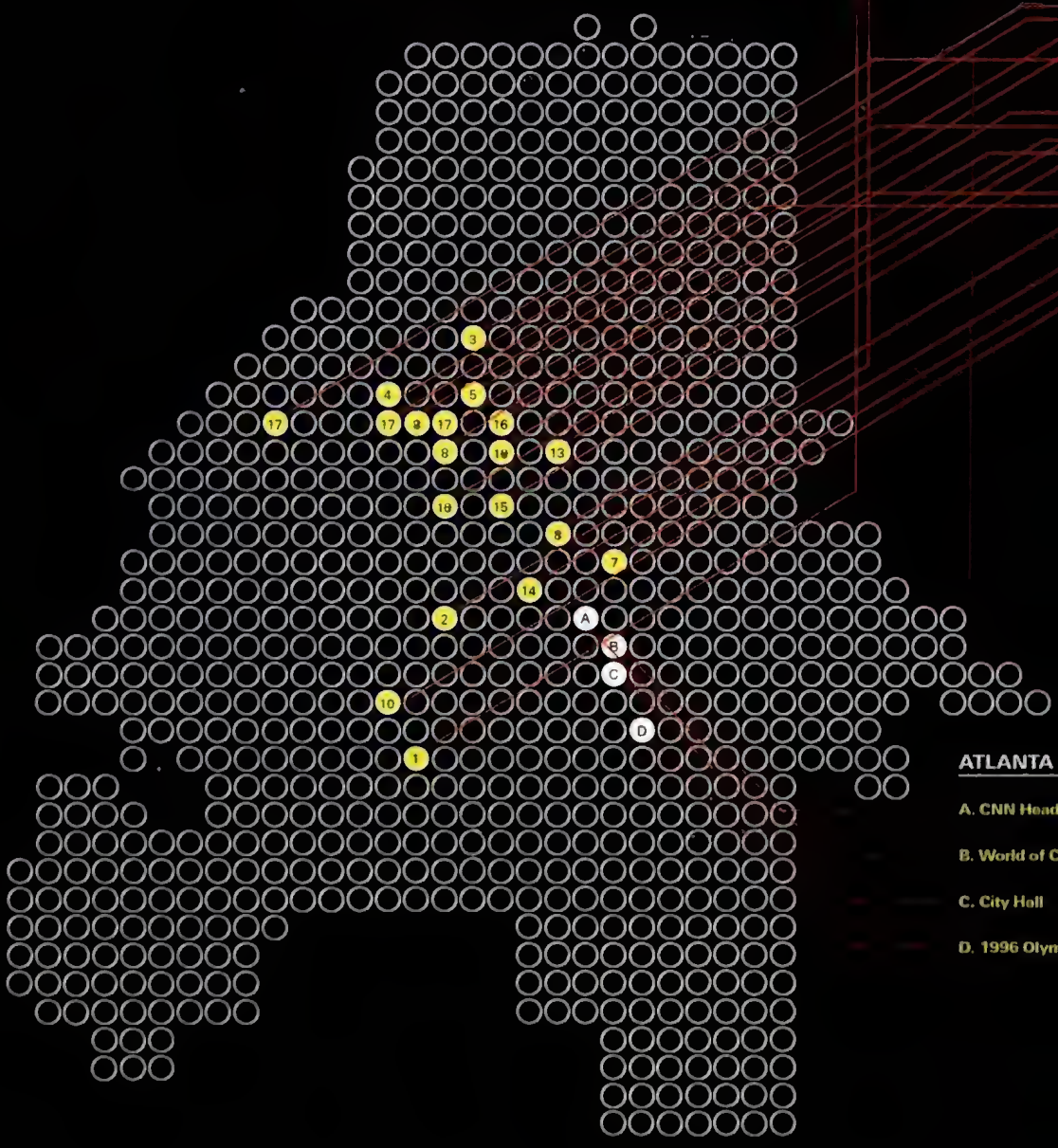
Atlanta up jumps da boogie

The Southernization of hip-hop and R&B is, like real estate, all about location. Raucous New Orleans quarters the No Limit soldiers; booming Houston boasts the more-is-more Suave House; laid-back Atlanta, the migrant mosaic of the deep South, meanwhile, has miles of styles. The region is a nexus of hip-hop, house, and R&B, and thanks to the commercial and artistic success of such acts as OutKast, Goodie Mob, and So So Def Bass All Stars, Atlanta has emerged as *the* nerve center for brand new beats. Here, the clique of clubs, radio stations, and labels that keep this party going right. · TONY GREENE

BASS

1. Hot 97.5, WHTA-FM Station DJ Emperor Searcy's Black Market Entertainment recently released the *Rhythm & Quad 166 Collection*, featuring K.P. and Envy's "Shorty Swing My Way," which immediately earned summer bass jam status. Hot 97 also houses DJ Jelly, a celeb in the bass club/mix tape scene.

2. Magic City The floating R&B and colon-jiggling beats of Atlanta bass regularly fill strip joints such as Gentleman's Club and Magic City, where DC of Tag Team ("Whoomp! There It Is") frequently spins. Bass kicks in at more modest venues during the summer, when the homegrown college-age beat-heads come back to town. "Florida isn't getting it right now," says So So Def's A&R whiz Lil' Jon. "All the best bass stuff is coming out of here."



ATLANTA

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C. City Hall

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LABELS

3. LaFace Records When major playa L.A. Reid relocated to Atlanta in the late '80s, this label (run with partner Babyface) quickly emerged as the Porsche of Atlanta imprints. Its urban auave (Toni Braxton, Usher) reflects the region's strong black-professional vibe, and, like a Porsche, it can still kick ass when it has to, having recently expanded to take in the best of hip-hop (Goodie Mob, OutKast) and bass (Tony Mercedes Records) with equal aplomb.

4. Rowdy Records Producer Dallas Austin founded Rowdy in 1993, soon after he helped break Boyz II Men, TLC, and Another Bad Creation. Though Austin has since scored with such readymade pop acts as Monica, the label will always have a soft spot for soul rebels such as Joi and Lysette.

5. So So Def Records Southern wunderkind Jermaine Dupri was putting the pop into hip-hop back when people were still calling Puffy "Sean." Modeled after its founder, this is the home of such feel-good acts as Xscape and Da Brat, as well as bass heavies So So Def Bass All Stars.

HOUSE

6. Loretta's Disco Loretta's started drawing them in after Atlanta DJ Rod Cole, the house scene's first big star, began spinning here in 1989. Now a predominantly gay spot, the club turns into a raver hangout for its Liquid Groove–produced Saturday dance nights.

7. Satellite Records Things have taken off since Satellite DJ Kai Alce first moved here from Detroit in 1990. "People used to come up to me and say, 'You spin house? Where?'" Now located in a Little Five Points storefront, Satellite helped push house out of the underground and into the studios. Kai also spins at Midtown's Nomenclature Museum, one of the few nightspots where the city's myriad urban tribes intersect.

8. Ear Wax Records Once a month, they clear the floor of this vinyl store for the old-school house night "Second Saturday." You can buy vinyl here, too. "When DJs such as Premier and RZA come into town, they go back and tell their friends about us," says owner Jasz. "But they don't tell them where it is."

TRAINING GROUNDS

9. The Yin Yang Cafe Live funk for your ass. "If I'm looking for someone to play or sing on my tracks," says Organized Noize's Sleepy Brown, "I'll go to Yin Yang." Up-and-coming hip-hop soulsters play here, as do acts such as N'Dea Davenport, Brian McKnight, and Erykah Badu, who've all sat in with the house band, The Chronicle, for their now legendary Thursday night jams.

10. Tri-Cities High School of Visual and Performing Arts Atlanta's own "Fame" school. Located just outside of town, it helped launch TLC's Tionne, Dre of OutKast, and Xscape, among others. "I remember Kandi [Burruss] of Xscape flying in from a tour to sing with us at graduation," recalls Wingo of Jagged Edge, a fellow alum and now a So So Def artist.

HIP-HOP

11. Kaya Besides running the scene on Sundays—when the massively popular DJ Nabs takes over the wheels—this club epitomizes the area's all-over-the-map tastes. With a legion of historically black colleges (Spelman, Morris Brown, and Moorehouse) inside the city limits, Atlanta attracts just as many hip-hop heads from up North, which means for eight months out of the year, Kaya is flooded with imports fiending for the latest dope on Fondle 'Em, or some of that Canibus shit. Old-school hip-hop lives on here as well.

12. Club 559 "Folks from down South hate New York style," says So So Def's Lil' Jon. "Hate it with a passion." Secession-minded hip-hoppers get their fill of 'round-the-way sounds at the West Side's 559, where Emperor Searcy and WVEE's Greg Street regularly move tha crowd. Everybody say Uhhh!!!!

13. Club 112 Like 559, but all grown-up. After the upscale Atlanta Live shut down this spring, 112 took over as *the* spot for the over-21 crowd that likes to blast OutKast inside their Infinitis. In 1994, when impresario Kevin Wells (Another Bad Creation) wanted to make some noise for one of his vocal groups, he named them after this Buckhead club.

14. The Warehouse Few clubs have as many ties to Atlanta's hip-hop/house/bass scenes as this one. In 1981, as Phoenix, the Warehouse was one of the first spots to play bass (with DJ Smash and DJ Daz); it gave house a boost as Tracks from 1989–92; and later turned tha city onto Mary J. Blige and Biggie Smalls during its reincarnation as the Warehouse in 1993. The club currently spins hip-hop, and revives its old house flavor for Saturday Tracks nights.

15. The Dungeon In Atlanta, producers rule. The area's best crew is probably Organized Noize, who plot their funky hip-hop insurrections (TLC, Goodie Mob, Witchdoctor) here in the basement of brain trust Rico Wade's house.

16. Doppler Studios "Toni Braxton once said the only place she would sing in Atlanta was at our Studio E," says Doppler co-owner Bill Quinn. The studios, originally designed for jingle duty back in 1978, are where Atlanta's best cut their chops, including a teenage Dallas Austin, who recorded Another Bad Creation's debut here in 1990.

17. DARP Studios Dallas Austin's labs, where you'll find artists such as Monica (discovered at a local talent show when she was 12), plus one of tha scene's original power players, Joyce Irby. Former Klymaxx member Irby stumped relentlessly for Atlanta while working with Babyface and L.A. Reid in California back in the mid '80s. "If you ask L.A. Reid," she says proudly, "he'll tell you that he came here because of me."

18. Da Underground Studio Located underneath the town's hippest custom rim shop, Peachtree Custom Wheels, and next door to a jiggy wares store, Underground was where Erick Sermon came to record after EPMD's breakup in 1992 (both Illegal's first album and his 1993 solo debut, *No Pressure*, were produced here). Owner Greg Taylor, who helped bring pimp-rap icon Too Short to Atlanta, is backing up Short on his latest venture, Short Records.

19. WVEE 103.3 FM: "It's six o'clock / Time for Street to rock." For four hours a night, six days a week, renowned DJ Greg Street brings the hip-hop to the masses. The big dog in town, though, rival WHTA (97.5) has been gaining ground over the last three years with its all-hip-hop format. ⊕

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THAN
BUT NOT NEARLY
MFORTABLE.



HARD JEANS

LEVI'S

Tromatic

A new book delivers peerless inanities about the world's worst movie studio

"People who go to see a Troma movie may have loved *Sgt. Kabukiman, N.Y.P.D.*, hated *A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell*, and never forgotten *The Toxic Avenger*, but no matter what, they expect to see something they've never seen before." Such is Lloyd Kaufman's summation of the oeuvre and appeal of the more than 125 films made and distributed by Troma Studios. If Roger Corman is the king of B-movies, then Kaufman, the oddly corporate-looking 52-year-old founder of Troma, is the sulten of what can best be described as C-minus movies. For the past 25 years, Troma has plumbed the cinematic depths of everything from demented sex-crazed midgets and lesbian feminazis to singing cannibals, grandmothers with rabies, pterodactyl housewives, end, of course, toxic superheroes. And now, like John Waters and Hong Kong action flicks, Troma has ascended to the heady realm of Aberrant but Somehow Still Important Cinematic Institutions. As such, Kaufman and screenwriter James Gunn have penned *All I Need to Know About Filmmaking I Learned From the Toxic Avenger: The Shocking True Story of Troma Studios*. With an intro by Corman and an "extra special acknowledgment" to Fione Apple, the book details Troma's far-reaching influence, from the work of Kevin Smith and Quentin Tarantino ("Obviously big fans," says Kaufman) to *Titanic* ("The sex and violence were definitely influenced by Troma"). The book includes countless heartwarming anecdotes (such as the time ectress and alt-rock chick Jane Jensen was nearly devoured by live maggots) and perhaps the most piquant last line in literary history: "My shit was so enormous it hurt my butthole coming out. But then I was finished, end it felt good." ZEV BOROW

Win a chance to appear in a Troma film by going to SPINonline et keyword: Spin *on AOL sterting August 1.*





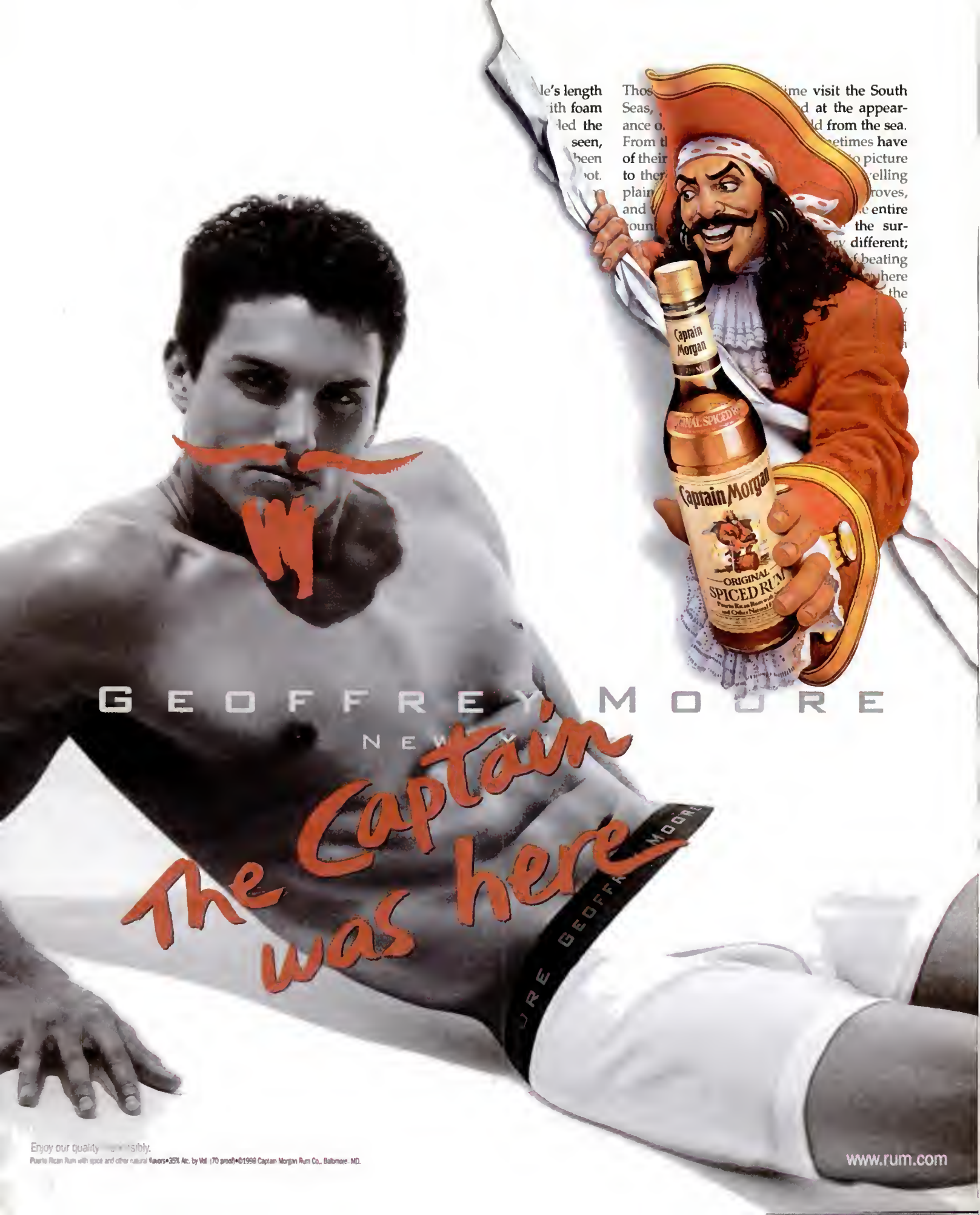








Bloody nonsense: an infinitesimal sampling of the massive Troma oeuvre. Includes *Tromeo and Juliet* (above), a truly inspired update of the Shakespeare classic.


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Great shows airing this month: *Hype!*, *X: The Unheard Music*, *Rude Boy*, *1991: The Year Punk Broke*, and *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*. (The Sundance Channel)

Zoë [clothing catalog]
With poor ole Lisa Loeb on the cover. Kind of sad, really. [(888) 746-7963]

Attack Attack Go! [record]
21-year-old Asian/Oklahoman bug-out Beau Sia discharges hilarious spoken-word material over beats and sounds. (Mouth Almighty Records)

Spooky Cycles [gear provider]
East Coast company that makes the "hardest, punkest" bmx bikes and gear around. (www.spookycycles.com)

The Collected Ninja High School, Vol. 1 [graphic novel]
Funny, strange, stupid black-and-white comic book. (Antarctic Press)

CDuctive [Web site]
A good site that will make CD compilations of your choosing. Focuses on hip-hop, techno. (www.cductive.com)

Disc [album]
Well over an hour of skipping CD sounds. There is a fine line between clever and stupid. (Vinyl Communications)

Jerry Springer's *Too Hot For TV 2* [video]
Sick, sick, sick. We are shocked, simply shocked. Available only on the Web. (www.getjerry.com)

New	Consume in moderation
Lingering	Will impress your friends
Blowing up	So bad, it's good
Forthcoming	Surprising
Recommended	Unfortunate
Piece of ass	Retro



Grind Core

Shoes that let even the common man ride the rails

The cheap thrill of grinding, slang for sliding along curbsides and railings with a skateboard or Rollerblades, has just gotten easier thanks to a peculiar new line of sneakers called Soaps. Although they look like typical rave-generation treads, Soaps have a piece of hard, concave plastic embedded in the arch section of the sole (removable with a key), which lets kids trick out without lugging a board or pair of skates around. Still, Joey, a 12-year-old skater at Austin, Texas's Intellect Rollers Realm Skate Park, grouses, "They don't really help you with your grind. You look pretty gay running up to an edge and then you just kinda jump up onto it and jump off. There's really no skill to it."

That's kind of the point, says Pat Darnell, minister of marketing at the Torrance, California–based footwear company. The purposely lasden footgear, which has sold nearly 100,000 pairs worldwide since its launch in November, is more a walkabout kick than a viable X-Game entry, he says. Other riders are more generous than Joey. Justin, 13, who traveled an hour to Austin from San Antonio because the only skate park at home features Christian preaching, thinks they're swell for doing fancy tricks such as the UFO and the Royale, although the main reason he wears them is because "I can't take my skateboard to school." Some schools, such as Justin's, are already hip to the shoes, however: They don't let students grind on Soaps, either. JEFF SALAMON



Sole power: the multifunctional Soaps in action.



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INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

The Furry Monster

Beard-testing the new high-tech shavers. by **Paul Lukas**

It's like this: We're mammals. As such, we have hair—it's part of the package, like spinal columns and warm-bloodedness. But somewhere along the line we decided we didn't want all that hair, especially the hair on our faces, so someone came up with the idea of shaving. And that's when things got messy.

Hundreds of millions of men shave every day as a matter of course, which tends to obscure what a bizarre ritual it really is. If you had to describe human behavior to a Martian, you'd probably find yourself groping for words when you got to the part about shaving: "Well, the males of our species take these, uh, sharp pieces of metal and, um, scrape them across their faces. Every day."

Shaving's absurdity is underscored by its near-



Clean shaven: Some would rather go naked than be furry.

Sisyphean hopelessness: It's a lifelong battle that can never be won. It's also virtually impossible to do well—on any given morning, you're bound either to cut yourself, miss a spot, irritate your skin, or just do a crummy job that'll result in a five o'clock shadow by quarter past three. You'd think a few thousand years of this would have taught us to accept defeat. But like religious cultists veinly waiting for the Supreme Whatsit to descend from the sky and deliver us from this sorry existence, we continue to hold out hope for a better shave. A new generation of wet/dry shavers is foisted upon us each Christmas season. It's why men's magazines routinely run the same "How to Get a Good Shave" article every 18 months. And it's why Gillette has just launched the Mach3, a new razor humbly described as "the most significant men's shaving product since the first twin-blade razor...in 1971."

The Mach3, which took more than five years, $750 million (they claim), and 35 patents to develop (now *there's* a test lab I'd like to see), looks sleek and futuristic. Gillette's hype notwithstanding, the product's true innovations boil down to these: It's the first triple-bladed razor; it has Gillette's thinnest blade edges ever; its hinged cartridge mounts and pivots at a different angle than others on the market; and the cartridge is open at the back as well as the front, making it easier to clean.

Personally, I find shaving only slightly less unpleasant than a bad hangover. No matter what special accessories or techniques I try (and believe me, I've tried plenty), I tend to cut easily and end up with badly irritated skin afterward. So when I read Gillette's claim that the Mach3 would provide "a closer shave in fewer strokes with less irritation," I was ready to give it a try.

As it turns out, the Mach3 is different, primarily because its pivoting hinge is positioned at the cartridge's front edge instead of at its center. In practical terms, this means that when you apply pressure on the Mach3's handle, you're pressing down on the "soft, flexible microfins" that precede the blades, not on the blades themselves. The good news is that this may be why I consistently shed less blood than usual when using the Mach3. The bad news is that I didn't get a particularly close shave unless I went back several times over certain areas, which left me with a nasty case of razor burn. And the worst news, especially for those with hipster facial hair, is that the Mach3's unique pivot design makes it nearly impossible to achieve a crisp clean line around the edges of beards and sideburns. Verdict: an interesting feat of engineering, but shaving still sucks.

After my Mach3 experience, I decided to try the Protector, the latest brainstorm from Schick. Its twin blades are wrapped in a series of thin metal "safety wires," which supposedly minimize nicks and cuts. It takes a bit of a mental leap to associate metal wires with facial comfort, which may explain why Schick has had so much trouble marketing this product (one particularly lame commercial tries to equate the safety wires with the roll bars on a jeep). Toss in the Protector's namby-pamby name and its garish red-yellow-blue color scheme, and you start to understand why Schick is a distant second to Gillette in the shaving category.

To my surprise, however, the Protector's not bad—few nicks, little irritation, and a reasonably close shave. Unfortunately, whiskers kept clogging the safety wires, so I tapped the razor on the sink's edge to dislodge the accumulated gunk, at which point the cartridge popped off the handle and went straight down the drain, leaving me with a half-shaven face, a familiar feeling of defeat, and plenty of time to ponder what new features the wet/dry shavers will have this Christmas. ●

Readers, manufacturers, and publicists are encouraged to send products, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *Spin*, 6 W. 18th St., New York, NY 10011; consumer@interport.net.

NEW PRODUCT FACE-OFF

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PRODUCT	**Roland SP-808 Groove Sampler**	**Strength® Systems Inc. Original Strength® Training Shoe**
DESCRIPTION	"A sampling recording workstation which is one part professional-quality phrase sampler and one part hard disk audio recorder."	Mid-cut design, leather plyometric training shoe designed to increase leg strength.
CONTACT INFO	www.rolandgroove.com	(800) 451-JUMP
PRICE	$1,695	$124.95
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE	Allows "young, groove-oriented types" to "lay down fat grooves."	Allows young earth-oriented types to lay down fat jams.
UNIQUE SELLING PROPOSITION	Unusual laser-like "D-Beam Controller" allows users to control pitch bending and other effects with "hand and body movements."	"For years athletes have tried to make their own Strength Shoe by strapping blocks of wood to the bottom of their shoes...only to fail."
OPTIONS	SP808-OP1 expansion board, external Zip drive.	None.
BONUS BENEFIT	Unlike with your Strat, your Clapton-wannabe dad will never touch it.	Stylish dance-floor moves: "Pivot 360 degrees on the ball of the foot while the platform remains on the ground."
POTENTIAL DRAWBACK	Carpal Tunnel Groove Syndrome.	"Individual results may vary."
USER-FRIENDLINESS	Medium. Dozens of buttons, sliders, dials, and little blinking lights to interpret and master. (The D-Beam Controller is purported to mitigate this somewhat.)	High. Put them on. Jump. Jump. Jump. Jump again. Jump. Repeat.
ADVANTAGE		**Strength Shoes. Dunk like Shaq, and the record deals will follow.**

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PlayStation

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FOX INTERACTIVE

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Jack had the monster (aka: Mustang GT)

at the world's longest red light. And he was putting every watt in that

MACH 460 sound system to very good use.

That's when Jack saw him:

an eager trooper, sitting in his squad car.

Waiting. Their eyes met.

The trooper's hand twitched over his holstered radar gun.



When the light finally changed,

Jack eased the monster's V-8 into "slow cruise," just so Smokey could take one last, long look.

After all, why try to inspire "fear" or "respect" when "envy" is perfectly legal?



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CONTENT PROVIDER

Cro-Mag Feminism

The ridiculous return to me-Tarzan-you-Jane sexual politics.
by **Tad Friend**

In the new HBO sitcom *Sex and the City,* Carrie Bradshaw is having a nooner with a former boyfriend. After going down on her, he says, "My turn," and rolls over expectantly. "I've got to go back to work," Carrie replies coolly, and strides out feeling "powerful, potent, and incredibly alive" for having had "sex like a man." She immediately trips on the sidewalk—doh!—spills condoms out of her purse—doh! doh!—then blushes madly as a handsome stranger helps her pick them up—doh! doh! doh!

The stranger is the subtly named Mr. Big, a New York mogul who does nothing but ride around in his limousine and smoke Cohibas. (Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but this is not one of those times.) When Carrie, a mid-30s blond who writes a sex column for a New York tabloid, explains her work to him by saying, "I'm sort of a sexual anthropologist," he responds with a heavy-lidded leer: "You mean, like, a hooker?" Still, in a sea of club-hopping, coke-snorting narcissists (sample dialogue: "Hey, I'm fucking a model!"), Mr. Big is the dreamiest boat in the harbor. Seeing him, Carrie suddenly realizes she wants more from life than zipless liaisons. She wants to snuggle.

Another sugary profiterole from producer Darren Star, *Sex and the City* is interesting only because, despite its title, it's not about powerful women scheming for sex and power—see Star's *Melrose Place*—but about powerful women scheming just to land a halfway-tolerable guy. The feminist revolution, which got them great jobs, has had zero effect on their social relations. Five years ago, the first wave of the feminist backlash rolled in, featuring riot grrrls and Katie Roiphe and brassy proclamations of sexual agency; now we're seeing the second wave, in which otherwise strong, self-reliant women seem in thrall to Cinderella dreams straight out of *Cosmopolitan*, circa 1968. It's all about the perfect party dress, anxiety-generating sex quizzes, punitive diets, pleasing your man so he won't wander, and a facade of infinite pep. As art dealer Charlotte York says flatly in *Sex and the City,* men "are threatened by successful women. If you want to get these guys, you have to keep your mouth shut and play by the rules."

Or maybe that's *The Rules*. For those of you who were on life support in 1996, the smash dating manual by Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider told women that all the watchwords of feminist assertion—"Be yourself, don't play games, tell a man how you feel"—are dead wrong. To hook a hubby (the ultimate goal, of course) you have to be elusive: End phone chats after ten minutes, never accept a Saturday date after Wednesday, and, above all, deny him sex. Coyness will make you, in his eyes, "a creature unlike

Make 'em say "Uhhh": The latest wave of women's sex books, movies, and TV shows is *way* reactionary.

any other." In *The Rules II*, Fein and Schneider insist "Rules girls can be feminists. We are feminists.... But with all due respect, feminism has not changed men or the nature of romantic relationships."

Scarily, they seem to be right. Consider *The Object of My Affection* (woman hopelessly woos gay roommate), *Sliding Doors* (woman leaves cheating boyfriend for man who neglected to mention he's married), and *Two Girls and a Guy* (two women realize they're dating the same lying, philandering, mother-obsessed jerk—but still want him). On *Friends*, Monica, Rachel, and Phoebe have a new stress-reliever that's far superior to spooning ice cream straight from the tub: lounging in bridal dresses, pretending it's their wedding day. And no discussion of this phenomenon would be complete without a mention of *Ally McBeal*.

With that out of the way...*The Rules* Effect is particularly noticeable in fiction. Helen Fielding's giddy novel *Bridget Jones's Diary*, just out here after a huge success in Britain, consists of the journal entries of thirtysomething Bridget, a plucky, boozy, calorie-obsessed Londoner surrounded by men who are "emotional fuckwits." Nonetheless, Bridget hankers desperately to become one of the "smug marrieds." "As women glide from their 20s to 30s," she observes, "...even the most outrageous minxes lose their nerve, wrestling with the first twinges of existential angst: fears of dying alone and being found three weeks later half-eaten by an Alsatian." Her confused New Year's resolution perfectly expresses *The Rules*'s conviction that feminism is really all about feeling pretty: "Develop inner poise and authority and sense of self as woman of substance, complete *without* boyfriend, as best way to obtain boyfriend." Alas, her hopes are repeatedly dashed by duds like Daniel, who only calls when he's drunk and/or horny, and the 22-year-old Gav, who caresses her stomach and says, "Mmm. You're all squashy."

Glummer still is Jane Goodall, the 30-year-old narrator of Laura Zigman's novel *Animal Husbandry*. Like Bridget, Jane comes equipped with the obligatory gay pal who mutters that all men are shits and the obligatory gal pal who lays down yet more Rules: "Rule Number One: There's no such thing as a man who doesn't have time to fuck around. They always have time for that. And Rule Number Two: If a man isn't sleeping with you, he's not sleeping alone. He's sleeping with someone else." But after Jane is abruptly dropped by her coworker, Ray, for yet another coworker, she is no longer satisfied with mere Rules. She wants to know the *reason* men are only interested in—as she grimly puts it—"New Cow." So she plows through science books, unearthing factoids such as "only three percent of mammals pair-bond," and eventually cultivates a neo-Darwinian explanation: "The more the male mates, the more offspring it can produce. By definition, male fitness is the ability to maximize mating frequency" with different partners.

Indeed, evolutionary psychology has a handy explanation for the Madonna-whore complex that *The Rules* is designed to circumvent. As Robert Wright notes in *The Moral Animal*, "The male may actually *encourage* the early sex for which he will ultimately punish the woman. What better way to check for the sort of self-restraint that is so precious in a woman whose children you may invest in? And, if self-restraint proves lacking, what faster way to get the wild oats sown before moving on to worthier terrain?"

More generally, the British geneticist A.J. Bateman once declared that sexual selection encourages "an undiscriminating eagerness in the males and a discriminating passivity in the females." Bateman was discussing fruit flies, but his observation applies equally well to the *Sex and the City* swarm. Naturally, it's dehumanizing to realize the power of our selective programming. In *Animal Husbandry*, Jane's sassy friend Joan protests, "We're supposed to have control over our instincts, not act on them just because we feel them." "Even *we* didn't want *The Rules* to be true," *The Rules*' authors admit: "Who wants it to be true that a man's attraction to us doesn't grow?" But best to face facts: "Men are biologically the aggressor...while women crave security and bonding. This has been true since civilization began!"

Director Francis Coppola, whose own work usually portrays women as prizes of war, nonetheless commissioned an anti-*Rules* short story for his magazine *Zoetrope*. Melissa Bank's "The Girls' Guide to Hunting & Fishing" is a deft, fizzy account of thirtysomething Jane Rosenal, who calls her last boyfriend "Fuckface" and herself "bad at men." After meeting funny, sexy Robert at a wedding, Jane is all in a tizzy. She buys *How to Meet and Marry Mr. Right* as furtively as if it were "a girdle or a vibrator" and adopts its rules on Saturday-date deadlines and stifling her sense of humor. But she feels she's become a creature unlike herself—"I'm a dog, and you're trying to make me into a cat"—and Robert hates being *Rules*ed. He dumps her. So Jane courageously reveals it wasn't her but the book talking, and that she only listened because "I wanted to be with you so much...." Kiss kiss, fade out.

Not so fast. One could argue—and I'm going to—that Jane, unbeknownst to herself, was testing Robert to see if he could distinguish between the true her and the *Rules* version. Only a man who could pierce that veil would be The One. It was an unconscious strategy of erecting barriers to consummation—and it worked. A tenet of evolutionary psychology is that it's often best not to know too much about one's own behavior. Biologist Robert Trivers suggests that if "deceit is fundamental to animal communication, then there must be a strong selection to spot deception and this ought, in turn, to select for a degree of self-deception...."

Self-deception is the engine of romantic narratives: We know who the heroine loves even if she doesn't, yet. Thus Bridget in *Bridget Jones's Diary* winds up, to her surprise but not ours, with the man her mother had long been touting: smart, rich Mark Darcy. The allusion to Jane Austen's pouty hunk, Mr. Darcy of *Pride and Prejudice*, is curiously apt. Bridget lands Mark Darcy because she thinks him dorky and remote, so she remains casual—she doesn't play games. Similarly, Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* secures Mr. Darcy's love by teasing him about his pride, then rejecting his first proposal. Despite two centuries of putative gender-role progress, the dynamic is identical: The women are so aloof that they draw their Darcys at the dead run. Hindsight reveals that headstrong Elizabeth Bennet is actually following the dictates of sexual selection and that Jane Austen, so stern about sex on the first date, was the original *Rules* Girl. ●

On *Friends*, Monica, Rachel, and Phoebe have a new stress-reliever that's far superior to spooning ice cream straight from the tub: lounging in bridal dresses, pretending it's their wedding day.

SHORT SUBJECTS

SCREEN



Marie baie des anges
directed by Manuel Pradal
Just when you were ready to declare a ban on shots of angsty French kids in love Vespa-ing through the van Gogh countryside, along comes Manuel Pradal's suspicious debut film, *Marie baie des anges*. Restless camera. Elliptical editing. Intense score. Kodak + Riviere. The eponymous *anges*, a nonprofessional cast culled from streets, beaches, housing projects, and juvy detention centers, struggle with the usual questions and fight to repress, unsuccessfully, of course, eruptions of random self-assertive violence. Cliché, sure. But unlike the bulk of the innumerable American indie features that cover the same ground, Pradal captures (in the T-stop, the splice, the kid's face) the human truth behind the same-old same-old. BOB DAVIS

First Love, Last Rites
directed by Jesse Peretz
Earnest dimwit/dreamer Joey (the beautiful Giovanni Ribisi) says his friends are all worried what they're gonna do with themselves. Cynical, hypomanic realist Sissel (the beautiful Natasha Gregson Wagner) doesn't give a shit. Around the twin poles of vacuous traditional values and postmodern nihilism revolve *First Love*'s perorations on life, relationships, and the rest. Though Peretz, a music video director, sprinkles a dozen engaging periodish tunes over the story—Billy Corgan, Jeff Buckley, Liz Phair, Matt Johnson, and others re-create a variety of '60s styles—the film lumbers, protracted, pretentious, strangely arrhythmic, through its 93 minutes. (B.D.)



Whatever
directed by Susan Skoog
Q: "What are you afraid of?" A: "I'm afraid of being ordinary." In first-timer Skoog's *Whatever*, Anna—a disaffected New Jersey high-schooler and painter of derivative still lifes played smartly by Liza Weil—learns to stop worrying and love the banal. This might wash if the ordinary in question had some redeeming qualities. But here, it's embodied by aimless, passionless drug-numbed morons. *Whatever* echoes the *Zeitgeistlosigkeit*, preaches the virtues of lowered expectations, the



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MOVIES

π in the Face

In a summer when *The X-Files* was supposed to be the farthest thing out there, another film takes the cake. Plus: why Scorsese knows best. by **Steve Erickson**



Wired: Max replaces a chip in his chop-shop Big Blue, the computer that knows the answer to the stock market, Archimedes, God, you.

Max has the name of God tattooed across his psyche. It's in the form of a mysterious 216-digit number that his computer spits out for no apparent reason—a number that corporate assassins and crazed religious cults are desperately trying to get their hands on. Until now, buffeted between genius and madness, and placing all his faith in numbers—"Everything can be understood through numbers"—Max has been trying to decode the numerical meaning of life in all its aspects, from nature to the stock market. But the computer readout that he first takes for gibberish isn't the secret of the leaves on the trees or the up- and down-arrows of the Dow: It's the secret of the universe.

If *The X-Files*, the TV show and the new movie, were just a little cooler, Max might be one of Fox Mulder and Dana Scully's cases. Instead, he's the central figure of *π*, writer/director Darren Aronofsky's descent into the maelstrom of an orderly universe meeting a disorderly human mind. A visionary recluse locked away in his New York City apartment, Max (played persuasively by Sean Gullette) is incapable of relating to anything that can't be added, subtracted, multiplied, or divided, including the lovely, young next-door neighbor trying to seduce him. *π* begins on a note of delirium and proceeds to become more and more unhinged in the course of its 80-some minutes, as though it's tumbled down an algebraic version of Alice's rabbit hole, or into the ear in David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*.

Taken together, both *π* and the already-out-there *The X-Files* are the history of our age as chronicled not by the *New York Times* or CNN but by the lost forbidden pages of the Torah and the front pages of the *National Enquirer*, with everything from the old '50s bondage magazine *Bizarre* to the latest Amok catalog in between. They're about the 20th century we've kept secret from ourselves, the one just beyond our fingertips, just around the corner, slipping out the emergency exit at the end of the hall just as we catch sight of it. Of course, compared to the secrets of the universe *π* wants to solve, the secrets of *The X-Files* are kid stuff; the universe doesn't care in the least who killed Kennedy or whether that wreckage in New Mexico is from another world. It's not even clear at this point whether the people who write and direct *The X-Files* care, other than how they can make the show's various conspiracies so labyrinthine and convoluted, beyond the point of comprehension, that at least one more television season (if not four or five) will be necessary to answer them. Do you really believe that creator Chris Carter has a clue at this point what it's all about? Do you really think he isn't making it all up as he goes along, including the only mystery that does verge on the cosmic, which is why David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson haven't had sex yet? In the end, *The X-Files* believes in finding rational answers to irrational questions; in the tradition of '60s and '70s movies such as *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Parallax View*, it assumes somehow, somewhere, a few clandestine people have all the answers they're withholding from the rest of us.

π is in another tradition, the tradition of *Eraserhead* and the 1981 porn classic *Nightdreams* and, in particular, a 1993 film called *Wax*, about which rumors over the last few years have so outnumbered actual viewings that, as with a UFO, you might wonder whether it actually exists. As strange a movie as has ever been made, *Wax* is about a NASA computer programmer and part-time beekeeper who discovers his bees have drilled a hole in his head and put a TV there. A descendant of an early 20th-century pho-

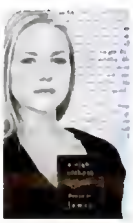
SHORT SUBJECTS

democracy of sub-mediocrity. This kind of thing seems inevitable when every other college grad makes a film. Be afraid. Be very afraid. (B.D.)

PRINT



Like Being Killed
by Ellen Miller
(Dutton)
Plot summary: We were soooo wasted! *Like Being Killed* is almost exactly the kind of novel you'd fear an NYU writing program grad would write: a first-person heroin blues-groveling around in shooting dirty and sexing unsafely. With its insistent unsavoriness and pocketful of downtowny details it might as well be called *Cabspotting*. Except Ellen Miller is an actual writer, consistently out hustling her material. Her ear for dialogue is tuned-in, especially with the side character, Margarita. And when she presses farther than the usual dope bummer, she gets inside the wacked-out, unmoored paranoia as deeply as Denis Johnson's *Angels*. If she wasn't so easy about trading in sentimentalism, she'd be even closer to the real deal. JOSHUA CLOVER



a night without armor
by Jewel
(HarperCollins)
Jewel's collection of poetry has her picture on the front, back, and spine. Inside, the poems are set in a font called Fairfield. It's a bookish and professional-looking font. Yet it remains friendly, with well-defined (but never excessive) serifs and excellent readability. It's sort of like the agreeable chardonnay of typefaces. The stem of the lower-case *y* seems a little frail, but fear not—the *j* and *p* are sturdy enough in that regard. The verses themselves tend to start at the top of the page, with the title, and then continue on down. Available on CD: very shiny. (J.C.)

Cometbus
by Aaron Cometbus
Cometbus, the publisher and (mostly) sole contributor of the zine *Cometbus*, swears issue No. 42 is a novel. Ninety-four chapters in 124 pages, it's the story of him and his friends inhabiting and trashing an apartment. With no plot and no particularly likable characters, plenty of beer- and coffee-drinking, dumb songs, amazing lists, and a little gunfire, it's the best thing you'll read this year. Enjoy the handwritten/handcopied feel while you can; rumors of a big-biz buyout are likely true. Years from now, the original run of *Cometbus* will be the Pompeii that punk historians sift through. For a sense of


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Into the algebraic rabbit hole: the Cabala-obsessed Jewish bedasses (above) who may or may not be pursuing big-brained Max (below) through the New York City subway system.

tographer who developed a process in Antarctica for taking pictures of spirits as they departed their dead bodies, the beekeeper becomes a walking TV station through which the universe broadcasts to the bees and the bees broadcast back. He also flies to the moon and is transformed into a missile during the Gulf War. Visually, *Wax* is the equivalent of one of Aphex Twin's more brooding soundscapes, its very image constantly and literally changing shape, space curving and rolling and looping as the beekeeper intones his story and his bees buzz in the background.

Like *Wax*, if not quite as deeply insane, *π* is a deranged contemplation of the meaning of God. It's part of a new American cinema of hysteria that includes everything from David Lynch's movies to Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ* to Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man*—movies that make no narrative sense and yet, as the shrill expression of a truth that's beyond words, are completely understandable. Whereas the dark, twilit colors of *The X-Files* give way to its shadow, in *π*, color has dropped out altogether, the screen throbbing in epileptic blacks and whites as Max pursues the secret of the 216-digit number—literally, the mathematical name of God—and then, at the edge of an answer, frantically tries to scramble back to the safe ground of human ignorance. Whereas the *X-Files* soundtrack is Sting, Björk, the Cure, Soul Coughing, and Sara McLachlan, in *π*, words have dropped out of the music altogether and given way to the pounding electronica of Orbital—music as math. I wouldn't presume to tell you which of these films to see. *The X-Files* picks up where the TV show left off at the beginning of the summer, so if you follow the series religiously you've probably seen the movie several times already. What I can tell you is which of these films you won't be able to get out of your head weeks from now or months from now. Though you might wish you could.

"When I was six years old," Max says over and over in *π*, "my mother told me not to look at the sun." Of course, Max looked and went blind for a while; now the very recollection of it sends him into fits, even as he can't stop staring into the blinding face of revelation. In the end, Darren Aronofsky's movie pulls back from where it wants to go in the same way Max does, because its central idea is bigger than its own imagination, or anyone's, for that matter. When Max shaves his head and marks with dotted lines the exact lobe where the secret burns, and places a power drill to his skull and flips on the switch, it's not to fill his brain but to empty it. This movie is what pours out, like shimmering mercury or a strip of poison celluloid, or the burned scar tissue of a malevolent sunlight.

Most bracing about the new video box set *A Personal Journey With Martin Scorsese Through American Movies* (Miramax) is its passionate idiosyncrasy and fearless iconoclasm. This isn't the film history taught in university classes or the canon of movie reviewers or the usual roll call of tired public favorites: *Casablanca*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *It's a Wonderful Life* are never mentioned at all, and a brief reference to *The Godfather* almost seems out of place. Scorsese would rather talk about Jacques Tourneur, director of such moody '40s B-horror flix as *Cat People* and *I Walked With a Zombie*, than Hitchcock. *Gone With the Wind* comes up just long enough to segue into a discussion of the fevered, hallucinatory *Duel in the Sun*, which producer David Selznick hoped would be to the Western what his earlier film was to Civil War epics: "No critic," sneered a writer for *Entertainment Weekly* a couple of months back, "would put the 1946 clunker *Duel in the Sun*...on a list of all-time great films," and he's exactly right, which is why critics aren't directors, since anyone with half an imagination knows that *Duel in the Sun* is in fact better than *Gone With the Wind*. Long ago in a New York City movie house, a stunned, asthmatic four-year-old Marty Scorsese knew, too: "From the opening titles I was mesmerized. The bright blasts of deliriously vibrant color, the gunshots, the savage intensity of the music, the burning sun, the overt sexuality.... I covered my eyes through most of it." ●

Compared to the secrets of the universe *π* wants to solve, the secrets of *The X-Files* are kid stuff; the universe doesn't care in the least who killed Kennedy or whether that wreckage in New Mexico is from another world.



SHORT SUBJECTS

what it's like to *be* punk in America after everything collapsed, even punk itself, nothing else will do. (Send $2.50 to BBT, PO Box 4279, Berkeley, CA 94704) (J.C.)

DIGITAL

Starship Titanic
(Simon & Schuster Interactive)
Playing literary-minded computer games such as Myst is often like sitting through a Henry James–inspired frock drama: Sure, there are the *recherché* pleasures of plot and meaning, but really, there isn't much fun. Starship Titanic, an epic sci-fi adventure written and developed by *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* author Douglas Adams, chucks the typical droll mythology for the Pythonesque silliness of Adams's books. After the Starship literally crashes into your living room, you've got to relaunch it by chatting up a petulant crew of lavishly rendered 'bots, who regurgitate more than 14 hours of pop-laden dialogue (references include Bill Clinton and the Spice Girls, although not necessarily in the same breath). The game is all about gab; if you want action, play Quake. DAVE KUSHNER

8-Track Heaven
(www.pobox.com/~abbot/8track/)
"We're digital, but analog at heart," posts one devotee of 8-Track Heaven, a full-service site for low-fi hipsters. Here, you can read up on the cultural lineage of the 2-, 4-, and 8-track underground, or swap homebrewed 8-track imaginings of such pomo classics as Sonic Youth's *Dirty*. But what makes the site worth a bookmark is the cover shots of kitschy 8-track porn soundtracks. Recent best: *Wife Swapping Swingers Orgy Porgy Party*. (D.K.)



Need for Speed III: Hot Pursuit
(Electronic Arts/Sony PlayStation)
Like its prequels, this racing game is all about copping visceral thrills. This time out, the twist is that it's also about copping cops. Climb into a customized Lamborghini or Ferrari (can't programmers think of more original rides?), then tear through heavy weather while bullhorn-wielding troopers chase your tail. Although there's less gore than in, say, Grand Theft Auto, the chase scenes are more beautifully rendered, and, as a bonus for truly compulsive players, no buzz-stomping pit stops required. (D.K.)



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Sinatra: The singer's singer, the swinger's swinger.

The Sincerest Form of Flattery

Who needs Frank Sinatra when we've got Eddie Vegas and Cook E. Jarr? by **RJ Smith**

EDDIE VEGAS LIVES ON NORMAL STREET. HE STANDS IN Normal's sunlight, wearing a vintege '60s ice-blue tweed sports coat, collar turnad up cockily, his white shirt open to reveal an expanse of chest hair and bypess surgery scars. His shoes are white.

Eddie Vegas complains a lot about Los Angeles. "This town is dead," he says, fuming. "If this were Frisco, or New York, or Chicago, we'd be swingin'." He talks as if he's just passing through, but Vegas was born, and has spent most of his 74 years, in Los Angeles.

After Frank Sinatra died, an L.A. bookstora marked his pessing with a display. There were a few recent Sinatre biographies, two books on cigers, a tome on how to mix the perfect cocktail. The tableau illustrated what's been fact for years: Sinatra's world has been diminished to a lifestyla, a shtick. Buy tha accessories and you, too, can be a member of the Pack. It's hard to imagine a tima when Sinatra was something more than e cool cocktail shaker, when sopping teenaga girls swooned ovar a bow-tied crooner and young men found themselves alone at night at moments when it was too quiat, singing along with his records.

I nevar saw Frank Sinatra sing, but I have caught Eddia Vegas's act dozens of times. He remembers. Vegas does a beautiful "Night and Day," an irresistible "The Lady Is a Tramp," a glowing "All of Me" that falls daringly behind tha beat. Wall, pretty much everything Vegas sings falls behind the beat. And everything he sings is Sinatra. If you've had a second cocktail (Eddie's had), if you listen and really want it to be so, tha man makes you hear The Voice.

Catch Vegas, and a few other loyalists still out there, and you can see how Sinatra transfigured his audience. They surrendered to him. If Sinatra gava himself up to a song, guys like Eddia Vagas giva themselves up to Sinatra. When the Mexican-American Vegas was growing up, the kids called him *El Cantador*: The Singer. Vegas heard Sinatra for the first tima at a Santa Monica beach joint in tha aarly '40s. "He just hed more style than other singars," says Vagas. "Love songs, up tunes, ha hed all tha talent." Vegas disparagas tha gentle approach of Bing Crosby as if Sinatra hed just supplanted it yesterday, rather then 50 yaars ago.

"There's always another singer who comes elong to replace you," says Vegas. "That's show business."

Will somebody replace Sinatra?

"Not for e long time."

Who's gonna replace Eddie Vegas?

"My ex-wife."

WHEN SINATRA SANG "SUMMER WIND," WITH ITS organ intro that shrugs off the world, its lyric that incinerates regret, it just can't be any more enigmatic. Here is the most powerful man on earth admitting how pathetically powerless he is, and what's mora, admitting ha is all right with that.

When Eddia Vegas givas the sama tune a go at the Italian restaurants and early-nothing lounges he haunts, with a band or e piano player or just a karaoke CD of Sinatra music, you hear a guy—former cabbie, bus driver, living on a Teamsters pension and assorted medication—who never faals more powerful than when he's singing a Sinatra song, in a voice as close to Tha Voice as he can get. The hepcats and Vinca Vaughn–abees in the crowd usually start out laughing as Vagas boils down Sinatra to a few notes, a couple of smooth hand gestures. Soon, that changes: Ha wins the respect, even the love, of those who undarstand a voice that once made people want to lay down their very lives.

"A PARTIAL BLACKOUT OF THE LIGHTS," THE LAS Vegas newspaper called it. Was thera a small raproach in that?

You either turn out the lights on the Vegas strip when Frenk Sinatra dias or you don't. You might think they should black the whola town out, the way Sinatra did when he pulled his ludicrous heist in *Ocean's Eleven*. He sang in Vagas, owned points in casinos, daalt cards, hurled thraats, and crashed golf carts through plate-glass windows. But on the night tha world grieved his passing, Las Vagas merely faded to brown.

In the casino namad for his last big hit, it's lika Sinetra never died. Or, reelly, like he never lived. The hotel desk clerk at New York, New York checks with a manager who confirms that no commemoration will occur. All over Vegas it's businass as usual. Only, Vegas isn't really in the Sinatra business any more.

On tha othar sida of town, in an unglamorous off-strip casino, a room is dark, smoky. It's e quarter to three, and thara's no ona in tha place, axcept for Cook E. Jarr. Tonight, it seems Frank has left all of Vegas to Jarr.

Ha is the last of the human jukeboxes, a showman who careens from Wreckx-N-Effect to Sammy as if it were supposed to be done this way. Tonight there's a special gravitas to his Rat Pack tribute, and Jarr covers Sinatra a dozen times in his set, once looking up to the sky and belting out, "Give it to me, Frank!" like e Holy Roller asking the Lord to fill him up. An Italian from South Philly, Jarr trusts Sinatra went to heaven.

Approaching his 50s, Jarr looks lika a cross between Johnny Thunders and Buddy Hackett. His black fright wig frames a showbiz smile that will sleep when he dies.

A few months ago, soma high rollers ovar at Caesars Palace invited Jarr and his smoke machine to thair private room. "I was doing tha Frank, they were all grooving. These guys gave me $10,000 for *an hour's work*," he rasps incredulously. "They ralata to me now as Vegas. Because nobody's doing the Veges thing anymora."

If Eddia Vegas recalls Sinatra tha crooner, Cook E. Jarr embodies the swinger. What really got to Jarr was the way the Rat Pack mede screwing off saem like a sacrament. "I do nothing for a living," he brags. "Absolutely nothing. I just don't do *anything*. I'm just heving fun. I'm only coming this way once, man—then you dial

"They wera having fun, lika I'm doing," Jarr says. "But I can't find anybody who's that crazy."

Back whan he worked at a Boeing plant in Philly, Jarr would stand on the aircraft and pretend to be Frank. His coworkers thought he was fucking nuts. If only they could see him now, a swinger in search of a Rat Pack. He's an axile in his adopted hometown, but Jerr doesn't care. "I just eet, then me and my chick go out and gamble, meke sura the sun's gonna come up. It's a good life, man." Ha speculatas on tha Mob's presence in Vegas, and riffs on how Sinatra's death date coincides with Mike Tyson's boxing record and the number on the black box recovered from tha plane that exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland. Don't even get him started on Sinatra's, um, appetites.

"You know Frank, ha was a real cock hound," Jarr exclaims. It's pushing four; time to go. "Plus ha was well-endowed, huge like a fucking horse is what he was, tha skinny prick! Ha had mora dick than...." Ha catches his breath. "You know whet I'm saying?" ●

ILLUSTRATION: PETER STEMMLER



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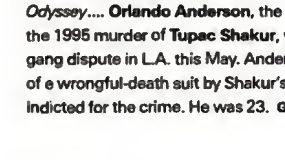
Could England's rave scene be on the decline? After two star-studded dance music festivals flopped this spring, promoters are learning the hard way that club kids may be tired of shelling out big bucks to party all night in cow fields.

The biggest disappointment was the set-for-May **Universe '98**, billed as "the way forward." The 60,000-capacity weekend massive was to star **Beck**, **Tricky**, and **Roni Size**, but was canceled a week before it was to begin due to poor advance ticket sales. That same month, the similarly hyped **Creamfields** sold only 60 percent of its 40,000 tickets, despite the marquee value of the **Chemical Brothers** and **Daft Punk**. A crucial factor in the Universe fiasco was the bitter feud between the promotion teams of the two events, former partners who used to run the legendary **Tribal Gathering** but split last year due to, yep, "creative differences." Creamfields' Mean Fiddler promoters allegedly scheduled their event three weeks before Universe in hopes of undercutting it with cheaper tickets and a similar lineup. "One reason the dance scene was so successful was that there was real unity," says *Mixmag* features editor Alexis Petridis. "All that has changed."

But another reason for limp rave sales may be that the scene is losing its core audience as it gets increasingly commercialized. "The U.K. still has a strong dance market, but the average person doesn't have enough money to go to one of these festivals every weekend," says rave godfather **Paul Oakenfold**, who was scheduled to spin at both events. "Promoters add a few rock bands to the bill and think they can charge a fortune." Tickets for Universe were nearly $100 a pop, a steep price, even for an event that was to feature more than 60 live bands and 100 DJs, not to mention mini-hovercraft rides.

Now, as mainstream British rock festivals have begun booking dance acts, big-name techno artists are heading Stateside in search of a new challenge. "America is like England was eight years ago," says Oakenfold, who plans to hit 64 cities in the U.S. this year. "It's crazy." **JULIA CHAPLIN**

OBITUARIES



Electric ladyland: Clare Rockmore

Theremin virtuoso **Clare Rockmore**, arguably the only expert soloist of that currently in-vogue electronic instrument, died in May at 87. A child violin prodigy, she was introduced to the strange contraption by its inventor, fellow Russian émigré **Leon Theremin**, in late-1920s New York. Though the difficult instrument, which is played by waving the hands through an invisible electromagnetic field, was most commonly used to create spooky effects on horror film soundtracks, Rockmore brought her undisputed artistry to bear on classical pieces by composers ranging from Rachmaninov to Stravinsky. She appears in the 1995 documentary *Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey*.... **Orlando Anderson**, the prime police suspect in the 1995 murder of **Tupac Shakur**, was shot to death in a gang dispute in L.A. this May. Anderson, who was the subject of a wrongful-death suit by Shakur's mother, Afeni, was never indicted for the crime. He was 23. **GAYLORD FIELDS**

Studio Time

The **Chemical Brothers** return to their club roots with this summer's *Brothers Gonna Work It Out*, a DJ mix CD. The first release from the duo's new Freestyle Dust label, it includes Chemical remixes of songs by Brit pals **Spiritualized**, as well as music from such American artists as **Terry Mullen** and **Dub Tribe**. "When we did our first DJ album, *Live at the Social*, back in 1996, we were spinning for 200 people in a sweaty basement," says Brother Ed Simons. "This record is more like an arena rave." This fall the duo will also record the official follow-up to last year's *Dig Your Own Hole*.... It's been three years since **Cypress Hill** last unleashed their distinctive brand of stoned hip-hop, so what have they been up to in the interim? "Smoking some mad weed," says **DJ Muggs**. They've also been working on this winter's *Cypress Hill IV*, which is reassuringly fixated on the two biggest subjects in the Cypress Hill universe: pot and the long arm of the law. In addition to "High Times" and "Dr. Green Thumb," there's "Eye of the Pig," which tells it like it is from the other side of the mirrored sunglasses. But Muggs stresses that "it ain't a fucking pro-cop song—it's more a *Bad Lieutenant*–type of vibe."... **U.N.K.L.E.**, the collaborative electronica project Mo' Wax CEO **James Lavelle** started nearly three years ago, will finally see light by the fall. A still-untitled debut will feature guest vocals by Radiohead's **Thom Yorke** and the Verve's **Richard Ashcroft**, as well as music by **DJ Shadow**. "It's my gutsiest work yet," Shadow says. In related news, **SoleSides**—the indie hip-hop label Shadow formed in '91 with **Blackalicious** and **Latyrx**—folded. Sick of being "underground martyrs," the collective reformed as the supergroup **Quannum**. "Major-label bids are welcome," Shadow says.... **The Roots** may commonly be pegged as an "artsy-fartsy jazz hip-hop thing," as rapper ?uestlove (a.k.a. Ahmir Khalib-Thompson) puts it, but the Philly quintet's upcoming *Things Fall Apart* is designed to "really throw people." ?uestlove says the record, which is set for October release, sounds like a mix of *Rumours*, *Abbey Road*, and early Sly and the Family Stone. Expect cameos by **D'Angelo**, as well as original members of Gamble and Huff's '70s disco orchestra **MFSB**. But "there won't be any retro loops," ?uestlove says. "It's not right to psychologically abuse people's eighth-grade memories." **(J.C.)**



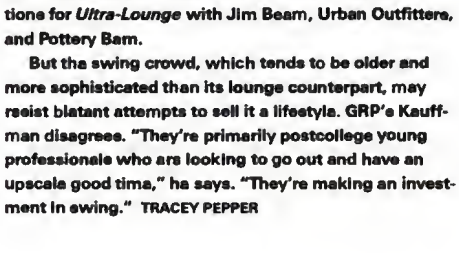
Raise the roof: Chemical Brothers Ed Simons (left) and Tom Rowland.

Swing Shift

Now that swing music is being used to sell khakis, can it also help record companies shift their back catalog? That's what several labels releasing swing compilations in the coming months are anticipating. Responding to the flourishing West Coast scenes and the popularity of contemporary swing bands like Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and Cherry Poppin' Daddies, **labels such as Capitol and Universal are digging into their vaults and pumping out spiffed-up swing reissues and compilations packaged to appeal to the same retro-crazed hipsters who helped turned lounge into its own section at the record store.**

Compilations include this month's *Hipsters, Zoots & Wingtips: The '90s Swingers* (Hip-O), which features new and old compositions by modern swing bands. *Hipsters, Zoots & Wingtips: The Original Swingers*—classic versions of swing standards—will follow in October. Rhino's two-CD set *Hipster Swing* (due next February) includes music by both new artists such as Royal Crown Revue and old-school cats such as Les Elgart. GRP's *Swingsation* series, released in June, is a five-CD set of samplers culling material from Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, and others. "We're trying to give people the next step," says Michael Kauffman, GRP's national director of sales. "Here are the original sultans of swing." But will they sell? Possibly, if promoted and packaged right. RCA/Victor's youth-targeted *Fabulous Swing* compilation, which came out last February, has sold a respectable 30,000 copies.

However, no company has branded retro music as a youth-oriented trend more effectively than the creators of EMI-Capitol's *Ultra-Lounge* series. The Grammy-winning 25-CD set has sold more than 700,000 units collectively, in part because of the eye-catching appeal of its faux-cheetah fur covers, kitschy vintage sleeve photos, and liner notes offering "Cocktail Hints." Marketing retro cool is like selling real estate: it's about lifestyle, lifestyle, lifestyle.



She's money: old Ella—boring; new Ella—hey *now*!

"The music is only one component of lounge's appeal," says Phil Sandhaus, head of strategic marketing for EMI-Capitol. "The generation that's into this scene is smoking the right cigars and buying hip kinds of dishes for the house. It's people having a large party, dressed the way they're dressed, with our music playing in the background." Sandhaus has done cross-promotions for *Ultra-Lounge* with Jim Beam, Urban Outfitters, and Pottery Barn.

But the swing crowd, which tends to be older and more sophisticated than its lounge counterpart, may resist blatant attempts to sell it a lifestyle. GRP's Kauffman disagrees. "They're primarily postcollege young professionals who are looking to go out and have an upscale good time," he says. "They're making an investment in swing." TRACEY PEPPER

PHOTOS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): KELLY HYNDSON; GUY ELIAS; STEVE J. SHERMAN

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References: 1. CAESAR Coordinating Committee. Randomised trial of addition of lamivudine or lamivudine plus lovinde to zidovudine-containing regimens for patients with HIV-1 infection: the CAESAR trial. *Lancet.* 1997;349:1413-1421. **2.** Hammer SM, Squires KE, Hughes MD, et al. A controlled trial of two nucleoside analogues plus indinavir in persons with human immunodeficiency virus infection and CD4 cell counts of 200 per cubic millimeter or less. *N Engl J Med.* 1997;337:725-733.

Please see brief summary for Combivir on following page.

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Glaxo Wellcome HIV
A division of Glaxo Wellcome Inc.
Research Triangle Park, NC 27709
Web site: www.glaxowellcome.com

BRIEF SUMMARY

COMBIVIR™ Tablets (lamivudine/zidovudine tablets)

The following is a brief summary only; see full prescribing information for complete product information.

WARNING: ZIDOVUDINE, ONE OF THE TWO ACTIVE INGREDIENTS IN COMBIVIR, HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH HEMATOLOGIC TOXICITY INCLUDING NEUTROPENIA AND SEVERE ANEMIA, PARTICULARLY IN PATIENTS WITH ADVANCED HIV DISEASE (SEE WARNINGS). PROLONGED USE OF ZIDOVUDINE HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH SYMPTOMATIC MYOPATHY.

LACTIC ACIDOSIS AND SEVERE HEPATOMEGALY WITH STEATOSIS, INCLUDING FATAL CASES, HAVE BEEN REPORTED WITH THE USE OF ANTIRETROVIRAL NUCLEOSIDE ANALOGUES ALONE OR IN COMBINATION, INCLUDING ZIDOVUDINE AND LAMIVUDINE (SEE WARNINGS).

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: COMBIVIR is indicated for the treatment of HIV infection.

Description of Clinical Studies: *COMBIVIR:* There have been no clinical trials conducted with COMBIVIR. See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY for information about bioequivalence. One COMBIVIR Tablet given twice a day is an alternative regimen to EPIVIR Tablets 150 mg twice a day plus RETROVIR 600 mg per day in divided doses.

Lamivudine Plus Zidovudine: The NUCB3007 (CAESAR) study was conducted using EPIVIR 150-mg Tablets (150 mg b.i.d.) and RETROVIR 100-mg Capsules (2 x 100 mg t.i.d.). CAESAR was a multicenter, double-blind, placebo-controlled study comparing continued current therapy (zidovudine alone (62% of patients) or zidovudine with didanosine or zalcitabine (38% of patients)] to the addition of EPIVIR or EPIVIR plus an investigational non-nucleoside reverse transcriptase inhibitor, randomized 1:2:1. A total of 1,816 HIV-infected adults with 25 to 250 (median 122) CD4 cells/mm³ at baseline were enrolled. median age was 36 years, 87% were male, 84% were nucleoside-experienced, and 16% were therapy-naive. The median duration on study was 12 months. Results are summarized in Table 1.

Table 1: Number of Patients (%) With At Least One HIV Disease-Progression Event or Death

Endpoint	Current Therapy (n = 460)	EPIVIR plus Current Therapy (n = 896)	EPIVIR plus a NNRTI* plus Current Therapy (n = 460)
HIV progression or death	90 (19.6%)	86 (9.6%)	41 (8.9%)
Death	27 (5.9%)	23 (2.6%)	14 (3.0%)

*An investigational non-nucleoside reverse transcriptase inhibitor not approved in the United States.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: COMBIVIR Tablets are contraindicated in patients with previously demonstrated clinically significant hypersensitivity to any of the components of the product.

WARNINGS: COMBIVIR is a fixed-dose combination of lamivudine and zidovudine. Ordinarily, COMBIVIR should not be administered concomitantly with either lamivudine or zidovudine.

The complete prescribing information for all agents being considered for use with COMBIVIR should be consulted before combination therapy with COMBIVIR is initiated.

Bone Marrow Suppression: COMBIVIR should be used with caution in patients who have bone marrow compromise evidenced by granulocyte count <1,000 cells/mm³ or hemoglobin <9.5 g/dL (see ADVERSE REACTIONS).

Frequent blood counts are strongly recommended in patients with advanced HIV disease who are treated with COMBIVIR. For HIV-infected individuals and patients with asymptomatic or early HIV disease, periodic blood counts are recommended.

Lactic Acidosis/Severe Hepatomegaly with Steatosis: Lactic acidosis and severe hepatomegaly with steatosis, including fatal cases, have been reported with the use of antiretroviral nucleoside analogues alone or in combination, including zidovudine and lamivudine. A majority of these cases have been in women. Caution should be exercised when administering COMBIVIR to any patient, and particularly to those with known risk factors for liver disease. Treatment with COMBIVIR should be suspended in any patient who develops clinical or laboratory findings suggestive of lactic acidosis or hepatotoxicity.

Myopathy: Myopathy and myositis, with pathological changes similar to that produced by HIV disease, have been associated with prolonged use of zidovudine and therefore may occur with therapy with COMBIVIR.

PRECAUTIONS:

General: Reduction of doses of lamivudine is recommended for patients with low body weight (less than 50 kg or 110 lb); therefore patients with low body weight should not receive COMBIVIR.

Patients With HIV and Hepatitis B Virus Coinfection: In clinical trials and postmarketing experience, some patients with HIV infection who have chronic liver disease due to hepatitis B virus infection experienced clinical or laboratory evidence of recurrent hepatitis upon discontinuation of lamivudine. Consequences may be more severe in patients with decompensated liver disease.

Patients With Impaired Renal Function: Reduction of the dosages of lamivudine and zidovudine is recommended for patients with impaired renal function. Patients with creatinine clearance ≤50 mL/min should not receive COMBIVIR.

Information for Patients: COMBIVIR is not a cure for HIV infection and patients may continue to experience illnesses associated with HIV infection, including opportunistic infections. Patients should be advised that the use of COMBIVIR has not been shown to reduce the risk of transmission of HIV to others through sexual contact or blood contamination. Patients should be informed that the major toxicities of COMBIVIR are neutropenia and/or anemia. They should be told of the extreme importance of having their blood counts followed closely while on therapy, especially for patients with advanced HIV disease. Patients should be advised of the importance of taking COMBIVIR as it is prescribed.

Drug Interactions: Coadministration of ganciclovir, interferon-alpha, and other bone marrow suppressive or cytotoxic agents may increase the hematologic toxicity of zidovudine (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY section of full prescribing information).

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: *Carcinogenicity:*

Lamivudine: Lamivudine long-term carcinogenicity studies in mice and rats showed no evidence of carcinogenic potential at exposures up to 10 times (mice) and 58 times (rats) those observed in humans at the recommended therapeutic dose.

Zidovudine: Zidovudine was administered orally at three dosage levels to separate groups of mice and rats (60 females and 60 males in each group). Initial single daily doses were 30, 60, and 120 mg/kg per day in mice and 80, 220, and 600 mg/kg per day in rats. The doses in mice were reduced to 20, 30, and 40 mg/kg per day after day 90 because of treatment-related anemia, whereas in rats only the high dose was reduced to 450 mg/kg per day on day 91 and then to 300 mg/kg per day on day 279.

In mice, seven late-appearing (after 19 months) vaginal neoplasms (five non-metastasizing squamous cell carcinomas, one squamous cell papilloma, and one squamous polyp) occurred in animals given the highest dose. One late-appearing squamous cell papilloma occurred in the vagina of a middle-dose animal. No vaginal tumors were found at the lowest dose.

In rats, two late-appearing (after 20 months), non-metastasizing vaginal squamous cell carcinomas occurred in animals given the highest dose. No vaginal tumors occurred at the low or middle dose in rats. No other drug-related tumors were observed in either sex of either species.

At doses that produced tumors in mice and rats, the estimated drug exposure (as measured by AUC) was approximately three times (mouse) and 24 times (rat) the estimated human exposure at the recommended therapeutic dose of 100 mg every 4 hours.

Two transplacental carcinogenicity studies were conducted in mice. One study administered zidovudine at doses of 20 mg/kg per day or 40 mg/kg per day from gestation day 10 through parturition and lactation with dosing continuing in offspring for 24 months postnatally. The doses of zidovudine employed in this study produced zidovudine exposures approximately three times the estimated human exposure at recommended doses. After 24 months, at the highest dose, an increase in incidence of vaginal tumors was noted with no increase in tumors in the liver or lung or any other organ in either gender. These findings are consistent with results of the standard oral carcinogenicity study in mice, as described earlier. A second study administered zidovudine at maximum tolerated doses of 12.5 mg/day or 25 mg/day (~1,000 mg/kg nonpregnant body weight or ~450 mg/kg of term body weight) to pregnant mice from days 12 through 18 of gestation. There was an increase in the number of tumors in the lung, liver, and female reproductive tracts in the offspring of mice receiving the higher dose level of zidovudine.

It is not known how predictive the results of rodent carcinogenicity studies may be for humans.

Mutagenicity: Lamivudine: Lamivudine was negative in a microbial mutagenicity screen, in an in vitro cell transformation assay, in a rat micronucleus test, in a rat bone marrow cytogenetic assay, and in an assay for unscheduled DNA synthesis in rat liver. It was mutagenic in a L5178Y/Tk$^{+/-}$ mouse lymphoma assay and clastogenic in a cytogenetic assay using cultured human lymphocytes.

Zidovudine: Zidovudine was mutagenic in a L5178Y/Tk$^{+/-}$ mouse lymphoma assay, positive in an in vitro cell transformation assay, clastogenic in a cytogenetic assay using cultured human lymphocytes, and positive in mouse and rat micronucleus tests after repeated doses. It was negative in a cytogenetic study in rats given a single dose.

Impairment of Fertility: Lamivudine: In a study of reproductive performance, lamivudine, administered to male and female rats at doses up to 130 times the usual adult dose based on body surface area considerations, revealed no evidence of impaired fertility (judged by conception rates) and no effect on the survival, growth, and development to weaning of the offspring.

Zidovudine: Zidovudine, administered to male and female rats at doses up to 7 times the usual adult dose based on body surface area considerations, had no effect on fertility judged by conception rates.

Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category C.

COMBIVIR: There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of COMBIVIR in pregnant women. Reproduction studies with lamivudine and zidovudine have been performed in animals (see Lamivudine and Zidovudine sections below). COMBIVIR should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefits outweigh the risks.

Lamivudine: Reproduction studies with orally administered lamivudine have been performed in rats and rabbits at 130 and 60 times, respectively, the usual adult dose (based on relative body surface area) and have revealed no evidence of teratogenicity. Some evidence of early embryolethality was seen in the rabbit at doses similar to those produced by the usual adult dose and higher, but there was no indication of this effect in the rat at orally administered doses up to 130 times the usual adult dose. Studies in pregnant rats and rabbits showed that lamivudine is transferred to the fetus through the placenta.

Zidovudine: Reproduction studies with orally administered zidovudine in the rat and in the rabbit at doses up to 500 mg/kg per day revealed no evidence of teratogenicity with zidovudine. Zidovudine treatment resulted in embryo/fetal toxicity as evidenced by an increase in the incidence of fetal resorptions in rats given 150 or 450 mg/kg per day and rabbits given 500 mg/kg per day. The doses used in the teratology studies resulted in peak zidovudine plasma concentrations (after one-half of the daily dose) in rats 66 to 226 times, and in rabbits 12 to 87 times, mean steady-state peak human plasma concentrations (after one-sixth of the daily dose) achieved with the recommended daily dose (100 mg every 4 hours). In an additional teratology study in rats, a dose of 3,000 mg/kg per day (very near the oral median lethal dose in rats of 3,683 mg/kg) caused marked maternal toxicity and an increase in the incidence of fetal malformations. This dose resulted in peak zidovudine plasma concentrations 350 times peak human plasma concentrations. No evidence of teratogenicity was seen in this experiment at doses of 600 mg/kg per day or less. Two rodent carcinogenicity studies were conducted (see Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility).

Antiretroviral Pregnancy Registry: To monitor maternal-fetal outcomes of pregnant women exposed to COMBIVIR™ Tablets (lamivudine/zidovudine tablets) and other antiretroviral agents, an Antiretroviral Pregnancy Registry has been established. Physicians are encouraged to register patients by calling (800) 722-9292, ext. 39437.

Nursing Mothers: The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recommend that HIV-infected mothers not breast-feed their infants to avoid risking postnatal transmission of HIV infection.

COMBIVIR: Zidovudine is excreted in breast milk (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY Pharmacokinetics). Nursing Mothers section of full prescribing information); however, no data are available on COMBIVIR or lamivudine. Therefore, there is a potential for adverse effects in nursing infants. **Mothers should be instructed not to breast-feed if they are receiving COMBIVIR.**

Pediatric Use: COMBIVIR should not be administered to pediatric patients less than 12 years of age because it is a fixed-dose combination that cannot be adjusted for this patient population.

ADVERSE REACTIONS:

Lamivudine Plus Zidovudine Administered As Separate Formulations: In four randomized, controlled trials of EPIVIR 300 mg per day plus RETROVIR 600 mg per day, the following selected clinical and laboratory adverse events were observed (see Tables 2 and 3).

Table 2: Selected Clinical Adverse Events (≥5% Frequency) in Four Controlled Clinical Trials With EPIVIR 300 mg/day and RETROVIR 600 mg/day

Adverse Event		EPIVIR plus RETROVIR (n = 251)
Body as a whole	Headache	35%
	Malaise & fatigue	27%
	Fever or chills	10%
Digestive	Nausea	33%
	Diarrhea	16%
	Nausee & vomiting	13%
	Anorexia and/or decreased appetite	10%
	Abdominal pain	9%
	Abdominal cramps	6%
	Dyspepsia	5%
Nervous system	Neuropathy	12%
	Insomnia & other sleep disorders	11%
	Dizziness	10%
	Depressive disorders	9%
Respiratory	Nasal signs & symptoms	20%
	Cough	18%
Skin	Skin rashes	9%
Musculoskeletal	Musculoskeletal pain	12%
	Myalgia	6%
	Arthralgia	5%

Pancreatitis was observed in three of the 656 adult patients (<0.5%) who received EPIVIR in controlled clinical trials. Selected laboratory abnormalities observed during therapy are listed in Table 3.

Table 3: Frequencies of Selected Laboratory Abnormalities Among Adults in Four Controlled Clinical Trials of EPIVIR 300 mg/day plus RETROVIR 600 mg/day*

Test (Abnormal Level)	EPIVIR plus RETROVIR % (n)
Neutropenia (ANC<750/mm³)	7.2% (237)
Anemia (Hgb<8.0 g/dL)	2.9% (241)
Thrombocytopenia (platelets<50,000/mm³)	0.4% (240)
ALT (>5.0 x ULN)	3.7% (241)
AST (>5.0 x ULN)	1.7% (241)
Bilirubin (>2.5 x ULN)	0.6% (241)
Amylase (>2.0 x ULN)	4.2% (72)

ULN = Upper limit of normal.
ANC = Absolute neutrophil count.
n = Number of patients assessed
*Frequencies of these laboratory abnormalities were higher in patients with mild laboratory abnormalities at baseline.

Observed During Clinical Practice: The following events have been identified during post-approval use of EPIVIR and/or RETROVIR. Because they are reported voluntarily from a population of unknown size, estimates of frequency cannot be made. These events have been chosen for inclusion due to their seriousness, frequency of reporting, causal connection to EPIVIR and/or RETROVIR, or a combination of these factors.

Alopecia, erythema multiforme, hyperglycemia, lactic acidosis and hepatic steatosis (see **WARNINGS**), pancreatitis, seizures, sensitization reactions (including anaphylaxis), Stevens-Johnson syndrome, urticaria, and vasculitis.

OVERDOSAGE:

COMBIVIR: There is no known antidote for COMBIVIR.

Lamivudine: One case of an adult ingesting 8 grams of lamivudine was reported; there were no clinical signs or symptoms noted and hematologic tests remained normal. It is not known whether lamivudine can be removed by peritoneal dialysis or hemodialysis.

Zidovudine: Acute overdoses of zidovudine have been reported in pediatric patients and adults. These involved exposures up to 50 grams. The only consistent findings were nausea and vomiting. Other reported occurrences included headache, dizziness, drowsiness, lethargy, confusion, and one report of a grand mal seizure. Hematologic changes were transient. All patients recovered. Hemodialysis and peritoneal dialysis appear to have a negligible effect on the removal of zidovudine while elimination of its primary metabolite, 3'-azido-3'-deoxy-5'-*O*-β-*D*-glucopyranuronosylthymidine (GZDV), is enhanced.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: The recommended oral dose of COMBIVIR for adults and adolescents (at least 12 years of age) is one tablet (containing 150 mg of lamivudine and 300 mg of zidovudine) twice daily.

Dose Adjustment: Because it is a fixed-dose combination, COMBIVIR should not be prescribed for patients requiring dosage adjustment such as those with reduced renal function (creatinine clearance ≤50 mL/min), those with low body weight (<50 kg or 110 lb), or those experiencing dose-limiting adverse events.

US Patent Nos. 5,047,407; 4,818,538; 4,828,838; 4,724,232; 4,833,130; and 4,837,208

GlaxoWellcome

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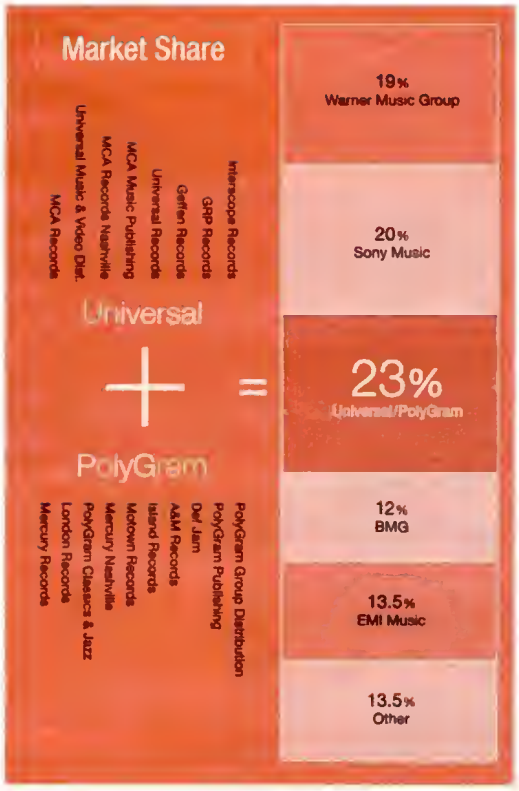
January 1998/RL-505

HUSH HUSH

The monthly dish on the music biz

Engulf + Devour

A funny thing happened on the way to Seagram's acquisition of EMI Music. The beverage giant spurned the English conglom and instead purchased Dutch-owned PolyGram, the world's biggest music company, for $10.6 billion, and with it brought the wave of mega-merger mania crashing over the bow of the music biz. And while there will be much clinking of wine coolers in Seagram ruler **Edgar Bronfman, Jr.**'s executive suite over the marriage of PolyGram with Seagram's Universal Music Group, the record biz is about to get a lot smaller. There are four large labels within each of the two label groups (some of which are fed product by smaller imprints contained therein) and most insiders say eight is probably several more than enough. In addition to the Nashville, classical, and jazz divisions in each group (which are each likely to be consolidated), the new superlabel most likely will take a long, hard look at whether such household label names as A&M (**Sheryl Crow, Sting**), Island (**U2, PJ Harvey, Dru Hill**), and Geffen (**Hole, Counting Crows, Beck**) would better serve the new order if they were, how shall we say, reorganized. Maybe even more significant is that the union of Universal and PolyGram makes their respective distribution companies (the cogs in the machinery that actually put the records in the stores) now redundant by one, meaning the Big Six multinational music distribution companies are about to become the Big Five. As a comparison, imagine NBC absorbing CBS and consolidating its shows into the NBC schedule for airing on one channel.



New world order: the Big Five distribs.

So, does the merger mean the other multinational corporate players such as Warner Music, BMG Entertainment, Sony, and EMI are now distant also-rans, sucking the dust of the Very Large Music Corporation? Not really. In tallying year-to-date music sales, the new superpower's roughly 23 percent market-share narrowly edges both the ***Titanic***–**Celine Dion**–driven Sony Music's share (20 percent) and Warner Music Group's 19 percent. That said, what happens to jilted bride EMI, which houses Virgin (**Smashing Pumpkins, the Verve**) and Capitol (**Beastie Boys, Foo Fighters**), and remains very much on the market? While some say the company missed its window of opportunity while holding out for north of $10 billion, others reason that being the odd conglom out of this particular episode of engulf-and-devour may yet prove to be a windfall. In a Big Five scenario, German-owned BMG (**Puff Daddy, Whitney Houston, Wu-Tang Clan**, and the **Dave Matthews Band**) arrives dead last in market share with only 12 percent, but by acquiring EMI and its 13 percent share BMG would rocket into the top spot. And what about the suddenly kinda hot Disney music operation, which is scoring with hit records by **Fastball** and **Sprung Monkey** under new Lion King **Bob Cavallo**? In the current arrangement, Disney's Hollywood Records and its blockbuster soundtracks label are distributed by PolyGram, currently a rather crowded operation. But if Disney threw down for EMI, they would at least be in control of their own distribution destiny. Either way, don't expect EMI to lag too far behind PolyGram in corporate nuptials: The point of the modern record biz is market share, and the boardrooms get the point.

Meanwhile, all this consolidation also means something for actual people. When Time Warner, Inc., kingpin **Gerald Levin** leveled the playing field in '93–94 by overseeing the breakup of the executive equivalent of the 1927 New York Yankees, many of the industry's best and brightest found new homes at Universal and PolyGram. Among the first to distinguish himself in his new job was former Atlantic Records ruler and now Universal Music Group architect **Doug Morris**, who took Universal Records from zero to hero in less time than any other startup (except maybe Interscope) with such artists as **Erykah Badu** and **Chumbawamba**, and has emerged as the leading candidate to be crowned king of the united Seagram-PolyGram in the U.S. Morris's young lieutenant at Atlantic and later Warner Bros. Records, Inc., **Danny Goldberg**, became the only real bright spot in PolyGram's recent domestic history by turning around moribund Mercury Records with such acts as **Hanson** and **311**, and establishing the Mercury Records Group, which may soon contain more pop labels than just Motown and Capricorn. With Morris overseeing the restructuring of what is now an enormous corporate landscape and Goldberg likely picking up even more responsibility, one name frequently mentioned by insiders as a possible label head at Poly/Universal is Elektra Entertainment CEO **Sylvia Rhone**. She would complete the package of former Warner Music Group notables inside the new conglom. (Former Warner Bros. Records rulers **Mo Ostin** and **Lenny Waronker** are already part of the Universal Music Group, running **David Geffen**'s DreamWorks Records operation.) Last, let's not overlook the role of the somehow always involved Mr. Geffen, who, as one of Bronfman, Jr.'s closest confidants, may be pulling more strings than is commonly being credited.

Any way you look at it, it's a small world, after all.

JOE FLEISCHER



A bad influence?: Indigo Girls Amy Ray (left) and Emily Saliers.

The Ellen Syndrome

Sometimes you can't even give it away. After judging a lyric-writing contest for teenage students last year, Grammy-winning folkies Amy Ray and Emily Saliers of the Indigo Girls decided to book a free tour of public high schools. A nice idea, but apparently pretty tough to execute—if you happen to be queer.

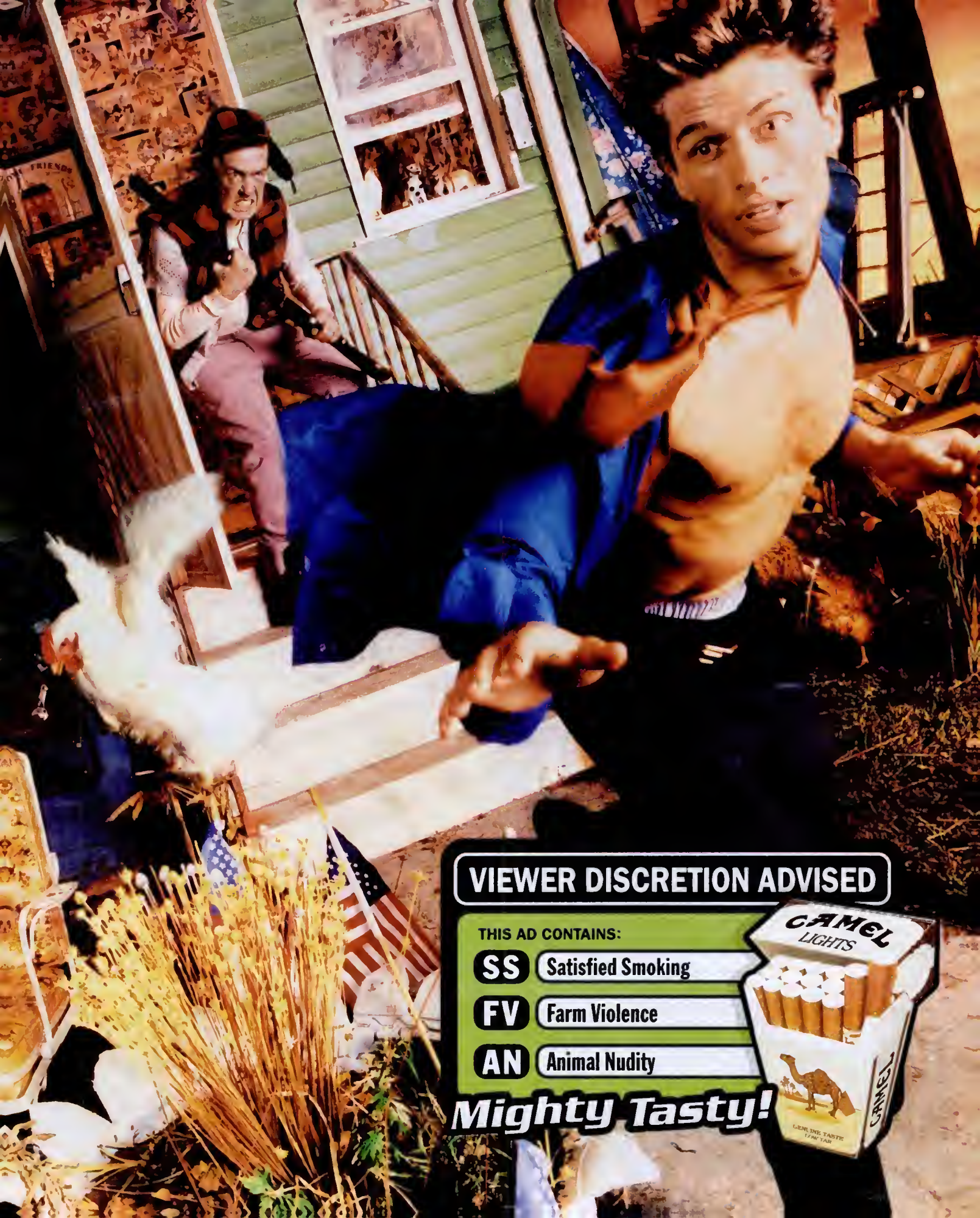
The first school to bail from the five-date itinerary was Columbia, South Carolina's Irmo High. Principal Gerald Witt canceled the concert when a small group of parents protested the appearance by the openly gay artists. Irmo students made their displeasure clear by wearing pink T-shirts to class and staging a walkout; five of them were punished with eight-day suspensions and are suing the school district for damages. "The administrators were acting out of fear for their jobs, and they've lost a lot of our respect," says Irmo student-body president Stephanie Galiman. "None of us care who the Indigo Girls sleep with," adds Janet Abercrombie, editor of the school newspaper.

The next day, a high school in Germantown, Tennessee, canceled another Indigo Girls concert, citing a Georgia show during which Ray uttered the dreaded f-word in a lyric. Ray immediately telephoned Germantown High principal Ernest Chism and promised to cut the song from the set list, but the administrator wouldn't budge. "I said to him, 'It's more important to play in schools then it is for me to sing that song,'" says Ray. "But he said, 'I can't trust you to keep your word. The kids back me up completely and are shocked that you'd use that kind of language.'"

"That's wishful thinking on Chism's part," declares one Germantown student. "Everyone I know was disappointed by his decision and knew that it had nothing to do with swearing." (Chism declined comment.)

Undaunted, the Indigo Girls booked two shows at other venues and gave away tickets to interested students and parents. "We went into the tour with no political agenda and saw no reason to let someone else's get in the way," says Ray. "Even though the tour turned into something totally different than what we'd planned, the spirit of the kids was great." DONNA MORAN


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HELLO, NASTY! // // // // // // // //

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY RICHARDSON

With a slew of movies out this summer, Christina Ricci is Hollywood's most unlikely It Girl: short, frank, smart, and twisted. And she's from Jersey.
by Thomas Beller

1. At the time, I didn't think it was strange.

WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD, CHRISTINA RICCI'S FATHER, A PRIMAL-SCREAM therapist, began seeing patients in the basement of their suburban New Jersey home.

"He tried to soundproof the basement, but he forgot about the air vents," she says. "And I had an air vent that went from the basement right into my bedroom." A cigarette smolders in her small hand, and daylight seeps in from the skylight above. Her face is bordered by fine hair combed back from her forehead. Her eyebrows have moved a little closer, giving her expression an ironic scowl, as though to say: Can you believe it?

Even at 18, tilting her head in a womanly, knowing way, even when she's joking around, telling you a story you know she's told before, one she knows is strange and a little charming, one she tells almost out of politeness, because people want to know what makes her tick, Ricci can still seem like a hurt, angry child.

"My teachers would always say, 'Why do you look so tired?' It was because every night I'd do my homework and go up to get in bed. By 9 o'clock the shrieking would begin and kept going until 10:30."

There's some palpable energy emanating from her forehead—the broad white forehead that makes her look like an alien, or a baby, or a genius, or a Japanese *anime* character. "My father would ask them, 'How do you really feel?' And they would scream, 'I'm angry!' He worked with a lot of couples, so I heard a lot of, 'You fucking bastard!'

"And at the time, I didn't really think it was that strange. I used to do imitations of screaming people for my mom. She really liked it. My dad never knew I could hear. He was so paranoid about doctor-patient confidentiality that if you mentioned you heard it he would, like, flip out. Because we weren't supposed to be hearing what they were saying. And also, at the time, all that screaming seemed normal.

"And now I really enjoy screaming."

2. If you're not desperate, the world comes to you.

THERE IS A VELVET ROPE OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB, ANOTHER ONE INSIDE, IN FRONT of some stairs, and yet another velvet rope upstairs, behind which a churning mob of people drink, talk, gawk, grope one another, and exchange business cards. It is a movie premiere, and the movie is *The Opposite of Sex*, in which Christina Ricci stars as a smart, bitchy, manipulative, sexually voracious, and possibly murderous 16-year-old.

She stands at the center of a jostling crowd, surrounded by friends and strangers and photographers and journalists. Her face appears only now and then in the throng, a brief vision of wide eyes, gold glitter mascara, and that petulant mouth.

Her expression to the cameras and to the strangers who shake her hand seems very much like that of a young woman who has just starred in the high-school play, and is sincerely amazed at how much people clap when it is time to take her bow. She is wearing a black dress and sneakers. Her nails are painted red, but the red has chipped.

Michael Stipe stands at the edge of the pack, wearing a wool cap and looking like an ex-convict who has done something to violate his parole. "She's an anachronist," he says, pausing to consider the word. "Or an iconoclast. Whatever. I like her a lot. I like what she's doing."

Across the room sits Dan Bucatinsky, who has a small but hilarious cameo in the movie as a flustered waiter, and who has flown in from Los Angeles for this premiere. When Ricci visits Los Angeles she stays with Bucatinsky. "I drive her everywhere," he says. "She's like my little sister."

Ricci surfaces in the crowd for a moment, and she does look very young, small, and vulnerable.

"The thing about Christina that is so great," says Bucatinsky, "is that she doesn't give a shit about being a star. She's uncensored. She's not like: 'I have a calling; the world needs to hear my gift.' None of that bullshit. Her attitude is: 'As long as it's fun, I'll do it. But I'm not desperate for it.' If you're not desperate, the world comes to you."

3. I'll you show you mine if you show me yours.

BY THE AGE OF 14, CHRISTINA RICCI HAD BEEN IN TWO MOVIES THAT MADE MORE than $100 million—*Casper* and *The Addams Family*—and had been cast in leading roles in such less-than-spectacular fare as *Gold Diggers: The Secret of Bear Mountain*, Disney's *That Darn Cat*, and the Demi Moore–produced *Now and Then*, a girl version of *Stand by Me*, which Ricci describes, with a big roll of her eyes, as "a movie about the summer that changed our lives."

But nothing, not even the darkly droll delivery of Wednesday Addams strapping her younger brother into an electric chair and saying, "Now we are going to play 'Is There a God?'" anticipated her role in Ang Lee's *The Ice Storm*. "I was really depressed when I was making that movie," she says. "I was going through some weird stuff." So was her character, Wendy Hood, whose emerging adolescent sexuality is both troubling and fascinating. In one scene, she entices a prepubescent neighbor into the bathroom. "I'll you show you mine if you show me yours," she says. All the confused feelings of predation and victimization flash across her face as she closes the door and utters that line—a Borgesian moment when you see the whole spectrum of sexual possibility all at once.

Today, she has six movies either recently released or on the way, including *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *The Opposite of Sex*, John Waters's *Pecker*, *200 Cigarettes*, and *Buffalo 66*. She's the new It Girl but not quite: She's the Anti-It Girl. Watching her in these movies, one feels she is providing a scarce commodity that people are hungry for. There is something honest, troubled, and unvarnished about her that feels unusually authentic in a movie star.

"I don't look the way I'm supposed to," says Ricci. "In Hollywood, you're supposed to look nice. Go get designer clothes. I don't do that. I don't like that whole thing where everyone looks the same. And I would feel like an asshole if I made myself look the same." Her commitment to her collection of T-shirts and her propensity to make unanticipated statements (she joked to one magazine that incest was cool) seems especially likable in light of the shiny, little-grown-up veneer of many young actors who star in those new horror films.

In a way she is reminiscent of Courtney Love, the Courtney of a few years ago. "Both Christina and Courtney are willing to be dangerous," says Risa Braman Garcia, who directed both of them in *200 Cigarettes*. "Like rock'n'roll, Christina is willing to dance on the edge of what's safe, to be dangerous and take risks."

"I loved her before," says Ricci about Love. "She would just get naked on stage, and you could tell with her body, she didn't give a fuck. It was so hot! She was just like, *damn*! But now it's quite a drastic change. People just applaud her new change. They're like, 'Yes, she finally got some really attractive clothes, and she's doing her hair.' And I'm like, 'What are you talking about?' It's so sad!"

"SHE SOMETIMES SEEMS OLDER THAN HER YEARS BECAUSE SHE'S VERY SEASONED," says Don Roos, writer and director of *The Opposite of Sex*. "She's seen a lot at her young age. She had a period when she couldn't get any of the work she wanted," he says, referring to the two years between *That Darn Cat* and *The Ice Storm* when her weight fluctuated drastically. "But I think she's very conventionally beautiful. In a 1950s sort of way, like Natalie Wood or Marilyn Monroe."

"She has an incredibly centered, soulful, angry wickedness, and yet a soft, sweet, supple, tender side also," says Garcia. "She's a hybrid of Madonna and Elizabeth Taylor."

To which Ricci replies, "People only say that I remind them of Liz Taylor because I'm not skinny."

In John Waters's *Pecker*, due out this September, she plays the workaholic owner of the Spin'n'Grin Laundromat. It's a supporting role, and Waters thinks she's smart to have taken so many supporting parts in interesting movies, rather

"She's not like, 'The world needs to hear my gift,'" says a friend. "She doesn't give a [bad word] about being a star."

//

Reluctant chain-saw kitten: "I wanted," says Ricci of her *Spin* photo shoot, "to be made up as a wood nymph."


MADE IN THE U.S.A.

than hold out for the big parts in Hollywood movies. "She's taking a different and smart career route. Sha's not trying to be the ingenue. She's taking good parts in ansambla casts. She's playing characters who era insana and unheppy and troubled, even in comic modes. She's insuring herself a long career. No one remembers the ingenue. They're always the worst-written parts."

RICCI HAS NEVER TAKEN AN ACTING LESSON. THERE IS AN UNSETTLING VOLATILITY about her inner life that she seems eble to summon for the camera. Vincent Gallo, who directed her in *Buffalo 66*, seems to heve mede the best use of Ricci's capacity to be both childish and knowing. "She's maternal end childlike and sexual at the same time," says Gello. "I've never seen anything like it." As Layla, she pleys a quiet, nubile tap dencer whom Gallo's ex-con kidneps for the purpose of presenting to his family as his wife. Her role is strange and quietly stylized, a bit like the film itself. (Gallo composed his technicel support teem from the fashion industry; shot the movie on ravarsa film stock, giving it a lush, color-saturatad look; and, in general, paid hyper-obsessive care to all the of the movie's details.) Gallo wrote the part of Layla explicitly for Ricci, whom he describes as a tender, complex individual. "But she's also changing so fast," says Gallo. "She's got a very unconventional body, and when she showed up for filming, I reelized she looked totally different from when I lest saw her. I was shocked by her...retio."

There has been much recent attention paid to Ricci's ratio.

At one point in the movia, Ben Gazzara, who plays Gallo's unloving father, grabs Ricci end buries his faca in between her breasts. In fact, in nearly every scene he is lecherously pawing her, and it looks unsettlingly spontaneous. "That was *not* in the script," says Ricci. "I looked at Vincent for help, but he was just laughing. He thought it was hilarious."

"There's a lot of little girl in thera," says Gazzere, "and I hope it doesn't leave her too soon."

When I ask whather putting his faca in her breasts might hasten the little girl's deperture, he responds, "She has such nice voluptuous bosoms! When she stood up, that's right where my fece wes. Frankly, I'm sorry I didn't go deeper."

4. Parliaments have an indented filter.

NEW YORK CITY'S CANAL STREET IS A TRAFFIC JAM CREEPING TOWARD NEW JERSEY, A barrage of eutomobile homs and street vandors hawking socks, shish kebab, car stereo parts. We cross it, heeding south, walking leisurely. Ricci is discussing boyfriends. "I just movad in with my boyfriend into this new apartment," she says. His nama is Matthew Frauman, he's 25, and he's en actor too. "Wa've been going out for five months. It's my longest relationship. All my othar relationships have baan thraa months. I used to always chaat on my boyfriends. For no reason.... Just to create a little drama. And now I don't need that. I don't naed any mora drama."

A block further south it is quieter, and Ricci pauses in the middle of tha empty streat to light a cigarette. A lone truck eppears in the distance, heading in her direction. It's a narrow street. She smokes Parliaments, she says, because they have a weird indented filter, so you alweys know if you if you've put the wrong and in your mouth. Sha lights a match. It sputtars in tha wind and dies.

Evan from 50 yards away, it is apparant tha man driving tha truck baaring down on Christina Ricci is having a bad day. He is not slowing down. Aftar tha second match, she examines the tip of the cigarette to see if it is lit. It's not lit.

"Lat's get out of tha street," I say. Ricci is now on her third match. Sha begins walking slowly. I gently tug at her arm. Sha does not accalerata. Tha truck does not slow down. It honks instaad, a sustained blast.

The truck sails by, missing us by inches, its horn illustrating the Doppler effect as it passes. "Jesus!" I say. "A friend of mine does the same thing. She refuses to hurry up when she is about to get run over."

"That's becausa girls don't look good when they run," she says. And then she lights the cigarette.

5. Who's going to smell your pee?

AT THE VERY BACK OF A RESTAURANT SIT TWO YOUNG WOMEN, CIGARETTES IN HAND, menus before them, wearing black end talking about their day. Outside, it is raining.

"I cannot eat a thing," says Geby Hoffmenn, Ricci's friend and costar in several movies. "I ate a Cookie Puss today and I'm stuffed."

She consults the menu. I mention that "Cooky Puss" is tha name of an aarly Beastie Boys record. Hoffmenn looks et me with a perplexed expression. "I thought *Paul's Boutique* was their first record," she says. "I love that record."

"Heve you ever had e Cookie Puss?" asks Ricci, in e helpful tone of voice. "From Carvel? It's so good."

Hoffmann looks at the menu and says, "I did her like this, I did her like that, I did her with a Wiffle ball bat."

Ricci and Hoffmann recently finished shooting *200 Cigarettes,* a film set on New Yaar's Day, 1981, in New York City. Ben Affleck, his brother Cesey, Paul Rudd, David Chappella, and Courtney Love are also in it.

"I've got a stomachache," says Ricci. "I don't think I'm going to aat." When tha waitress comes, she orders the chicken.

Ricci's boyfriend Matthew Fraumen works here as a weiter. Ha weers black pants and a black button-down shirt and a skinny bleck tie, looking lika he was raised wetching old Westems and empathized with the bad guy. He arrives quietly, shakes my hand, and then rushes off to clear a table. Ricci watches him.

"Damn, it's got asparagus," says Hoffmann when her salad arrives. "It'll make my pee smell bad."

"Who cares?" says Ricci. "Who's going to smell your pee?"

We eat.

THEY START TALKING ABOUT A RECENT EPISODE OF *90210*. SO HYSTERICAL, THEY SAY. A charactar is into cutting. It's so hilarious, they say. Apparently she isn't doing it right. "So deep!" says Hoffmann. "It's like, you would never cut yourself thet deep."

I look at the red marks on Christine's arms.

Two boys show up for Hoffmann, and then it's only Ricci, waiting for Frauman to finish up. I esk about the marks on her arms. "That is a burn," she says, pointing to e red splotch on the inside of her left forearm.

How'd it gat thare?

She leughs and explains that sometimes she puts cigarettes out on her arms.

"I was trying to impress a woman about how much pain I could take."

Was she impressed?

"No, she wesn't. It was not worth it at all. She was, like, 'Hmm.'"

Doesn't it hurt a lot when you do that?

"No. You get this endorphin rush," she says. "You can actually faint from pain. It takes a second, a little sting, and than it's like you really don't feel anything. It's calming, actually."

I show Ricci my old copy of J.D. Salinger's *Nine Stories* because I thought she might be a J.D. Salinger fan. "I don't like Salinger," she says. "Everyone else, my





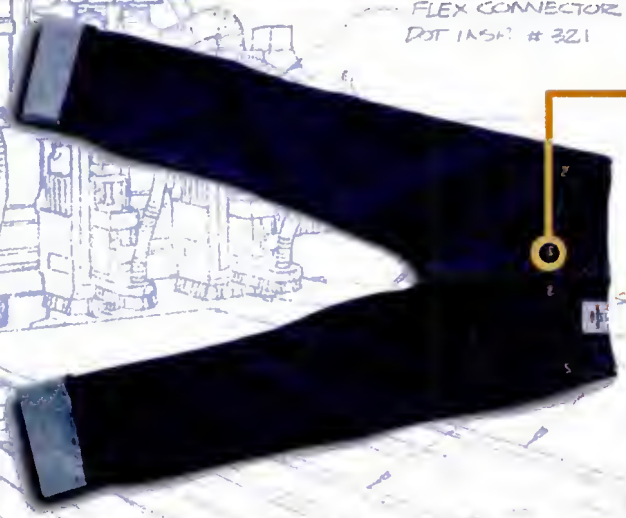
Platinum breaks: Ricci as shy, nubile tap dancer in Gallo's pretentious, ballsy *Buffalo 66*.

"She's an anachronist," says Michael Stipe. "Or an iconoclast. Whatever. I like what she's doing."

WHY BUDDY LEE'S INSURANCE AGENT HASN'T CANCELED HIS POLICY.

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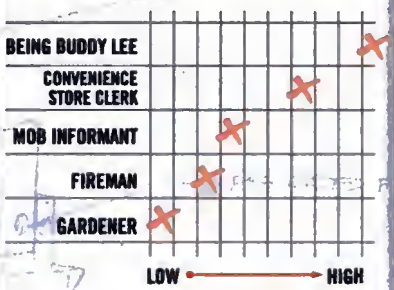
"EXCLAMATION POINTS, THAT'S WHAT MAKES A GOOD BUDDY LEE SCRIPT."



Marty Friedman, "Man of Action" writer.

Nothing says "action" like a script full of exclamation points. We recently sat down with "M.O.A." writer Marty Friedman, who offered a rare glimpse into the magic that is "Buddy Lee, Man of Action." Marty: "Buddy is a giver. That's what I would say. Always wanting to give the audience more. Most spokesdolls I've worked with can only handle one, maybe two exclamation points in a script. Buddy demands no less than fifteen per page. The man is a giver."

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"People applaud the new Courtney Love. They're like, 'She's doing her hair.' It's so sad!"

National velvet: "People only say I remind them of Liz Taylor because I'm not skinny."

agent, everyone, loves Salinger. I had a friend who wanted to change her name to Phoebe Caulfield and I was, like, 'Why?' I mean she was kind of cool, I guess, but he is gross. He wants all women to be his little sister. She's this cute little sister. I'm, like, 'You should not want to fuck someone who is your little sister.'

"I liked *Franny and Zooey*," she continues. "More than *Catcher in the Rye*. He's just so self-indulgent and whiny. My teachers were, like, 'This is the voice of your age group. This is someone really expressing how you feel.' And I'm, like, 'I don't feel like this! He's a fucking loser!' Salinger looks at women and he wants to make them all incredible angels, perfect. You can't make them into that. Because then they will fall and crumble." She smiles with surprising ruefulness as she says this, as though she is experienced in matters of crumbling. "I really like *The Fountainhead* by Ayn Rand," she says. "Her philosophy is that you're worthless if you're not out for yourself."

6. Some weird shit happened here.

IT'S SATURDAY EVENING. RICCI AND I ARE DRIVING WEST OVER THE GEORGE WASHINGton Bridge, straight into the sun. It's the kind of sunset for which New Jersey is famous—lingering, toxic, beautiful. We are driving to her hometown, Montclair, New Jersey. She tells me that she hated it there. Her feet are up on the dashboard. She's wearing gold open-toed shoes that she bought that day. She's been complaining about yesterday's photo shoot for *Spin*.

"Whenever there is a photo shoot that doesn't have a concept thought up in advance, they end up putting me in something that makes me look like a prostitute. So, of course, I get there and this guy dresses me up to look like a whore. But they wanted me to act like a little girl. And that's just disgusting."

I mumble apologies and say that magazines always try to create some theater.

"But that wasn't theater *at all*!" she says. "I'm totally into that. But there are a lot of different kinds of drama, and most of them are better than me just looking like a whore."

What did you have in mind?

"I wanted to be made up as a wood nymph," she says.

WHEN WE ENTER MONTCLAIR, HER FACE BECOMES CALM. "IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS since I've been back," she says in a low, pensive voice. "Fuck." Her parents split up several years ago, and she no longer talks to her father. As we drive through the streets, she points out the sights. Her tone of voice flits between nostalgia and utter contempt. I ask if we are going straight to her house and she says there is something she wants to show me first. Soon we are parked across the street from Glenfield Middle School. Ricci has a blank, baleful look on her face. It's an expression of sadness and horror and fascination. "Some weird shit happened here," she says.

Like what?

"Once, while we were getting out of our buses and hanging out getting ready to go into the school, a secretary was shot in the head by her old boyfriend, who then shot himself in the head in front of all the teachers in the faculty lounge," she says. "Other stuff happened too. Stupid stuff."

What stuff?

"I used to be friends with these girls, popular girls in my middle school, and I'd go to all these sleepovers. I was just 11 or 12. I used to wear nightshirts but no underwear. And this one girl had this roof where you could climb up and go to another place and we used to smoke paper, pretend we were smoking cigarettes. And I found out later that they had taken pictures of me crawling out with no underwear. And they showed the pictures around school, and people, like, saw my pussy. And...it just makes me feel icky.

"I think about stuff like that and it just makes me so depressed. Any time anything good happens to me, I start remembering all the horrible and embarrassing things I've done in my past."

THE SKY IS DEEP PURPLE, THE LEAVES RUSTLE ALONGSIDE THE ROAD THE HOUSES ARE huge, the lawns well-kept. We drive along a quiet street for a while and finally come to a cul-de-sac at the end of which is a neat two-story house with a gray Volvo station wagon parked in the driveway.

"Oh, no!" she gasps. "No!" Her mouth hangs open, like she's seen a ghost. "That's our old house, and my father always had a gray Volvo station wagon. That's really freaky."

She gets out, and we stand there in the dusk staring up at the house, each drinking a beer. There's just a tiny bit of light left in the sky. The house is lit from within. She points out her bedroom window upstairs, where she lay in bed in the dark listening to the primal screamers getting their emotions out. She paces back and forth, stares, sips her beer, smokes. We stand there for a while in silence.

"From the outside, these houses are so innocent," she says finally. "That's what's depressing. Because you just always imagine what's going on inside. Everything looked really beautiful from the outside, and the houses were beautiful, but they were just all just so unhappy."

Then, as though to illustrate her point, a man raises his voice inside the house. A woman yells back.

Her eyes widen. "Did you hear that?!" she says, her wide eyes especially wide now, her right hand outstretched in the direction of the house. "That was yelling. Oh yeah, they're fighting in there." Her eyes, her forehead, her little hands, one holding a cigarette packet and the other a beer, all become knots of emotion.

"It's just a breeding ground for unhappiness, all these little suburban towns. People feel like they have to live up to being perfect, or have a perfect life, or be perfectly happy, and then it just makes them more unhappy. It's really crazy."

There is something about Ricci's sensibility, and her whole ambience, that is reminiscent of David Lynch's baroque vision of the nasty underside of America. But in Lynch's movies there is always a vague sense aliens have entered the bodies of his apparently wholesome protagonists. Ricci has a more human vision: She's fucked-up. You're fucked-up. We're all fucked-up. Innately. There is nothing strange about it. Weirdness is the normal natural condition and any attempt to cover that up is fake.

She stares up at her old window. "Being here makes me feel like I don't actually live in the city. Like I still live here. Like I never left. Like I haven't changed at all. But I feel like somebody planted the memories of this place into my head, and I never actually experienced it."

7. I'm not as crazy as they are.

SOON WE'RE DRIVING BACK ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE. THE RADIO IS on. She sings fragments of Sublime, Foo Fighters, Talking Heads, Joan Jett. She finds a Stevie Nicks song.

I think of something Risa Braman Garcia said: "She has to be careful. There's an 18-year-old girl there with incredible presence and sexuality. It could blossom, it could explode, it could implode. She's going to have to be very strong and careful so it doesn't get fucked-up."

Steve Miller's "The Joker" comes on. She turns it up, singing, "I'm a picker. I'm a grinner. I'm a lover. And I'm a sinner."

She stops for a moment, turns to me, and says, "I went through the things that everyone goes through when you're growing up. Except my family was crazy, so it was a little more extreme than normal." She sings some more Steve Miller and then turns to me again. "Except I'm not as crazy as they are."

Then she goes back to singing. "Woo-hoo," she sings. ●

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CANINE HOUSEKEEPER

A useful guide to training your dog to do all the things you don't want to do.

Just like humans, some dogs are smarter than others. (In fact, some dogs are smarter than some humans. You can probably think of a few examples yourself.) So hang in there if your pet turns out to be some sort of canine lamebrain. Repetition will be the key to success.



LESSON 1: GARBAGE REMOVAL

COMMAND	ACTION
"Grab"	Instruct your canine to grab the bag at its opening to avoid a major tear.
"Carry"	Then, be sure he lifts and carries it off the ground. Don't drag the bag.
"Deposit"	Finally, it needs to go "in" the can. Not "on" it. Not "near" it. Inside it.

If your canine just can't figure it out, try putting the bag in your mouth and demonstrating it for him. **HINT:** this is best done when no one else is watching.

TRAINING TIPS

1 Reward a task well done:

- A). A few of these are ample reward for first-time success.
- B). Give this tasty morsel when he consistently comes through.
- C). Lay this on him when he does a chore without being asked.
- D). Just kidding.

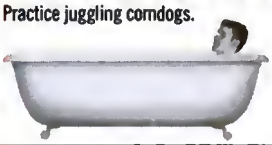
2 Provide frequent rest periods:

Every year of your life equals seven dog years. So your hound is working some really long hours:

Chore	Your time	In dog years
Empty garbage	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tidy up room	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pulling weeds	[illegible]	[illegible]

3 Relax and enjoy your new free time:

- Sit in the bathtub and get all wrinkly.
- Prove the existence of extraterrestrial life.
- Practice juggling corndogs.



LESSON 2: TIDYING UP

After garbage removal this should be a snap. Just be sure your pooch knows the difference between a garbage can and a clothes hamper. If not, you could end up short of underwear.



ADVANCED LESSON: AUTO CLEANING

This should be attempted with hounds of exceptional intellect and dexterity, only. If your canine is a bit of a putz, don't even waste the time trying to teach this one.

Bonus Reward (x2)



LESSON 3: PULLING WEEDS

Weed "YES"



Flower "NO"



Dogs don't have a green thumb (heck, they don't have a thumb of any kind). Therefore, you need to help them distinguish between a weed and a flower. If you don't, well, let's put it this way, your mutt won't be the only one living in the proverbial doghouse.

size 20 fl.oz.



DISCLAIMER - In the event you don't own a dog we do not recommend substituting any of the following: a hamster (too small), a turtle (too slow), a rattlesnake (too poisonous), a dinosaur (too extinct). However, if you have a little brother, all of the ideas shown here definitely do apply.

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THE
NOISE
OF
SUMMER

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1 THE REBIRTH OF LOUD

They're noisy, they have DJs, they worship PJ Harvey. More interested in skateboarding than in teasing their hair, New Metal bands such as the Deftones are making headbanging cool again. by Lorraine Ali

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCELO KRASILCIC

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Previous pages: Deftones singer Chino Moreno; this page: Moreno and fellow Deftones Chi Chang, Abe Cunningham, Stephen Carpenter, and Frank Delgado.

THE NOISE OF SUMMER

CHINO MORENO IS HAVING A SELF-PROCLAIMED "UGLY DAY." THE DEFTONES frontmen is peering disapprovingly in e backstege mirror et Madison, Wisconsin's decaying Berrymore Theatre, smearing dollops of pomade into his short, jet-black heir. "I *have* to do this," he says. "Otherwise, it'll fell down streight in my face, and I'll look like one of the Beatles and shit." In baggy brown work pants and XXL windbreeker, he actually looks more like a member of Cypress Hill than one of the Fab Four.

Ten minutes into the Deftones' set, Moreno's hair is holding up nicely, but the wooden barricade in front of the stage has snapped like e toothpick. "I ain't paying for thet!" he shouts as e crush of fans—e diverse crew renging from streight-edge punks to mullet-haired rockers—push in even closer. Moreno's bandmates—guitarist Stephen Cerpenter, bessist Chi Cheng, drummer Abe Cunninghem, and DJ Frank Delgado—take their rollicking hard rock/skatecore/hip-hop to volume 11, moving from pummeling metallic assaults to jarring breakbeats. Leaping like a Beastie Boy, Moreno moves so frenetically his beggies drop to dengerously revealing levels.

In between these bouts of aggression, the Deftones displey e wide emotionel renge. They soothe the savage eudience with the bittersweet "Be Quiet and Drive (Far Awey)," a quintessential summer song that combines the soaring feel of arena hits like Smeshing Pumpkins' "Todey" with the rush of motor-revving reverb. "This town don't feel mine / I dressed you in her clothes / Now drive me far away," e sweaty Moreno sings, his voice oozing with a sleepy, sexy vulnerability.

This is not your big brother's heavy metal. A young, mixed-rece Sacramento, Califomia, band with a sensitive-guy lead singer who worships Public Enemy and PJ Harvey, a DJ who spins for "ambience," a drummer and soon-to-be-ded who would rather talk potty-training than groupies, end a groove-savvy, cut-end-paste sound thet still manages to rock, the Deftones ere part of e burgeoning movement best described as New Improved Metel. At a time when No Limit soldiers outnumber elt-rockers on the *Billboard* 200, end the music industry still scrambles for e clue as to the next-big-thing—cuddly, pop teen dreems versus enigmetic electronic offshoots—noisemongers such as the Deftones and Korn are infiltrating suburbia sans the blessings of radio, MTV, or the rock-critic establishment. In the process, they are redefining metal for a new generation.

"I wes one of those neive kids who thought heevy metal wes devil music," says the soft-spoken Moreno, e 25-yeer-old fether of two. "I can't say I'm really e metal fen *or* a hip-hop one 'cause there's so many crappy bands out there. I just like a little of everything. I think other people are starting to think that way, too."

Apperently so. Despite little radio play for their wey-metallic first single "My Own Summer (Shove It)," their second releese, 1997's *Around the Fur*, nonetheless entered the cherts at No. 29 end hes sold more then 300,000 copies. With modern-rock stations finelly werming up to their more melodic second single, "Be Quiet and Drive (Fer Away)," the album is still selling briskly end should receive enother jolt when the Deftones heedline the eclectic skate-and-skank-oriented Warped Tour this summer. Thrash-hoppers Korn slowly went platinum with 1996's *Life Is Peachy*, and are currently putting the finishing touches on their highly anticipated third album (set for this month); Korn will also hit the road with their very own Family Values tour. And though Lilith Fair got ell the hype lest year, the heavy-centric Werped and Ozzfest were stealth smashes, selling out neerly every venue they played. With three major festivels set to bring New Metal to stadiums across the country this summer [see bend guide, page 90], the genre threetens to finelly crack the mainstream. "People ere just ready to hear herd music again," says Deftones guitarist Cerpenter.

New Metel is e forward-looking hybrid that tekes es meny cues from alternetive rock, hip-hop, end SoCel herdcore skate culture as it does it from Bleck Sebbath and Slayer. For instance, Limp Bizkit, with their repped vocals and full-time DJ, ere New Metal. Creed and Days of the New, both of whom use '70s hard rock (Bad Company, AC/DC) as a jumping-off point, are not. (There will be a test later.) Offering traditional metal ferocity minus the corny hell-Setenism, Tawny Kitaen videos, and big hair of the '80s, New Metal delivers spandex-free hard-rock cethersis rhythmically attuned to the rep revolution. Like Beck end Cornershop, these bands have scevenged the remainder bins of hip-hop, hardcore, pop, industriel, end '90s rock revitalizers Nirvene end Nine Inch Nails for their sounds end lyrics. It only seems natural that kids weaned on the multi-genre progremming of MTV would respond.

"The music that kids like today isn't es categorized as it wes ten years ago," says Guy Oseary, the 25-year-old A&R rep who signed the Deftones to Maverick in '94. "Back then, you liked metal or you liked rap. Yes, the Deftones are aggressive, but they're lyrically and musically all over the place. It's a college."

New Metal is still burdened by outdated stereotypes imposed by both its more flamboyant forefathers end classist critics. MTV end Active end Modern Rock redio have largely shied eway from the subgenre, possibly still emberrassed by their open embrace of heir-sprayed pop metal in the lete '80s. Even New Metal bends ere leery of the dreeded "metal" moniker: In a recent MTV interview, both Korn and Limp Bizkit insisted they ere not "heevy metal," end the Deftones turned down a slot on Family Velues for fear of being pigeonholed. ("Our basic foundation is metal-influenced, but there are so many more elements in our music," Carpenter seys.) Though the Deftones and their brethren are backed by major labels, they're still left to build their careers the grassroots way—developing intensely loyal fan bases via the Internet, incessant touring, and old-fashioned word-of-mouth. Not that they necessarily mind, es it translates directly into street cred.

"The word-of-mouth thing is definitely better than being thrown on the radio," say Limp Bizkit singer Fred Durst, who was somewhat embarressed when he found out that Interscope, his label, engaged in pay-to-play to get one of the band's singles on the radio. "Our fen base comes 100,000 percent from touring."

As does the Deftones'. "I remember looking et the eerly tour plens—1,500 and 2,000 seeters—end worrying beceuse the record hedn't even come out yet," says Meverick's Oseery. "But they sold out every show. I thought, 'How did anyone know ebout them?' I finelly realized thet it was because they got in e little ven end drove around the country playing every show like it was the most important. The more they toured, the more kids sew them as their own band insteed of something dished out to them by MTV."

Of course, metal never really goes away; teenegers are elways looking for raging, hormone-cherged noise. Though Korn underscored the public's post-grunge

The new pollution: from left, Korn, Orgy, and Coal Chamber.









The remarkable thing is, you can't even see it from the narrow stretch of highway that takes you there. Instead, you are struck only by the rich green hue of the surrounding hills for which the town was named.

In short, it's about as far removed as you can get from how anyone might picture the setting for a car factory.

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SATURN.

need for major ampage with their unexpected chart success, it was Helmet that spawned the idea of "alternative metal" with the punk crunch of 1992's *Meantime*. Bands such as Rage Against the Machine took the concept a crucial step further, integrating hip-hop to connect with skate rats raised on both Metallica and Run-D.M.C. In an era of increasingly matter-of-fact multiculturalism, perhaps it's inevitable hip-hop and metal—both traditionally music of the young and disenfranchised—would eventually converge. In the case of the Deftones, Abe Cunningham is the only white member; Chi Cheng is of Chinese descent, and the rest of the group is Mexican-American. ("We got Abe to fill the metal quota," Moreno jokes.) But identity politics are a nonissue in their music; Moreno's highly abstract lyrics—"Hey you big mood / Guide me to shelter / 'Cause I'm through when the two hits the six"—strive for universal appeal.

"Being young and on the fringes is really hard [for anyone]," says Cunningham. "Hopefully we're kind of speaking to that."

Friends since puberty (everyone but East L.A. native Frank Delgado grew up in the same working-class Sacramento neighborhood), the Deftones were founded by Stephen Carpenter in 1988. He used to play air guitar to Ratt videos, which may have had something to do with his first Deftones composition—a hard rocker called "Butt Booty Naked." Moreno bursts into laughter when he recalls the lyrics. "They went something like, 'It was Friday night / The house was such a sight / When I stepped into the party / I said, "Hey, that keg over there looks rather hearty."' It's all about chicks and good times. We were 16."

Obviously, things have changed. Moreno now has a PJ Harvey shrine in his kitchen, and has often said he aspires to sing like the British blueswoman, a very non-macho statement in a milieu still largely dominated by growly guys. "I know people think I'm a fag," Morano says with a smile. "People tell me that I'm really in touch with my feminine side. I think it's my mannerisms. I totally *am* feminine. I really love girl stuff." His wife, Celeste, rolls her eyes and Moreno seems slightly embarrassed. "Whatever," he says. "It's like our music—it doesn't have to be so damn hard all the time, always in your face."

"Metal used to be so specific—hard, heavy, fast," adds Carpenter. "Not that it ever died—it just got broader. It's something else now." ●

2 TOURS DE FORCE

A guide to this summer's noisiest festival bands. by Tim Kenneally

● Ozzfest: July 3–August 2 ● Family Values: August–September ● Warped Tour: June 30–August 9

● **COAL CHAMBER**
STYLE: Subsonic, down-tuned rumble riffs to cleanse the bowels. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Coal Chamber* (Roadrunner, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** Citing Elvis Presley as a key influence.

● **DEFTONES**
[see page 88]

● **INCUBUS**
STYLE: Guitars and turntables party in the same petri dish as digeridoos and *djembes*. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *S.C.I.E.N.C.E.* (Immortal/Epic, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** The human-beings-as-Magic Merkers metaphor of "Redefine."

● **KILGORE**
STYLE: Thrash with a literary bent: Franz Kafka meets Pantera. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *A Search for Reason* (Revolution, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** Pompously name-checking both Camus and Bukowski in their bio.

● **KORN**
STYLE: Apocalyptic angrier-than-thou assaults and hip-hop texturalism dressed up in Puma tracksuits. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Follow the Leader* (Immortal/Epic, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** Recruiting Cheech Marin to sing on their cover of Cheech & Chong's "Earache My Eye."

● **LIFE OF AGONY**
STYLE: Sweaty slice-of-strife catharsis-core with Brooklyn attitude. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Soul Searching Sun* (Roadrunner, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** Giving former Ugly Kid Joe vocalist Whitfield Crane a second chance.

● **LIMP BIZKIT**
● **STYLE:** Apeshit riffery fortified with fly scratching courtesy of DJ Lethal. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Three Dollar Bill, Y'all$* (Interscope, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** Reviving the metal tradition of goofily misspelled band names.

● **MEGADETH**
STYLE: Old-school guitar wizardry and a penchant for morbidly humorous album titles (see *Killing Is My Business...and Business Is Good*). **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Cryptic Writings* (Capitol, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** MD.45, main Megaman Dave Mustaine's side project with infamous Fear kingpin Lee Ving.

● **THE MELVINS**
STYLE: Quite possibly the slowest band ever to don the metal mantle. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Stoner Witch* (Atlantic, 1994) **PROPS FOR:** Frontman King Buzzo's heroically proportioned white-boy 'fro.

● **MONSTER VOODOO MACHINE**
STYLE: Rave culture meets rage culture: techno beats and surly lyrics. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Suffersystem* (D-Tribe/RCA, 1994) **PROPS FOR:** Canadian metal that doesn't totally suck.

● **MOTÖRHEAD**
STYLE: Spece rock lunches with biker metal, extra side of amphatamines, please. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Snake Bite Love* (CMC International, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** Spearheading metal's infatuation with umlauts.

● **ORGY**
STYLE: Dystopian futurism with angry-Bowie vocals. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Candyass* (Elementree/Reprise, 1998). **PROPS FOR:** An eclectic fashion sense—"everything from Goodwill to Gucci."

● **SEVENDUST**
STYLE: The Benetton ad of metal: "A melting pot that percolates with Indian, Italian, Irish, African-American, and Anglo-American blood," proclaims the band. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Sevendust* (TVT, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** The black-velvet R&B vocal stylings of Lajon Witherspoon.

● **SNOT**
STYLE: Free your ass and wave your lighter: standard-issue metal with a sensual funk undercurrent. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Get Some* (Geffen, 1997) **PROPS FOR:** Contributing to the *Strange-Land* soundtrack, a psychological thriller starring *and* written by ex-Twisted Sister Dee Snider.

● **SOULFLY**
STYLE: Metal goes native: Former Sepultura frontman Max Cavalera fuses Brazilian tribal rhythms and paint-peeling power chords. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Soulfly* (Roadrunner, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** Lampooning Led Zeppelin with "The Song Remains Insane."

● **SYSTEM OF A DOWN**
STYLE: Up-with-individualism messages transmitted through Mediterranean-spiced melodies. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *System of a Down* (American, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** A surprising Crosby, Stills & Nash nod on "Mind."

● **TOOL**
STYLE: Shred for the 'head: thunder-crunch bombast and marathon psychedelic excursions. **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Ænima* (Zoo, 1996) **PROPS FOR:** "Eulogy," the *Ænima* tribute to late maverick comedian Bill Hicks.

● **ULTRASPANK**
STYLE: Patchwork noize with an ear for groove **HEADBANGER'S CHOICE:** *Ultraspank* (Epic, 1998) **PROPS FOR:** Vocalist Pata Murray's profound assertion that "unknowingly lying in shit is a grim prospect." ●

3 HAIL SATAN

Ozzy Osbourne's tips for metal longevity

WHEN HEAVY METAL SPRANG FULLY FORMED from the thighs of Ozzy Osbourne and Black Sabbath in the late 1960s, even Aleister Crowley himself couldn't have foreseen its devilish futura. But the days of the Iron Man lumbering across our land pissing Courvoisier on national monuments and biting the heads off Girl Scouts are sadly a thing of the past. Today, you're more likely to catch a mellow and sober Ozz at home in L.A., sweating out nic fits astride his Lifecycle and watching *Biography*. "I've got TVs in every room of my house," says Osbourne. "Big ones!"

This summer, Ozzy will once again abandon the remote control for the microphone, atop his hit summer tour, Ozzfest. Ozzy may not be keeping up with the younger crop of metallers on the nine-band extravaganza—"You'll have to ask my wife. She does all the booking"—but the lapsed Satanist pledges that his very '90s lifestyle won't stop him from conjuring up the dark side. "I still sing 'Mr. Crowley,'" says Osbourne. "I sing 'Crazy Train,' too, but I'm not into trains." Ozzy and the rest of Sabbath will also find time this summer to work on some new material, while his most recent hits package, *The OZZman Cometh*, celebrates a career that began in a slaughterhouse and nearly ended in a duet with Lita Ford. A young Osbourne once boasted, "I can do nothing in moderation. If it's drugs, I take everything and then scrape the carpet for little crumbs." So what's he scraping the wall-to-wall for nowadays? "Life," he replies. Did this guy make a deal with the Devil or what? **JEFFREY ROTTER**

Honor thy father: Ozzy Osbourne, ready for his close-up.

THE NOISE OF SUMMER








Men in makeup: from left, Dani Filth of Cradle of Filth, Arcturus, Mercyful Fate, Borknagar, Emperor.



4 VIKING DEATH TRIP

Think Limp Bizkit are for wusses? Check out the dastardly sounds of Black Metal. by **Mike Rowell**

LONG BEFORE MARILYN MANSON WAS RIPPING UP BIBLES, BLACK METAL DEVILS were dressing like disinterred Vikings, burning down historic Norwegian churches, and literally stabbing each other in the back. The most cartoonishly extreme of all metal micro-genres, Black Metal—the more melodic, theatrical, and "evil" offshoot of Death Metal—has long been considered a not-so-funny joke by everyone but young misanthropes drawn to its assaultive noize and angry-pagan flair. "It's the metal equivalent of Outsider Art," says Allan Horrocks of San Francisco's Black-boosting Aquarius Records.

But just as New Metal is expanding both hard rock's sound and imagery, Black Metal is growing increasingly innovative, bewitching discerning metalheads and hipsters alike. College radio stations across the country are playing such flagship bands as **Emperor** and **Cradle of Filth**, while independent record stores are sprouting Black Metal sections and stocking everything from import-only "genocidal war metal" singles to fanzines like the hilariously tongue-in-cheek *Grimoire of Exalted Deeds*. Once a strictly Scandinavian phenomenon, Odin-worshiping Black Metal bands are now forming in such unlikely places as South Carolina and Greece. They're also starting to take off. Emperor's 1997 album, *Anthems to the Welkin at Dusk*, has sold more than 100,000 copies worldwide.

"Black and Death Metal have pretty much replaced what the punk underground was 15 years ago," says Weasel Walter, drummer for Chicago Death Metal trio **Hatewave**. "I'm a guy who's coming out of punk rock, no wave, and free jazz, and when I heard [Floride deathbangers] **Deicide**, it was like getting punched in the head." At a time when even neo-swing and electronica are pumping out of Gap commercials, extreme metal is regarded as so blissfully "unlistenable" that corporate forces wouldn't even think of co-opting it. "Once Green Day and Rancid appeared on MTV," says Elden M, "webtroll" for blackmetal.com, "everyone from Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue crusties to cutting-edge music heads started buying Black Metal."

Rooted in 1980s hellions such as **Venom** and **Mercyful Fate**, Black Metal came into its own in the early '90s when a passel of Norwegian groups donned "corpsepaint" and honed an abrasively distinctive sound comprised of "blast beat" machine-gun drumming, minor-key riffs hammered on frazzled guitars and the occasional keyboard, and sinister lyrics screeched in a harsh, inhuman midrange. But the scene was less infamous for its music than its extracurricular activities, which ranged from Satanism to murder. (This grisly history is detailed in the recent book *Lords of Chaos* [Feral House] by Michael Moynihan and Didrik Søderlind, a riveting read equel perts history, sociopolitical analysis, end true crime.) As many of Black Metal's founding fathers are now either dead or in jail, their heirs are trying to distance themselves from the music's bloody past. "A lot of these guys have realized that that kind of behavior is going to cause more trouble than it's worth," says Matt Bower, publicist for Century Media, the genre's premier domestic distributor. "But Bleck Metal does increasingly well for us even without any more church-burning. Now these groups just want to play the best music they can."

Still lyrically stuck in the pagan-poetry-and-miscellaneous-sacrilege developmental stage, many Black Metal artists are nonetheless visiting brave new musical worlds. The Norwegian supergroup **Arcturus** crawled out of total Blackness with *La Masquerade Infernale*, a jaw-droppingly progressive melange of Kurt Waill–ish melodrama, strings, cascading keyboards, and (gasp) trip-hop beats. Japan's **Sigh** nod to John Zorn with *Hail Horror Hail*, its Bleck framework grafted with jazzy segues, spy-movie interludes, classical guitar, and piano fills. More traditional artists refining and expanding the genre include Texan "occult metalists" **Absu** and the sartorially incomparable swordsmen of Norway's **Satyricon**. "The music is formulaic to a cartain extent, but the Black aesthetic is all about nonconforming," says Aquarius Records' Horrocks. "So as these bands try to fulfill their singular visions within these set bounderies, they end up sounding pretty avant-garde—often unintentionally."

England's **Cradle of Filth** are putting the fun back in funereal, embellishing their outrageous vampire arias with breathy female vocals and layers of keyboards. The recant *Cruelty end the Beast* focuses on Elisabeth Bathory, the 16th-century aristocrat who bathed in the blood of virgins in hopes of achieving eternal youth. Though many purists gripe that such "fucking Goths" and purveyors of "synthmetalpuke" should tum in their Black Metal membership cards, Cradle of Filth may well be the first act to introduce the genre to a mainstream audience. "They're not that far removed from someone like Marilyn Manson," says Hatewave's Weasel Walter.

Perhaps, but don't bank on a major-label signing frenzy anytime soon. "I would love to work with e Black Metal ertist, but they're full of imegery way too graphic to touch," says one major-label vica president. "I like **Marduk**, but let's face it: Something titled 'Fuck Me Jesus' will never fly." ●

THE NOISE OF SUMMER


MUSIC TELI

In one of the biggest upsets in hip-hop feud-dom, scrappy newcomer **Canibus** took down the big, bad L.L. Cool J. Now he's facing a real challenge: living up to his hype as the most promising rapper of the year.
Charles Aaron referees





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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MINH NGUYEN

***Spin*: Here you are, a young, relatively underground rapper, and you're caught up in a wer of words with hip-hop legend L.L. Cool J. First he disses you on his song "4,3,2,1," then you hit back with "Second Round K.O." and a mocking video starring Mike Tyson. Now your friend Wyclef Jean is jumping into the ring with his own answer song. Why do you think this old-fashioned MC battle has gotten everyone so excited?**
Canibus: Every motherfucker on the planet has an opinion, but nobody's got the balls to really say what they feel. Basically, people are reacting because I said something that they always wanted to say themselves. It's like getting praise for being the class clown. But I said it to settle a personal issue. I wanted L to know, "Hey, you can do that to other people, but me? No."

Some people have suggested it was a savvy career move on your part, a way to work up publicity for your [still untitled] upcoming debut.
People who'd say that don't know shit about hip-hop, because they would know I already had a career going [guesting on songs by the Lost Boyz, Wyclef Jean, the Firm, etc.]. Truthfully, a better career move would've been to ignore the whole thing.

Hip-hop is so much about representin' where you're from, but didn't you practically grow up in a moving van?
Yeah, I was born in Jamaica, then we moved to the Bronx, then to D.C., then Miami, back to D.C., to England, to Atlanta, and now I'm living in New Jersey. As a kid, I was always new in town, always getting ridiculed and tested.

What kind of effect did that have on you? Listening to your music, it's like, "Damn, what is *he* so mad about?"
Look at it like this: When you send a soldier off to war and he comes back, you shouldn't expect him to be the same. So if you send a kid off to grow up in five or six different ghettos, it's going to affect him. Don't get me wrong—it wasn't like Vietnam, but every ghetto is its own hell. So I've got this alter ego where I get in the mic booth and rip the song to shreds. But I ain't always some mad dog. It's like Mike Tyson: He's cool to kick it with at home, but in the ring he's gotta be ferocious.

Were you that ferocious in high school?
Let's just say I wasn't Mr. Congeniality. I didn't talk much. I didn't play basketball. I wasn't going to be caught at my high-school prom [laughs]. I see things with a different eye. It's like you go to the mall and look at one of those psychedelic 3-D pictures and it's all these jumbled-up shapes and colors. If you stare at it long enough you start to see dolphins and camels. That's how I see things all the time.

You're hip-hop's biggest computer phreak—one of your rhymes is about crashing other rappers' hard drives. Why the obsession with the Internet?
Racially, it's boundless. I can get on the thing and go "Yo, yo, yo," or I can talk like a 45-yeer-old white man and make some old lady in Wyoming's panties wet, you know what I mean?

In the song "How Come" on the *Bulworth* soundtrack, you talk about the space probe Gslileo and how there's a government conspiracy to ignite the planet Jupiter into a star on the dawn of the new millennium. Is that a sci-fi metaphor or do you really think that's going to happen?
Both. If it *does* happen, I'm Nostradamus [laughs]. I want my rhymes to seem ageless, man, to possess meaning. Look at Rakim. Even when he was wearing a gold chain in front of a Benz, his rhymes were about ageless things.

But what if we're sitting here on February 1, 2000, and there hasn't been a cosmic cataclysm?
Fuck it, by then I'll have said something else. I'll be like, "Well, it was just another government trick to keep us confused." Movies like *Deep Impact* or *E.T.* make massive amounts of money talking about what might happen in the future. I'm just saying, "Don't underestimate the government; they got plans for you."

On that note, what did you think of *Bulworth*, a movie about an insane 60-year-old politician trying to rap in order to "tell the truth"?
Politically, it wasn't telling me anything I didn't already know. It just puts all these racial innuendos and clichés in one pot and says, "Look at this, laugh at this, isn't this weird?" It's like trying to do a comedy about Nagasaki or the Holocaust. Warren Beatty is a cool guy for trying to do something, but maybe he should've just gone door-to-door and talked to people. Because I don't think a Hollywood guy talking Ebonics in a movie is going to reach anybody.

Do you think there's a conspiracy behind that Gslaxy IV satellite getting knocked out and all the pagers in the country going dead?
The satellite supposedly got struck by lightning? *Please.* It's so easy to make people believe lies. It's like, if you ask me, "Tell me who you're working for?" And I say, all smiling, "The Russians." And you go, "No, you're not, who you really working for?" And I say, "I can't tell you." Then you think maybe I really *do* work for the Russians. You're not going to find the truth that easy. You've got to have a mindset that questions things.

What's behind this new "Rip Rock" concept you and Wyclef [who coproduced Canibus' album] have been talking about?
It's hip-hop mixed with rock'n'roll, which a lot of people have tried, and it's generally turned out terrible. I won't name any names. But this is not an experiment, this is me. I'm not adjusting my rapping style to sound like no Marilyn Manson. I'm being myself and making it rock with guitars and shit.

I hear you were a hit in Scandinavia, where you toured with Wyclef's Refugee Camp.
That's deep. That right there teaches you that you have to make universal music. Why would I leave those people out of the scheme of things? You got to *talk* to everybody about everything under the sun if you want to *go* everywhere under the sun, do you know what I mean? ●


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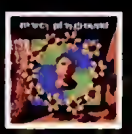
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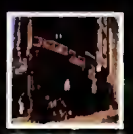
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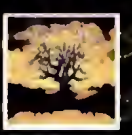


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24•2360

Bringing swing back in a hard way, RCR will have you hoppin' zoot suit-style in no time, thanks to a groovin' vibe blasting with vibrant horns, rump-shaking drums and creamy smooth vocals. But these guys aren't no half-steppin' tribute band. While they tackle tried and true classics like Bobby Darin's *Beyond The Sea* with pure old school skill, they also rock out on swinging originals. Check out the upbeat joints *Hey Pachuco!* and *Zip Gunn Bop*, where classy slices of Cab Calloway nostalgia meet the cutting edge bounce of Squirrel Nut Zippers. This sizzling set is sure to put some fire under your feet.

Do you think pop has to be wimpy to be understood? Well forget all that. On their stateside debut, this talented London trio kicks out a refreshing set of wonderfully dissonant, jagged rockers that glazes Foo Fighters' jangly melodies and distorted guitar crunches with the infectious pop classicism of The Smashing Pumpkins. On the catchy single *Cement*, Grant Nicholas' cutting candor dives through a barrage of pounding drums and fuzzed out guitars. The sound is hard enough to rock but still irresistible enough to be pop.



Feeder
Polythene (Elektra)
23•3819

SCREEN GEMS

- **"Forrest Gump"**—*Orig. Sndtrk.* (Epic Soundtrax) **48•7249**
- **"The Crow"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Stone Temple Pilots, Pantera, Nine Inch Nails, more* (Atlantic/Interscope) **47•8230**
- **"Dazed And Confused"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. ZZ Top, Kiss, more* (Grant) **46•8546**
- **"Purple Rain"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Prince* (Warner Bros.) E **32•8435**
- **"Spawn"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Marilyn Manson, Slayer, Atari, Teenage Riot, more* (Epic Soundtrax) **23•7057**
- **"Zero Effect"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Crystal Method, Dust Brothers, Dan Bern, more.* (Work) **23•3981**
- **"Blues Brothers 2000"**—*Orig. Sndtrk.* (Universal) **23•3973**
- **"I Know What You Did Last Summer"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Kula Shaker, Soul Asylum, more* (Columbia) **22•6209**
- **"Trainspotting #2"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Iggy Pop, Underworld, David Bowie, more* (Capitol) **22•6167**
- **"Beavis & Butt-Head Do America"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Red Hot Chili Peppers, LL Cool J, more* (Geffen) **22•5185**
- **"Boogie Nights"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. The Emotions, Marvin Gaye, The Commodores, more.* (Capitol) **22•0731**
- **"The Full Monty"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Donna Summer, Gary Glitter, Sister Sledge, more* (RCA) **21•7281**
- **"Men In Black"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Will Smith, Genuwine, The Roots, De La Soul, more* (Columbia) **21•5319**
- **"My Best Friend's Wedding"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Ani DiFranco, Diana King, Amanda Marshall, more* (Work) **21•4759**
- **"Lost Highway"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Nine Inch Nails, David Bowie, Smashing Pumpkins more* (Nothing/Interscope) **18•2378**
- **Howard Stern "Private Parts"**—*Orig. Sndtrk.* (Warner Bros.) E **17•8624**
- **"Jerry Maguire"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, The Who, Elvis Presley, more* (Epic Soundtrax) **17•5414**
- **"Romeo & Juliet"**—*Orig. Sndtrk.* (Enhanced CD) (Capitol) **17•0985**
- **"Trainspotting"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Iggy Pop, Sleeper, Blur, Pulp, more.* (Capitol) **16•1422**
- **"Twister"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. k.d. Lang, Van Halen, Red Hot Chili Peppers, more* (Warner Sunset/WB) **15•5564**
- **"Pulp Fiction"**—*Orig. Sndtrk. Urge Overkill, Al Green, Chuck Berry, Kool & The Gang, more.* (MCA) E **10•7151**

HARD N' HEAVY

- **Nine Inch Nails**—*The Downward Spiral* (TVT/Interscope) E **47•8739**
- **Nirvana**—*In Utero* (DGC) **46•7159**
- **Nirvana**—*Incesticide* (DGC) **45•3340**
- **Rage Against The Machine** (Epic/Associated) E **45•1138**
- **Nine Inch Nails**—*Broken* (EP) (TVT/Interscope) E **44•8548**
- **Nirvana**—*Nevermind* (DGC) **44•2046**
- **Faith No More**—*The Real Thing* (Reprise/Slash) **38•7399**
- **Stuck Mojo**—*Rising* (Century Media) **23•8394**
- **Tool**—*Voyeurs* (Nothing/Interscope) **23•8386**
- **Ozzy Osbourne**—*The Ozzman Cometh (Greatest Hits)* (Epic) **22•9955**
- **Tesla**—*Time's Makin' Changes-The Best Of* (Geffen) **22•5367**
- **White Zombie**—*Supersexy Swingin' Sounds* (Geffen) E **22•5300**
- **Nirvana**—*From The Muddy Banks Of The Wishkah* (DGC) **22•5144**
- **Alice Cooper**—*A Fistful Of Alice* (Guardian) **22•4709**
- **Incubus**—*S.C.I.E.N.C.E.* (Enhanced CD) (Immortal/Epic) **22•3578**
- **Dream Theater**—*Falling Into Infinity* (eastwest) **22•0566**
- **Pantera**—*Official Live* (Elektra) E **21•9287**
- **Mötley Crüe**—*Generation Swine* (Elektra) E **21•4254**
- **Megadeth**—*Cryptic Writings* (Capitol) **21•2845**
- **Suicidal Tendencies**—*Prime Cuts. The Best Of* (Epic) E **21•1870**
- **Black Sabbath**—*Paranoid* (Warner Bros.) **20•0014**
- **Nine Inch Nails**—*Further Down The Spiral* (EP) (Nothing/Interscope) **18•0661**
- **Marilyn Manson**—*Smells Like Children* (Interscope) E **17•8509**
- **Marilyn Manson**—*Portrait Of An American Family* (Interscope) E **17•8491**
- **Marilyn Manson**—*Antichrist Superstar* (Nothing/Interscope) E **17•1579**
- **Korn**—*Life Is Peachy* (Enhanced CD) (Immortal/Epic) E **16•7726**
- **Rage Against The Machine**—*Evil Empire* (Epic) E **15•6695**
- **Stabbing Westward**—*Wither Blister Burn + Peel* (Columbia) **14•8858**
- **Ozzy Osbourne**—*Blizzard Of Ozz* (Remastered) (Epic) **13•6424**
- **White Zombie**—*Astro-Creep* (Geffen) E **12•3224**
- **AC/DC**—*Back In Black* (Remastered) (ATCO) **12•0337**
- **Nirvana**—*MTV Unplugged In New York* (DGC) **11•1478**

PLAY RECOMMENDS

FOR ADULTS ONLY

- **Dakota Moon**—(Elektra) **24•1323**
- **Hootie & The Blowfish**—*Cracked Rear View* (Atlantic) **48•7553**
- **Seal** (Sire/Warner Bros.) **48•4741**
- **10,000 Maniacs**—*MTV Unplugged* (Elektra) **46•9775**
- **Counting Crows**—*August And Everything After* (DGC) **46•7944**
- **Marc Cohn**—*Burning The Daze* (Atlantic) **23•9301**
- **Whiskeytown**—*Strangers Almanac* (Outpost Recordings) **23•3882**
- **Third Day**—*Conspiracy #5* (Silvertone) **22•8361**
- **Devlins**—*Waxing* (Radiouniverse/Universal) **22•7884**
- **Leonard Cohen**—*More Best Of* (Columbia) **22•5607**
- **The Sundays**—*Static & Silence* (DGC) **22•5011**
- **10,000 Maniacs**—*Love Among The Ruins* (Geffen) **22•4931**
- **Counting Crows**—*Recovering The Satellites* (DGC) **22•4923**
- **Jars Of Clay**—*Much Afraid* (Silvertone/Essential) **22•1663**
- **The Freddy Jones Band**—*Lucid* (Capricorn) **22•1408**
- **Marry Me Jane**—*Tick* (550 Music) **21•9584**
- **The Bottle Rockets**—*24 Hours A Day* (Atlantic) **21•8339**
- **Sister Hazel**—*Somewhere More Familiar* (Universal) **21•5378**
- **John Hiatt**—*Little Head* (Capitol) **21•5285**
- **David Byrne**—*Feelings* (Luaka Bop/WB) **21•3439**
- **toad the wet sprocket**—*Coil* (Columbia) **21•1110**
- **Son Volt**—*Straightaways* (Warner Bros.) **19•3912**
- **Big Head Todd And The Monsters**—*Beautiful World* (Revolution) **17•8657**
- **Duncan Sheik** (Atlantic) **17•7436**
- **Uncle Tupelo**—*Anodyne* (Reprise) **17•2395**
- **Music From "Party Of Five"**—*Badeans, Stevie Nicks, more.* (Reprise) **17•1413**
- **Barenaked Ladies**—*Rock Spectacle* (Enhanced CD) (Reprise) **17•1397**
- **Phish**—*Billy Breathes* (Elektra) **17•0076**
- **Chris Isaak**—*Baja Sessions* (Reprise) **16•6132**
- **Crowded House**—*The Very Best Of* (Capitol) **16•1778**
- **Dave Matthews Band**—*Crash* (RCA) **15•6703**
- **Hootie & The Blowfish**—*Fairweather Johnson* (Atlantic) **15•4229**
- **Phish**—*Live* (Elektra) **13•1607**
- **Dave Matthews Band**—*Under The Table And Dreaming* (RCA) **12•5229**

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(LaFace)
22•4246



"Grease"
Orig. Soundtrk
(Polydor)
42•4721



The Wallflowers
Bringing Down The Horse (Interscope)
16•3477



Joe Satriani, Eric Johnson, Steve Vai
G3 Live In Concert
(Epic) **21•2372**



Adam Sandler
What's Your Name?
(Warner Bros.)
22•0616

MORE ALTERNA-FAVES

Bush—*Razorblade Suitcase* (Trauma Records) **17•2518**
20 Explosive Super Smash Hit Explosions!—*Smashing Pumpkins, Material Issue, The Slugs, more* (Pravda) **17•3153**
No Doubt (Interscope) **17•2279**
Medeski, Martin & Wood—*Shack Man* (Gramavision) **17•1082**
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion—*Now I Got Worry* (Matador Records) **16•9474**
311—*Music* (Capricorn) **16•9201**
Sublime (Gasoline Alley/MCA) **16•8658**
Kula Shaker—*K* (Columbia) **16•7874**
Fun Lovin' Criminals—*Come Find Yourself* (EMI) **16•7247**
Cake—*Fashion Nugget* (Capricorn) **16•6074**
No Doubt—*Tragic Kingdom* (Trauma Records) **16•3436**
Alice In Chains—*Unplugged* (Columbia) **15•7008**
Stone Temple Pilots—*Tiny Music...Songs From The Vatican Gift Shop* (Atlantic) **15•2882**
The Verve Pipe—*Villains* (RCA) **15•1472**
Songs In The Key Of X—*Music From And Inspired By "The X-Files"* (Warner Bros.) **15•1449**
Schoolhouse Rock! Rocks—*Better Than Ezra, Pavement, Moby, more.* (Lava/Atlantic) **15•1372**
Alice In Chains (Columbia) **14•2321**
Pizzicato Five—*The Sound Of Music* (Matador Records) **14•1861**
311 (Capricorn) **12•5225**
Silverchair—*Frogstomp* (Epic) **13•2548**
Everclear—*Sparkle And Fade* (Capitol) **13•0070**
Sugar Ray—*Lemonade & Brownies* (Atlantic) **12•6797**
Radiohead—*The Bends* (Capitol) **12•6672**
Encomium: A Tribute To Led Zeppelin—*R. Plant, T. Amos, Stone Temple Pilots, more.* (Atlantic) **12•1434**
Bush—*Sixteen Stone* (Trauma Records) **11•8885**
New Order—*The Best Of...* (Warner Bros./Qwest) **11•1393**
Hanna-Barbera's Cartoon Sound Fx—*Various Artists* (Kid Rhino) **11•0544**



Fleetwood Mac
The Dance
(Reprise)
21•7869



Hanson
Middle Of Nowhere
(Mercury)
19•4480



Kenny Wayne Shepherd Band
Trouble Is... (Revolution/WB) **22•5599**



The Presidents Of The U.S.A.—*Pure Frosting* (Enhanced CD) (Columbia) **23•8345**



Kiss
Alive
(Mercury)
21•5962



Thompson Twins
Greatest Hits
(Arista)
16•8203



The Yardbirds
BBC Sessions (Warner Archives/WB)
22•5656



Pure Disco 2
(Mercury)
24•2982

MIXED BAG

Culture Club—*At Worst... The Best Of Culture Club And Boy George* (SBK) **47•1623**
B.B. King—*Blues Summit* (MCA) **46•3505**
Paul McCartney—*All The Best* (Capitol) **45•9776**
Pet Shop Boys—*Discography-The Complete Singles Collection* (EMI) **43•3425**
Tina Turner—*Simply The Best (Greatest Hits)* (Capitol) **43•3342**
Madonna—*The Immaculate Collection* (Sire/Warner Bros.) **41•4557**
Muddy Waters—*The Best Of...* (Chess) **40•7932**
Phil Collins—*No Jacket Required* (Atlantic) **33•3286**
Michael Jackson—*Thriller* (Epic) **21•8089**
Jimmy Buffett (Epic) **23•9244**
The Tubes—*Days* (Arista) **22•8865**
Alan Jackson—*Everything I Love* (Arista Nashville) **23•5002**
Dixie Chicks—*Wide Open Spaces* (Monument) **23•4757**
Burt Bacharach—*Plays His Hits* (MCA) **22•6126**
The Simpsons—*Songs In The Key Of Springfield* (Rhino) **22•5516**
Jon B.—*Cool Relax* (Yab Yum/550 Music) **22•1853**
Jackson Browne—*The Next Voice You Hear: The Best Of...* (Elektra) **22•1218**
Billy Joel®—*Greatest Hits Volume III* (Columbia) **21•9626**
Backstreet Boys (Enhanced CD) (Jive) **21•7273**
Chris Rock—*Born Suspect* (Atlantic) **21•6044**
Robyn—*Robyn Is Here* (RCA) **21•3488**
James Taylor—*Hour Glass* (Columbia) **21•1128**
George Strait—*Carrying Your Love With Me* (MCA Nashville) **18•8631**
Kenny Loggins—*Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow-The Greatest Hits* (Columbia) **18•5819**
Monty Python—*Monty Python & The Holy Grail* (Arista) **18•3814**
Fine Young Cannibals—*Finest* (MCA) **17•3583**
Simply Red—*Greatest Hits* (eastwest) **17•0100**
George Carlin—*Back In Town* (Eardrum Records/AI) **16•5224**
Adam Sandler—*What The Hell Happened To Me* (Warner Bros.) **14•7512**
Daryl Hall/John Oates—*Rock 'n' Soul, Part 1* (RCA) **14•7025**
MTV Party To Go, Vol. 6—*Various Artists* (Tommy Boy) **14•0210**
Cyndi Lauper—*Twelve Deadly Cyns...And Then Some* (Epic) **12•3157**
Sade—*The Best Of...* (Epic) **11•0379**

URBAN GROOVES

Dr. Dre—*The Chronic* (Death Row) **46•1970**
Coppadonna—*The Pillage* (Razor Sharp/Epic St.) **24•1869**
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony—*E 1999 Eternal* (Ruthless Records) **22•8112**
Queen Pen—*My Melody* (Lil' Man/Interscope) **22•2165**
2Pac—*R U Still Down? (Remember Me)* (Amaru/Jive) **23•1894**
Bakim—*The 18th Letter* (Universal) **22•9401**
LSG—*Levert Sweat Gill* (eastwest) **22•8171**
Mystikal—*Unpredictable* (Jive) **22•8106**
The Roots—*Illadelph Halflife* (DGC) **22•5334**
Coolio—*My Soul* (Tommy Boy) **22•2885**
Busta Rhymes—*When Disaster Strikes* (Elektra) **22•0434**
Maxwell—*Maxwell Unplugged* (EP) (Columbia) **21•6564**
Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott—*Supa Dupa Fly* (Gold Mind/eastwest) **21•6119**
Wyclef Jean (Featuring Refugee Allstars)—*The Carnival* (Ruffhouse/Columbia) **21•5244**
Puff Daddy & The Family—*No Way Out* (Bad Boy/Arista) **21•5202**
Lost Boyz—*Love, Peace & Nappiness* (Universal) **21•3412**
K-Ci & Jojo—*Love Always* (MCA) **21•3306**
God's Property From Kirk Franklin's Nu Nation (B-Rite Music) **21•1425**
Heavy D—*Waterbed Hev* (Uptown/Universal) **19•4571**
Mary J. Blige—*Share My World* (MCA) **19•4563**
Wu-Tang Clan—*Wu-Tang Forever* (RCA/Loud Records) **19•2920**
The Notorious B.I.G.—*Life After Death* (Bad Boy/Arista) **18•4655**
Funkmaster Flex Presents—*The Mix Tape Vol. II, Nas, The Lost Boyz, Wu-Tang Clan, more.* (RCA/Loud Records) **17•8707**
Jamiroquai—*Travelling Without Moving* (Work) **17•8400**
Dr. Dre Presents The Aftermath—*Dr. Dre, RBX, Group Therapy, more* (Aftermath) **17•6685**
2Pac—*All Eyez On Me* (Death Row) **17•6651**
The Notorious B.I.G.—*Ready To Die* (Bad Boy/Arista) **17•6636**
Ghostface Killah—*Ironman* (Razor Sharp/Epic St.) **17•1298**
Lil' Kim—*Hard Core* (Big Beat/Atlantic) **17•0167**
Babyface—*The Day* (Epic) **16•7841**
Nas—*It Was Written* (Columbia) **16•0630**
Sugarhill Gang—*Best Of* (Sugarhill/Rhino) **15•9749**
Fugees—*The Score* (Ruffhouse/Columbia) **14•8155**

ROCK ON

Lou Reed—*Perfect Night* (Reprise) **24•1919**
No Nukes—(Elektra) **22•4626**
Sammy Hagar—*Unboxed* (Geffen) **47•8107**
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—*Greatest Hits* (MCA) **47•4411**
Violent Femmes—*Add It Up (1981-1993)* (Reprise/Slash) **46•6656**
The Black Crowes—*Shake Your Moneymaker* (American) **46•2184**
Guns N' Roses—*Use Your Illusion I* (Geffen) **44•2087**
ZZ Top—*Greatest Hits* (Warner Bros.) **43•8010**
Cheap Trick—*The Greatest Hits* (Epic) **42•8636**
Peter Gabriel—*Shaking The Tree-Sixteen Golden Greats* (Geffen) **41•5968**
Bangles—*Greatest Hits* (Columbia) **40•5977**
Eddie Money—*Greatest Hits Sound Of Money* (Columbia) **40•3428**
Duran Duran—*Decade* (Capitol) **40•1869**
The B-52's—*Cosmic Thing* (Reprise) **38•3877**
Journey—*Greatest Hits* (Columbia) **27•5279**
Dire Straits—*Money For Nothing* (Warner Bros.) **27•5055**
REO Speedwagon—*Greatest Hits* (Epic) **36•7672**
Pretenders—*The Singles* (Sire) **36•2541**
Guns N' Roses—*Appetite For Destruction* (Geffen) **25•9984**
The Cars—*Greatest Hits* (Elektra) **33•9903**
Van Halen—*1984* (Warner Bros.) **22•4582**
Blondie—*The Best Of...* (Chrysalis) **21•1811**
Bay Davies—*The Storyteller* (EMI-Capitol Ent.) **24•1240**
Todd Snider—*Step Right Up* (MCA) **24•0648**
Izzy Stradlin—*117 Degrees* (Geffen) **23•9152**
Big Wreck—*In Loving Memory Of...* (Atlantic) **23•7230**
Joe Satriani—*Crystal Planet* (Epic) **23•7073**
Robert Cray—*Bad Influence* (Hightone Records) **23•6638**
Supertramp—*Some Things Never Change* (Oxygen) **23•5051**
Gov't Mule—*Live At Roseland Ballroom* (Foundation Records) **23•3346**
Live On Letterman—*Music From The Late Show: Sheryl Crow, Dave Matthews Band, R.E.M., more.* (Reprise) **22•0636**
The Bridge School Concerts—*Vol. 1* Neil Young, Tom Petty, Beck, Pearl Jam, more (Reprise) **22•0631**
Midnight Oil—*20,000 Watt R.S.L.* (Columbia) **22•8957**
Madness—*Total Madness. The Very Best Of...* (Geffen) **22•4956**
Don Henley—*Actual Miles. Henley's Greatest Hits* (Geffen) **22•4840**
Bob Dylan—*Time Out Of Mind* (Columbia) **22•4279**
Duran Duran—*Medazzaland* (Capitol) **22•4261**
Genesis—*Calling All Stations* (Atlantic) **22•0509**
Bruce Springsteen—*Plugged* (Columbia) **21•9303**
Neil Young And Crazy Horse—*Year Of The Horse* (Reprise) **21•2415**
Paul Simon—*Graceland* (Enhanced CD) (Warner Bros.) **19•3896**
Aerosmith—*Nine Lives* (Enhanced CD) (Columbia) **18•3905**
Heart—*Greatest Hits* (Capitol) **18•3889**
Collective Soul—*Disciplined Breakdown* (Atlantic) **18•3722**
Huey Lewis And The News—*The Best* (Elektra) **17•0290**
A Tribute To Stevie Ray Vaughan—*Eric Clapton, B.B. King, Buddy Guy, more.* (Epic) **16•4087**
Pat Benatar—*Heartbreaker* (Chrysalis) **16•3865**
Men At Work—*Contraband: The Best Of...* (Columbia/Legacy) **15•3429**
The Concert For The Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame—*B. Springsteen, Allman Bros, Bon Jovi, more* (Columbia) **14•8882**
Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—*Greatest Hits* (Epic) **14•0939**
Eurythmics—*Greatest Hits* (Arista) **14•0160**
Foreigner—*Records* (Remastered) (Atlantic) **12•9048**
Billy Squier—*The Best Of...16 Strokes* (Capitol) **12•2887**
Bruce Springsteen—*Greatest Hits* (Featuring The E Street Band) (Columbia) **11•9354**
Aerosmith—*Big Ones (Greatest Hits)* (Geffen) **11•1468**
INXS—*The Greatest Hits* (Atlantic) **11•1351**
R.E.M.—*Monster* (Warner Bros.) **10•2929**

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(fig. 1)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WETHERELL // FASHION BY ADAM HOWE



(fig. 2)



(fig. 3)



(fig. 4)



(fig. 5)



(fig. 6)

(fig. 1) Shirt by Y.M.C.; vintage brooch. (fig. 2) Suede bomber jacket by Katharine Hamnett; cotton drill trousers by Burro. (fig. 3) "Anti-slide" Mandala top by Maharishi; satin trousers by Paul Smith; socks by Diesel. (fig. 4) Wool sweater by 6876; tonic trousers by PS Paul Smith. (fig. 5) Cotton shirt by Burro; canvas jeans by Evisu. (fig. 6) "Anti-slide" Mandala top by Maharishi. Where to Buy, page 149. Special thanks to L.T.I.


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JESSE CAMP TV

THE ACCIDENTAL VJ

When MTV aired *Who the Hell Is*
Maureen Callahan unravels the

. *Jesse Camp?*, it spoke for millions of bewildered viewers.
riddle wrapped in an enigma shrouded in mystery

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER MAYR



[TV] JESSE CAMP

His dad proudly notes that Jesse is sweet kid who has created a bit of a

Since hendily trouncing the 4,000 hopefuls who entered MTV's "I Wanne Be e VJ" contest in April, Jesse Camp, the 18-yeer-old "homeless" kid with the loopy stoner vibe, has blown up, as he puts it, "like a-a-a-a-a thing that blows up!" The only thing stranger than the on-air presence of e self-proclaimed semi-literete who wears mekeshift thighwermers, speeks of "spreeding tha lova," and proudly cops to en '80s glem jones is the clamor for e piece of him: Versace and Kenneth Cole ere considering him for netionel print campaigns; Givenchy is interested es wall. Record lebels are vying to sign him. Movie studios went him under contract. Visiting celebrities take to him instently—one day it's Green Day woofing pizze and blunts with Jasse in their dressing room; the next it's Warren Beatty soliciting conversation over Cuban cigars. Teenege girls cluster outside the MTV studios in Menhettan, and when he emerges, they treil his gaunt, 6'5" frame through Timas Square, giddily saeking shede under the outsize brim of his floppy blue het. "It's bizerre," says his perplexed colleague Kurt Loder. "When you maet him, you ectually expect him to ask you for e querter. But he just hes sperkle. He doesn't heve thet TV patine."

Indeed, Jesse, who refers to himself es "the new boy on the air," is such a cartoonish eberretion that he's been plagued by more rumors than a rehebbing rock ster: rumors thet the contast was rigged (pleusibla); thet MTV originelly planned to fire him after one month (true); thet Jesse himself is doing a cheracter (hmmm). "I don't think anybody really knows if he's pretending except him," says Jesse's high-school

friend Aaron Weeks, who knew him by his given name, Josh. "But that's where the fun is."

If nothing else—and there may be nothing else—watching Jesse live it up on MTV's largesse certainly is fun. Not sinca the era of *Beavis and Butt-head* has an MTV personality so aggressively typified the proud stupidity of rock'n'roll. And for a kid who toppled the vote by imploring, "I don't *really* got a home to go to," he is completely without hostility or resentment, given to googly pronouncements like, "I am just really *loving* life!" "How can you not love him?" concedes Loder. "He's refreshingly candid and direct, and he's nothing like the other VJs."

Jesse's joyously cavalier approach to a job his young colleagues treat with an inordinate degree of gravity does, in fact, account hugely for his appeal. Where Cerson Daly laboriously attempts to divine meaning from Jewel's poetry, Jesse takes the opposite tack, quizzically reciting an excerpt to great comic effect. Daly is assiduously prepared, tossing to the new Semisonic clip with a numbing amount of related minutiae; Jesse likes to speak extemporaneously, albeit briefly and often at the expense of the English lenguage. "I can't *believe* I'm on TV, here's a raaccchh'n'raaaawwll vide-aaal'" comprises the bulk of a typical Jesse segment. Daly's a static presence, but Jesse flails around like a marionette controlled by a Parkinson's victim: All at once, up shoots an arm, down flops the head, out juts the tummy. Daly's the sober student of rock; Jesse's the fan who got *totally* wasted in the parking lot during the opening act.

JESSE'S FIRST BIG SHOW WAS MÖTLEY CRÜE AT THE Cow Palace in San Francisco. He was nine years old. "I'd say that between *now* and *then*, I've tried to start 100 bands," says Jesse, rummaging through a box of his clothes MTV has stashed outside the wardrobe department. "And the *best* was Easy Action. That was cool-ass." Jesse founded that one with three friends from Loomis Chaffee, the swanky Connecticut boarding school he attended after being picked up for vandalism at 16. ("Look," he politely explains, "a *lotta* those cars were scrap anyway.") Jesse—who says he lived with his dad in a "kinda poor" section of Connecticut after his parents separated—adapted quickly to his new environment. "At first I was like, I don't want to do this," he says, sounding truly agitated. "But it was a great school, 'cause it was, like, going from hanging around with kids talking about how you're gonna get something to drink, to being with everyone who *has* drinks."

After graduation, Jesse and his Easy Action "bros" headed to L.A., but a few months later one of the boys weathered a "wicked bad" acid trip and retired to Connecticut. Having run through what little money he had, Jesse decided to come to New York. It took him more than three weeks. "That was fuckin' hell, dude," he says, plunging a hand into his spiky thicket of hair. "Just going around the West was *such a piece of ass*."

Once in New York, Jesse crashed with friends, friends of friends, and whatever girl was willing and able. Food was e less pressing concern. "I think it's a fuckin' horrible thing," he begins, "but it's like, fuck, man, in a grocery store, *honestly*—if it don't have a black ball, you tuck in your sweatshirt, put your fruit in, and you walk out." Still, it was nearly enough to send him back to his dad in Connecticut. "But then I realized, having traveled *all* that way...." He trails off, concentrating now on an old sock he's just unearthed. He reaches for a pair of scissors and begins cutting it up. "At the end of that three weeks I was very *angry*. And I was just like, Well, y'know, I did all this shit to get here, and I told my father, 'Y'know, fuck you whatever you think, I'm gonna get my music going, and you can suck my dick if you don't think it's gonna work out.'" He takes each half of the sock and slides the tubes up either arm, appraising his ingenuity. "Y'know what I mean?"

His dad does, kind of. "There are always two sides to every story, and from his perspactive, that's true," says J. Holden Camp. Holden was surprised to hear he was divorced and living in the slums of Connecticut; he laughingly adds that Jesse was never busted for vandalism, and that his son thrived during his four years at Loomis. "His mother and I are both educators"—his mom is the principal of a primary school and his dad is the chair of the humanities department at the University of Hartford—"and we felt that Loomis was a good opportunity for him." He pauses. "Jesse is a good, sweet kid who has created a bit of a facade," he says. "He did well in school, and he had a lot of fun with drama."

So much, actually, that Jesse was the head of the Slithy Toves, Loomis's improv group. "He was their anchor," says his friend Weeks. "He was not afraid to take risks to get the laughs." When Jesse played Polonious in the school's production of *Hamlet* (I), "he turned the death scene into a comic routine," recalls his drama teacher, Brian Kosanovich. "His natural inclination was to always ham it up."

JESSE IS TRYING TO ORCHESTRATE JUST THE right ensemble for an appearance tomorrow; he combs through an array of faded, unwashed T-shirts, eschewing the wardrobe girl's gentle suggestions that he take along some designer gear. "Heeeyyy," he says, "when ya got a *vision*...." He'll wear the new armwarmers, as well as the seme pair of skintight bell-bottoms he's wearing today—with one slight modification. He spies a plastic bag on the floor and coils it into a tube, then jams it down his pants. "I'm just *augmenting* what's already there," he says. His face, as it so often does, goes completely blank for a moment. "Aaaawww, it's all part of the fun," he says, bobbing his head to a silent beat. "Give the people what they want. And, by the way, it doesn't disappoint. Heh *heh* heh."

Such is the singular genius of Jesse Camp: At 18, he's stumbled on the secret of comic success—dumbing down your act enables the viewer to laugh both with you and at you. If he's augmenting anything, it's an already heightened sense of the absurd, rather than a deplorable lack of motor skills (well, maybe that too). But as entertaining as he is now, soon enough the joke will wear thin—the endless malapropisms, the Gumby gait, the cracked delivery. "I know that some at MTV are concerned that people will get tired of this 'Heeyyy, maaan,' thing," says Loder. And while the channel insists it's committed to Jesse, his first runner-up, Dave Holmes (the Carson Daly–ish one, except Holmes still sports his class ring) has already been given his own show.

Then again, if Jesse's smart enough to keep it stupid, then he'll be smart enough to sense our collective weariness. "Jesse knows that MTV isn't going to be a permanent thing," says his dad, proudly noting that Jesse is "an avid reader who speaks thrae languages. My son understands the history of TV, and he knows that this image will work right now." Ever the visionary, Jesse says ha plans to use his MTV gig to fuel his nascent rock-stardom, and then build "a scene for the Crüe." Meanwhile, the suits at MTV—who had Jesse talk at length about his past on the aptly titled special, *Who the Hell Is Jesse Camp?*—claim not to care about any bio material he may have fudged. "Look, he's a kid," says Bob Kusbit, MTV's senior VP of production. "It wouldn't surprise me if he exaggerated some things. It doesn't change the way we feel about him." Jesse hed no doubt figured as much. "That's the thing—you gotta know, not how to *play* people, but whera people are comfortable," says Jesse of his overall approach to life. "My whole thing is, just, like, don't own up to everything you know. Heh *heh* heh." ●

Like a-a-a-a-a thing that blows up: From movie studios to fashion houses, Jesse is in high demand.

"an avid reader who speaks three languages...he's a good, facade. He did well in school, and he had a lot of fun with drama."

SINÉAD O'CONNOR NOT A BAD BASTARD ANYMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK ALESKY

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She was proto-gangsta, pre-riot grrrl, a diva with a talent for pissing off pontiffs and programmers. Now eight years past her only hit, Sinéad returns to the pop arena a wee bit mellower. But just a *wee* bit. by Chris Norris

//

SO YOU'RE NOT TO MAKE ME OUT TO BE A REALLY HORRIBLE PERSON," SAYS SINÉAD O'Connor. She cocks her head and squints at me, shading her eyes with one hand.

Ambling along the embankment of a London canal, Sinéad O'Connor is a delicate-looking five-foot-four in blue Adidas sandals. She has just spent the past three hours sharing her thoughts on Biggie Smalls, *Teletubbies*, and the Northern Ireland peace accord, yet she looks like a child on a field trip—a child with one of the most riveting voices in modern music. Calling her horrible would be like stomping on one of the goslings that are paddling in the water nearby.

Yet the woman knows her rep. "I'm sure you've had the odd tantrum or screamed at people or done things that you wish you hadn't," she says. "At the end of the day I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place. Because I'm not gonna say, 'Yeah, you're all right, I'm a complete wenker.' I have to defend myself, even if I might not want to."

She pulls a Silk Cut cigarette from behind her ear. "No one's perfect," she says, lighting up. "I mean, I didn't *kill* anyone. Which is a miracle."

When's the last time you felt like killing?

"Last Thursday."

EIGHT YEARS AGO, SINÉAD O'CONNOR PIONEERED A CLASSIC ALBUM-OPENING device. It was a tense, cinematic sort of mise en scène that would become a staple of a particular genre. It involved ominous HBO strings, a reverbed voice-over, and an air of chilling, before-the-storm intensity. "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change," she intoned—it was the Serenity Prayer—but anything from a warrior's oath to a pact with the Devil would have fit the form just as well. In short, O'Connor began *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* in high gangsta fashion. Which, in retrospect, was just about perfect.

In the next five years, O'Connor came to be known as a gangsta bitch supreme. She commanded as much tabloid space as Tupac and as many foes as Suge Knight. A Pope-shredding, Grammy-snubbing, anthem-boycotting drama queen, she pinballed from one public controversy to another, mixing political pronouncements with hissy fits. She overdosed on sleeping pills. She retired from pop to study opera. She got booed offstage at Madison Square Garden. If one is to be judged by the quality of one's enemies, O'Connor was formidable indeed: No less a personage than Frank Sinatra said she deserved "a kick in the ass."

"Here was this incredibly talented woman who was inevitably going to ruin her career and there was nothing I could do to stop it," remembers RCA Vice President Elaine Schock, O'Connor's publicist at the time. "After the Pope thing, she said to me, 'Don't get me out of this one.' And I was like, 'As if I can.'"

Then, after this run of refusenik stunts, O'Connor committed an even more venal sin: She became a hippie. By the mid-'90s, she had begun a journey into the sort of earth-mother mysticism that frank-talking rock women like Liz Phair and Courtney Love would soon render spacey and anachronistic. After briefly hypnotizing audiences from the main stage of 1995's Lollapalooza, O'Connor quit the tour due to pregnancy. And then, shunned by radio and less than a priority for her soon-to-implode label EMI, she receded into the woodwork—little more than a perplexing memory to a new generation of Spice Girls.

Throughout all this, the singer who began her pop career at 16 was also learning how to be an actual person—raising a son, bearing a daughter, and healing some truly horrific childhood wounds. Reared in a family of eight, O'Connor had been beaten regularly by her now-deceased mother, shuttled to different homes, and forced into reform school at age 14. Her singing, she says, is what saved her life. It's also what makes all the drama matter. The pop memory is a short one and, as the recently departed Ol' Blue Eyes knew full well, there *are* second acts in American lives. O'Connor is remarkably well-poised to begin hers.

By way of a reintroduction, O'Connor, 31, is performing in three of this summer's Guinness-sponsored Fleadh festivals and, significantly, as a main-stage act with the all-woman musicfest, Lilith Fair. Taking the stage with the likes of Sheryl Crow, Missy Elliott, and Bonnie Raitt, she will be rejoining the center of pop music's female pantheon. "I want to be part of the mainstream without changing my personality," she says. Happy to oblige, Atlantic Records has signed O'Connor to an eyebrow-raising $8 million, three-album contract. "If you listen to [1997's] *Gospel Oak* EP, you know that great work is still to come from her," says Atlantic Vice President and General Manager Ron Shapiro, who signed O'Connor. "There is so much in her voice and her message for millions of fans she doesn't yet have."

In the meantime, O'Connor made another minor but note-perfect reemergence into the public consciousness—as, naturally, the Virgin Mary. In Neil Jordan's film *The Butcher Boy*, O'Connor played a foul-mouthed, apparitional Blessed Mother who manifests periodically to soothe the film's troubled young protagonist Francie Brady. O'Connor relished playing out what she calls every Irish girl's fantasy. ("I tried to make love with the Mary outfit on," she says. "But I just couldn't do it.") But she identified just as much with the film's main character—a battered, self-loathing child who yearns to receive his "Francie Brady Not a Bad Bastard Anymore Certificate."

"He was definitely somebody who was not understood and who therefore careened and careened and careened because he thought he was a piece of shit," says O'Connor. "I know what that's like. I wanted the world to think of me as valuable and useful and worthwhile person, because I had thought I was absolutely worthless. I hope I'm gonna earn my Sinéad O'Connor Not a Bad Bastard Anymore Certificate."

ON A BRILLIANT MAY DAY IN LONDON, NEWSPAPERS TRUMPET THE SINN FEIN'S HIStoric vote to abandon force in Northern Ireland. Sinéad O'Connor's home city of 13 years seems alive with hope, prosperity, and young people talking on cell phones. We convene near O'Connor's recently adopted neighborhood of Gospel Oak, home to her Freudian analyst and a safe haven for child-rearing. For O'Connor, the phrase "Gospel Oak" has come to symbolize a new life.

"I'm changing in that I no longer desire to have the shit kicked out of me," she says, scratching the front of her head. Newly self-coiffed—having buzzed herself with a beard trimmer—O'Connor looks just as arresting as she did on the cover of her 1987 debut *The Lion and the Cobra*. The main difference being that the scrawled reminder on her hand now is for "Phenergan"—a prescription for her sniffling kids—rather than for "Purse" and the London street guide "A-Z," as sported on her first album. Also, she now wears a tiny stud in her left nostril and a wedding ring.

"I'm not quite married, but I may as well be," she says. Her boyfriend, 34-year-old TV ad composer John Robertson, is closer to her age than were any of O'Connor's earlier paramours, who have included older managers, tourmates, sidemen, journalists, and Peter Gabriel. "I like gentlemen," she says. "I like three-piece suits and kindness and gentleness. I tend to get crushes on men who are very kind to me." She laughs. "[John and I] have been going out for about a year, which is longer than I've gone out with anyone."

In addition to newfound stability, much of O'Connor's recent happiness also came with the folding of her label, EMI. A free agent for the first time in her adult life, the change prompted a reassessment of just where she fits into modern music.

"Some companies gave me the big lecture, like, 'We think you should go back to being more angry, like your first record,'" she says. Her then-manager Fachtna O'Ceallaigh was among those pushing her toward fashionable rage. "He wanted me to be tougher and more hip and make records with the Fugees," she says. "And that's not really me. When I made my first couple of records I *was* that fucking angry, and it was a very painful place to be. It's cost me a lot of money to get happy. If I want to write little nanny songs, then that's what I'll do."

This newfound balance suggests a career juncture rather like Madonna's, another therapized, semi-mystical mom exploring new sonic spaces. As part of the futuristic supergroup Ashtar Command, O'Connor has collaborated with Beck and members of Smashing Pumpkins, Filter, and Yum-Yum, producing music for the soundtrack to *The Avengers*. For her upcoming album, she is working with Brian Eno, Dave Stewart, and Massive Attack producer Cameron McVey. But while she lists everyone from Brandy to the trad-Irish mystic Noirin Ni Riain as favorites, O'Connor hesitates to predict what her future music will sound like.

"It's too early to tell," she says. "But what I've always liked about my records is there's been a schizophrenic diversity in them."

Over the years this diversity has been truly radical—mixing madrigals, hip-hop, folk, and hard rock in a way that never quite made sense to radio. This, plus a difficult public persona, has kept O'Connor's pop presence surprisingly limited for such a powerful voice, confined mostly to headlines and her cover of Prince's "Nothing Compares 2 U." Still, her exuberant Celtic wail and tremulous intensity has influenced a generation of rock singers. In fact, O'Connor is rather frank about pinpointing her mark.

"I think Alanis is Sinéad O'Connor with hair," says O'Connor, smiling. "Alanis and the Cranberries, they're kind of well-behaved Sinéad O'Connors."

She doesn't seem entirely amused by this.

"I suppose it bothers me that people like them have sold a lot more records than I ever sold," she says. "They don't cause trouble and they play a game. They're not controversial in any way."

Indeed, neither Alanis Morissette nor Dolores O'Riordan seems to have torn up any Pope photos, boycotted any Grammys, or defended Mike Tyson lately. The brand of rebelliousness O'Connor showed in the early '90s now seems nothing short of amazing—which may say less about her than about us. Unlike Morissette or even Love, O'Connor was a legitimately angry and undeniably beautiful



woman who desexualized herself—a frightening combination that many men actually seemed to take personally. No female artist even comes close to provoking her kind of outrage today, whether it was due to her daring, dysfunction, or both. If in abandoning P.R. self-immolation O'Connor goes gently into VH1, something will be lost.

As it happens, O'Connor is not entirely repentant, or, it seems, entirely at peace. When I pose a question rather too candidly—"Do you ever look back at your litany of statements and just say, 'Ah, shut up'?"—she seems surprisingly wounded by the inference.

"Yeah," she says. "But I don't abuse myself. I mean, I don't need to since I've got so many other fucking people to do it." She dwells on the phrasing of the question.

"I don't say 'Shut up,'" she says. "I respect myself for being the age that I was and having the passion and the integrity that I did have. I can say about the Pops thing, I'm very proud of that and I stand by it and I would do it again. Quite a lot of the other things—like the national anthem or the Grammys—I wouldn't do now because they're just fucking young moody shit.

"But," she continues, "coming from where I come from and from the family that I come from it is natural that I would have been quite a disturbed person. I don't make any apologies for that. And I object to being abused for that."

What O'Connor will call my "'just shut up' question"—along with a few other ill-phrased queries—subsequently earns me two faxes at my hotel. "Hope you don't mind me writing again," one reads. "I don't want to upset you or anything, but...." She goes on to decry the cruelty of the media and its complicity in creating some of her ill behavior. "Frankly, I would never use the term 'Shut up' to anyone—even if I hated them," she writes at one point. "I am a good and loving person and I deserve to be treated with love and respect."

CLEARLY, THESE TOUCHING PROTESTATIONS OF SELF-WORTH ARE NOT THE WORDS OF a true gangsta bitch. "I've kind of unleashed all of that stuff that I needed to get rid of," O'Connor says. "And now I just want to put a little beauty around the place."

But luckily for us, O'Connor isn't all aromatherapy and matrilineal mysticism. An autodidactic radical whose voice imbues even the corniest lullaby with a tremulous intensity, O'Connor may have more difficulty flitting off into the land of Lilithian fantasia than she might imagine (even if she is a daily pot smoker). Her children, two-year-old Roisin and 11-year-old Jake, help make sure of that.

"Jake's a complete skate punk," says O'Connor. "He's into ramps, grinding, jumping off things. He listens to Usher, Mase, and all this hardcore rap. He also likes Lil' Kim, which I'm a bit worried about. I like her too 'cause she's so rude. But it's just a bit early for him."

In fact, the same kid who kept a 20-year-old O'Connor from fitting the "enfant terrible" title comfortably may now provide her with one of the most compelling roles of her career—part Virgin Mary, part Yoko Ono, and part soccer mom, a role only O'Connor could play.

I ask O'Connor if she's dreading Jake's adolescence. She shakes her head.

"Everybody says when they get to 14, 15, it's awful," she says. "But I don't think it will be too bad. I don't feel that far away from that age myself."

She laughs, perhaps realizing just how relative concepts like maturity and stability can be. "And I'm not exactly the most traditional of mothers. Obviously." ●



ILLUSTRATION BY FLORIAN RIBISCH

WERK IN PROGRESS

It's been 12 years since Kraftwerk's last album of all-new technopop, seven years since they toured. But now the "paralyzed giant" is stirring—the German band are playing their first American shows in nearly two decades and a new album is reputedly close to completion. Be excited, very excited

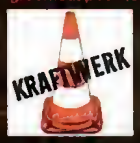
In celebration of Kraftwerk being "on the road" again, *Spin* charts the group's *autobahn* trip through pop history. Detours and exit ramps lead to artists and genres they've influenced—from electronica to synth-pop, from David Bowie to Stereolab, it's a living legacy that argues for Kraftwerk as one of the most (literally) *inspirational* bands of the past 25 years. After the road map, an extract from "Kraftwerkfeature"—a 1975 interview conducted by legendary rock critic Lester Bangs during the band's first U.S. tour. "Where is rock going?" a reporter asked Bangs on the eve of the tour. "It's being taken over by the Germans and the machines," he replied. Bangs died in 1982, too early to see his prophecy come to full fruition; on page 120, he gets the lowdown from Kraftwerk founding members Ralf Hütter and Florian Schneider on their philosophy of the man-machine.

It's a gas: Kraftwerk fuel up for their new road trip—from left, Wolfgang Flur, Karl Bartos, Florian Schneider, and Ralf Hütter.

WERK IN PROGRESS

Kraftwerk's road trip through pop history

1968–1973 Enrolled at the Düsseldorf Conservatory, **Ralf Hütter** and **Florian Schneider** form a lifelong friendship. Breaking with their classically trained backgrounds, they form a "contemporary electronic music" outfit influenced by **Stockhausen** and the **Velvet Underground**. After one album as **Organisation**, they change their name to **Kraftwerk** and release three avant-rock records that get progressively more minimal and synth-and-drum-machine-oriented. During this period, Ralf and Florian build their Kling Klang studio, work with engineer/producer **Conny Plank**, as well as drummer Klaus Dinger and guitarist Michael Rother (who split off to form Krautrock legends **Neu!**), and gradually shed their hippie hair in favor of well-groomed, post-rock'n'roll elegance.







classical music academy

stockhausen influence

velvet underground influence

beach boys influence



1974 Having invested in a Moog, Kraftwerk record ***Autobahn***, their pop breakthrough. The title track is a 22-minute synth-symphony that evokes a serene glide down the freeway and combines **Beach Boys**-style harmonies with musique concrète sound effects, thereby celebrating the car as "a musical instrument," says Hütter. The single edit becomes a hit on both sides of the Atlantic, and Kraftwerk—now a quartet with Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flür—[illegible]



1975 ***Radio-Activity***, an atmospheric concept album about radio transmissions, garners acclaim but no hit singles in America. The title track's witty Green critique of nuclear power (chorus: "Radioactivity / It's in the air for you and me") is widely misunderstood as a pro-nuclear song, thanks to the group's "scientific," "sound-lab researcher" image.



1977 Kraftwerk's "industrial folk music" peaks with ***Trans-Europe Express***, whose awe-inspiring title track does for trains what *Autobahn* did for cars. With its Doppler effect synths and indefatigable beats, the "Trans-Europe Express/Metal on Metal" song-suite hymns the spirituality of technology—"all the dynamism of industrial life, of modern life," as Hütter puts it.

DAVID BOWIE // *Low* (RCA, 1977) 1977: Punk's happening, disco's blowing up, various electronic weirdnessess are percolating. Bowie exiles himself in Germanic synth Mecca, where he brings three subcultural subversions together on the first installment of a landmark trilogy of LPs with ambient buddy Brian Eno. Side One's dance tunes bubble and snap, Side Two's murky instrumental doodles are longer and more languid, and the whole thing sounds like the mixing board is played as lead instrument. The rumored Kraftwerk/Bowie collaboration never happens, but the meeting is acknowledged in "Trans-Europe Express"; Bowie returns the name-check on *Heroes*' "V-2 Schneider."



Detour No. 1: Berlin, 1977–79 David Bowie, Kraftwerk's biggest fan—he broadcasts their music before shows on his Station to Station tour—moves to Berlin to soak up that Teutonic vibe. There, he records the classic *Low*/*Heroes*/*Lodger* trilogy and produces a couple of robotic-sounding albums by bosom buddy Iggy Pop.

IGGY POP // "Nightclubbing" (RCA, 1977) For ex-Stooge Iggy Pop's comeback album, Bowie helps an old pal on a death trip recover his lust for life. *The Idiot*'s controlled Teutonic approach owes a lot to Kraftwerk, resulting in an oddly lurching hybrid typified by "Nightclubbing." Over a creeping dirge, like a Gary Glitter 45 played at 33, Ig growls at the bottom of his famously low register, characterizing club-hopping as a grim and lugubrious grind.



MAN PARRISH // "Hip Hop Be Bop" (Sugarscoop, 1983) Kraftwerk in dub, this electro classic is a favorite of body-lockers the world over. Its echoing synth-shimmers and *Computer World*–era bass lines make it sound like early Tears for Fears being cut to death by Grandmaster Flash.

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA & SOUL SONIC FORCE // "Planet Rock" (Tommy Boy, 1982) If there is ever a song that wouldn't exist without Kraftwerk, it's this —the Rosetta Stone of electro. Bambaataa, keyboardist John Robie, and producer Arthur Baker weld the melody of "Trans-Europe Express" to the synth-bass of "Numbers" to create the song that teaches the world that machines are just as funky as James Brown.

Afrika Bambaataa: "Kraftwerk—I don't think they even knew how big they were among the black masses back in '77 when they came out with 'Trans-Europe Express'.... I thought that was one of the best and weirdest records I ever heard in my life.... Everybody just went crazy off of that."



Kraftwerk Autobahn

Detours to Kraftwerk-influenced genres

Exit ramps to Kraftwerk-admiring bands

Routes connecting bands/scenes inspired by Kraftwerk

Time line: Simon Reynolds. Text: Peter Shapiro, Barry Walters, Simon Reynolds, Charles Aaron, David Stubbs, Jeff Salamon, Mike Rubin, Sasha Frere-Jones, Greg Milner. Additional Research: Andy Gensler, Victoria DeSilverio, Greg Milner, Jessica Letkemann.

ULTRAVOX // "Vienna" (Chrysalis, 1980) The ultimate European love letter, new wave's most peculiar ballad is a study in contradiction—opening with restrained elegance, then building to a melodramatic angst ("This means nothing to me," Midge Ure emotes operatically) that would have made Kraftwerk shudder. The sound achieved by former Kraftwerk producer Conny Plank is as cool as the wintry lyric (a stuttering electronic heartbeat, a synthetic chamber orchestra), yet the climatic arrangement radiates maximum moodiness.



NEW ORDER // "Thieves Like Us" (Factory, 1984) Kraftwerk were Joy Division singer Ian Curtis's favorite band. After Curtis's suicide, the group cheer themselves up with the bright'n'bouncy sounds of Kraftwerk and Giorgio Moroder, and realize music doesn't need to be angst-wracked. Renamed New Order, they churn out lovelorn electro such as "Blue Monday" and "Thieves Like Us"—a synth ditty as heartbreakingly pretty as "Computer Love."

Bernard Sumner: "Nothing against American pop, but musical influences in Britain have always come from America. So it was really good for once that something came from a European cultural background. And Kraftwerk looked really cool. They didn't look like anyone else and they didn't behave like pop stars. They behaved like classical musicians."

Detour No. 2: England, 1979–84
The influence of *Trans-Europe Express* and *Man-Machine* kicks in big time. The New Romantic movement draws inspiration from the uniformed, anti-rock imagery of "Europe Endless" and the homoerotic narcissism of "The Hall of Mirrors." Gary Numan copes the robotnik schtick. Sparkfully twinned with Düsseldorf, the northern industrial steel towns of Sheffield and Leeds go synth-crazy with Human League, Cabaret Voltaire and Soft Cell.

VISAGE // "Fade to Grey" (Polydor, 1980) The iciest and most authentically Eurodisco new wave song ever. Frontman Steve Strange becomes the icon of the New Romantics, the short-lived English movement (see also Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran) that worshiped Kraftwerk's robo-beats and mannequin cool. With its absurdly European minor-key melody, melancholic male vocal, and metronomic rhythms, "Fade to Grey" epitomizes the kind of record rock critics hate—until the Pet Shop Boys.

en route to six finger satellite



GARY NUMAN // "Cars" (Atco, 1979) You'd be hard-pressed to name a Top 40 hit as simultaneously bouncy and strange as "Cars." The Syn-drums crack like B-movie thunder and the paranoid lyrics celebrating cyborg love are sci-fi at their most cuddly. Layering Bowiesque affectation on top of Kraftwerkian ennui, Numan arrived at poptronica both toddlers and Afrika Bambaataa could enjoy.



HUMAN LEAGUE // "Love Action" (Virgin, 1981) Even androids get the blues. On "Love Action," Human League perfect the application of Kraftwerk's glistening surfaces to Europop's garish artifice. Less of a postindustrial-alienation gloom march than their earlier records, the quasi-melodic keyboard hook and the almost-emotional stylization of "Love Action" define synth-pop's sangfroid as the soundtrack to the look-but-don't-touch '80s.

en route to stereolab

en route to lfo/bleep'n'bass



1978 *The Man-Machine* is Kraftwerk's cyborg manifesto, the audio articulation of their vision of mensch and machine in perfect harmony. "We are playing the machines, the machines play us. It's exactly the mechanoid and the mandroid we have with new musical machines which make us build a new music," declares Hütter [illegible]



1981 After a three-year sabbatical, Kraftwerk get back to work with *Computer World*—a double-edged celebration of the microchip age, from pocket calculators to police data files. Highlights: the tremulous rationality of "Computer Love," the eerie synth-elves's of "Home Computer." A massive world tour includes America—the first time they'll perform there since 1983.



1983 With electro and synth-funk blowing up massively, Kraftwerk get increasingly fascinated by the dance floor, they're also infatuated with cycling. These twin obsessions result in the single "Tour De France," a favorite with the body-poppin' break-dance crowd. Radio and bike-obsessed, Kraftwerk's ultimate touring team of musicians are also musicians. The bicycle analogy is radical [illegible]

Detour No. 5: Miami Bass, 1985–1989
Fort Lauderdale's MC ADE imagines what Ralf and Florian would sound like cruising South Florida's malls. Basically a cover of "Trans-Europe Express," his "Bass Rock Express" makes booty bounce all over the South in 1985.

en route to spacemen 3

CYBOTRON // "Cosmic Cars" (Deep Space, 1982) Juan Atkins, Detroit techno's Henry Ford, first makes a name for himself with this do-it-yourself answer to *Autobahn*. Where the latter is a simulacrum of a pleasant Sunday drive, "Cosmic Cars" is pure urban traffic snarl: Atkins's synth squelches and drum-machine beats echo the mechanistic syncopation of the assembly line, punctuated by the beeping of an impatient car horn that only hints at the road rage yet to come out of the Motor City.

Detour No. 3: New York City 1980–86
Kraftwerk get black and Hispanic youth "dancing mechanik" with Trans-Europe/Man-Machine (Computer World-sampling tracks such as Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" and The Fearless Four's "Rockin' It"; electro-funk producers such as The Jonzun Crew; electro-pop, prefiguring Detroit techno; and John "Jellybean" Benitez, crashing sound of Latin freestyle, justifies Fearless Four's Puerto Rican bandmaster Flash says of the while Grandmaster Flash says of the Düsseldorf "Trans-Europe Express": "that was one record you couldn't too much cut—it was cutting itself." Kraftwerk—the most influential "black" musicians of the '70s after James Brown and George Clinton?

Detour No. 4: Detroit, 1981–1990
Detroit techno is "a complete mistake... like George Clinton and Kraftwerk stuck in an elevator with only a sequencer to keep them company," says Derrick May. Adds Carl Craig: "Kraftwerk were so stiff, they were funky."

MANTRONIX // "Scream" (Sleeping Bag, 1986) One of the few mid-'80s rap records that borrowed both Kraftwerk's synth lines and their icy detachment. The Soul Sonic Force decorate their Kraftwerk thievery with dance-as-transcendence lyrics, but on "Scream," Mantronix's MC Tee sounds like he'd rather be playing Ms. Pac-Man.



TROUBLE FUNK // "Trouble Funk Express" (DETT, 1983) Washington, D.C., go-go godfathers Trouble Funk have never been much for writing their own material. After "Planet Rock" makes "Trans-Europe Express" the new "Sex Machine," Trouble Funk go and jack it themselves. The roto-toms swing, a robotic voice chants "Trouble Funk Express," and that famous minor arpeggio creeps up on the funk. How did Krauts with ramrod posture get the key to Chocolate City?

MODEL 500 // "No UFOs" (Metroplex, 1985) While Kraftwerk wouldn't even break a sweat, much less groove this hard, the bass line from "Home Computer" makes this ferocious call-to-arms possible. Phattening up Kraftwerk's landmark, low-end synth riff and surrounding it with a psychotic mini-world of phased and panned percussion loops, Juan Atkins obliterates "Planet Rock"'s stagnant blueprint to create a record that is the clear bridge between electro and techno.

SPACEMEN 3 // *Playing With Fire* (Fire/Bomp!, 1989) Famed for their Velvets/Stooges trance-rock mode, Spacemen 3 are also indebted to Kraftwerk. On "Come Down Softly to My Soul," "Let Me Down Gently," and "So Hot (Wash Away All of My Tears)," the phased and processed guitars sound as etherealy denatured as synths, while the gently pulsating rhythms recall the idyllic drift of "Autobahn" and "Neon Lights." Check out also ex-Spaceman Jason Pierce's glorious K-werk homage—Spiritualized's 1993 single "Electric Mainline."



LFO // *Frequencies* (Warp/Tommy Boy, 1991) North-of-England techno duo LFO emit a sound equal parts Düsseldorf motorik, Bronx electro, and Chicago house. With its weird geometry of pulses, tics, and clonks, and its giddy alien emotions, *Frequencies* is the high point of the early '90s rave style called bleep'n'bass (see also Unique 3, Sweet Exorcist, Forgemasters). The bleeps come from Kraftwerk, natch; the sphincter-wobblin' bass (LFO stands for low frequency oscillations) harks back to old-school rap. LFO's Mark Bell graduates to crafting synth-squiggles and mad beats for Björk.

Detour No. 7: Rugby, England, 1988–1993

Detour No. 8: Yorkshire, England, 1988–1993

en route to bleep'n'bass techno

en route to spacemen 3



1986 Increasingly daunted by the synth-pop explosion they'd helped start, Kraftwerk squeeze out their first full-new album in six years, *Electric Cafe*. The first single, "Tour de France," is techno Pop/Musique Non Stop beat; the album is otherwise a limp glance at a preview of the imminent techno rave-olution.



1991 After devoting five long years to digitally updating the Kling Klang studio, Kraftwerk release *The Mix*, on which Ralf and Florian sample their own greatest hits and brilliantly remake/remodel them for the house/techno dance floor. "Durability is a central concept in art," proclaims Ralf. "Our sounds and products are immortal. Thanks to the computer, some one else will be able to continue what we are doing." Kraftwerk tour Europe, unveiling robot-doppelgangers of the band to rapt and reverent audiences of old fans and new ravers. But the American dates are canceled. And then: silence. Until now...

en route to LFO/bleep'n'bass

en route to spacemen 3

Detour No. 6: Chicago, 1986

Detour No. 9: Providence, Rhode Island, 1994

Detour No. 10: Detroit, 1990–98

Detour No. 11: London, 1992–98



Stereolab, *Emperor Tomato Ketchup* (Elektra, 1996) Tim Gane: "On *Emperor*, we wanted to re-create an idea of late '60s jazz swing, and oddly that's where Kraftwerk came in. Their riffs were small, blocklike, organic, almost jazz-like. The riff on our 'OLV 26' is similar to the one on 'Autobahn'—it's a template from which you can fly off to all kinds of places. It's no coincidence that it's the warmest track on *Emperor*. The warmth comes from Kraftwerk. I always thought people like Gary Numan got Kraftwerk completely wrong. They weren't about being cold, pompous, and alienating—they had a sense of humor. They were also very melodic, something not even the Detroit techno people picked up on. 'Computer Love' is one of the most amazingly melodic pieces of music ever made."

Laetitia Sadier: "To me, the most important thing about Kraftwerk was their organization. Sounds, imagination, melody, rhythms, the way they arranged themselves onstage, all perfectly integrated. It's a cliché, this Germanic band being all about efficiency and organization, yet it's an idea that's contributed so much to rock."

Tim Gane: "I actually prefer their three early albums before *Autobahn*. The spirit of those albums was very exploratory, very avant-garde rock. But I also think they did the right thing in abandoning rock music with *Autobahn*."

Detour No. 12: Oakland, California, 1997



Terre Thaemlitz, *Die Roboter Rubato* (Mille Plateaux, 1997) Probably the only techno musician to perform in drag, Terre Thaemlitz records this album of classical piano interepretations of Kraftwerk tunes, complete with liner notes that critique Kraftwerk's misogyny.

Thaemlitz: "I always thought there was something homoerotic about *The Man-Machine*. As a child, I was always on the outside as a fag. My relationship with electronic music was involved with that social exclusion, and with Kraftwerk I projected a deeper homoerotic intent to their music than there actually was. Homoerotic *content* is there, but not homoerotic *intent*. Just because something is homoerotic doesn't mean it's queer-positive—there's something homoerotic about football players snapping towels at each others' bottoms.

"So 'Tour De France' is supposed to be two men riding a bike but sounds like two men fucking. Then you notice that the whole world of Kraftwerk is about men and machines—there's no room for women. Even 'The Model,' where they do talk about a woman, is totally sexist. For Kraftwerk, technology was an extension of masculinity, man using technology to conquer a feminized nature. *Rubato* is about converting the idea of the man-machine into a transgenderized *femme machine*. The idea is that the piano, which is acoustic rather than electronic, is considered a 'domestic' instrument. So you have Mother Nature—organic, acoustic—versus the patriarchal Man-Machine."



CARL CRAIG // *Landcruising* (Blanco y Negro/Warner Music U.K., 1995) While many Detroit techno stepfathers feel the chilly pulse of bulldozed urban America in Kraftwerk's minimal electro-suites, Carl Craig heard a symphony of soulful escape. With its synthesized string sections fluttering and guitars echoing through ghostly ticking beats, this 1995 concept album is Craig's gushy, devotional homage to the German band. *Landcruising* is like an hour-long drive up and down Woodward Avenue with "Neon Lights" in your eyes.

SIX FINGER SATELLITE // *Machine Cuisine* EP (Sub Pop, 1994) Formerly a grunge-defying five-piece trading in jagged riffs and psychotic Moog-swings, Six Finger Satellite reinvent themselves as Teutonic bionic jokers on the synth-only *Machine Cuisine*. Biting Kraftwerk's Reich'n'roll image, portraying a world where monkeys mock the nuclear family and the trains don't run on time, Six Finger flip the script on man-machine utopianism. The Rust Belt never sleeps....



BIG BLACK // "The Model" (Touch and Go, 1987) Wielding a drum machine like a broken ax handle, Big Black give Kraftwerk's shiny future theory a violent, prosaic veneer. For the 45 sleeve, Steve Albini, fellow guitarist Santiago Durango, and bassist Dave Riley even dress up in Krautrock drag—red shirts, black ties, red lipstick, and blank stares.

Steve Albini: "I really appreciated [Kraftwerk's] industrial model. They operated as a factory rather than as an emotion- or ego-driven entity."

PHOTOS: TOM SHEEHAN/LFI (SPACEMEN 3); SINCLAIR HAWKINS/CORBIS (CRAIG)

I USED TO ORDER FANCY VODKA TO IMPRESS WOMEN.

DID IT WORK?

NAH, NOW I JUST STICK A SOCK IN MY PANTS.



KRAFTWERKFEATURE

In this extract from an interview with Kraftwerk, first published in 1975, Lester Bangs meets the krafty Krauts during their first U.S. tour



Men in black: Kraftwerk spare no expense when it comes to putting on a show—Tribal Gathering rave festival, England, 1997.

THEY USED TO CALL CHUCK BERRY A "GUITAR MECHANIC" (AT LEAST I HEARD a Moody Blues fan say that once). Why? Because any idiot could play his lines. Which, as we have all known since the prehistory of punk rock, is the very beauty of them. But think: If any idiot can play them, why not eliminate such genetic mistakes altogether, punch "Johnny B. Goode" into a computer printout, and let the *machines* do it in total passive acquiescence to the Cybernetic Inevitable?... As is well known, it was the Germans who invented methamphetamine, which of all accessible tools has brought human beings within the closest twitch of machinehood, and without methemphetamine we would never have had such high plasma marks of the counterculture as Lenny Bruce, Bob Dylan, Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, Neal Cassady, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg's "Howl," Blue Cheer, Cream, and *Creem*.... [T]he Reich never died, it just reincarnated in American archetypes ground out by hollow-eyed, jerky-fingered mannikins locked into their typewriters and guitars like rhinoceroses copulating....

But there is more to the Cybernetic Inevitable than this sort of methanasia. There are, in the words of the poet, "machines of loving grace." There is, hovering clean far from the burnt metal reek of exploded stars, the intricate balm of Kraftwerk....

When was the last time you heard a German band go galloping off at 965 MPH hot on the heels of oblivion? No, they realize that the ultimate power is exercised calmly, whether it's Can with their endless rotary connections, Tangerine Dream plumbing the sargassan depths, or Kraftwerk sailing airlocked down the Autobahn.

In the beginning there was feedback: the machines speaking on their own, answering their supposed masters with shrieks of misalliance. Gradually, the humans learned to control the feedback, or thought they did, and the next step was the introduction of more highly refined forms of distortion and artificial sound, in the form of the synthesizer, which the human beings also sought to control. In the music of Kraftwerk, and bands like them present and to come, we see at last the fitting culmination of this revolution, as the machines not merely overpower and play the human beings but *absorb* them, until the scientist and his technology, having developed a higher consciousness of its own, are one and the same.

Kraftwerk, whose name means "power plant," have a word for this ecstatic congress: *Menschmaschine*, which translates as "man-machine." I am conversing with Ralf Hütter and Florian Schnaider, coleaders of Kraftwerk....

"I think the synthesizer is very responsive to a person," says Ralf, whose boyish visage is somewhat less severe than that of Florian, who looks, as a friend put it, "like he could build a computer or push a button and blow up half the world with the same amount of emotion." "It's referred to as cold machinary," Ralf continues, "but as soon as you put a different person in the synthesizer, it's very responsive to the different vibrations. I think it's much more sensitive than a traditional instrument like a guitar...."

I asked Hütter if a synthesizer could tell what kind of person you are and he replied: "Yes. It's like an acoustic mirror." I remarked that the next logical step would be for the machines to play *you*. He nodded: "Yes. We do this. It's like a robot thing, when it gets up to a certain stage. *It* starts playing...it's no longer you and I, it's *It*. Not all machines have this consciousness, however. Some machines are just limited to one *piece* of work, but complex machines...."

"The whole complex we use," continues Florian, referring to their equipment and headquarters in...Düsseldorf, "can be regarded as one machine, even though it is divided into different pieces." Including, of course, the human beings within....

I told them that I considered their music rather anti-emotional, and Florian quietly and patiently explained that "'emotion' is a strange word. There is a cold emotion and other emotion, both equally valid. It's not body emotion, it's mental emotion. We like to ignore the audience while we play, and take all our concentration into the music. We are very much interested in origin of music, the source of music. The pure sound is something we would very much like to achieve."

They have been chasing the p.s.'s tail for quite a while. Setting out to be electronic classical composers in the Stockhausen tradition, they grew up listening on the one hand to late-night broadcasts of electronic music, on the other to the American pop music imported via radio and TV—especially the Beach Boys, who were a heavy influence, as is obvious from "Autobahn," although "we are not aiming so much for the music, it's the psychological structure of someone like the Beach Boys." They met at a musical academy, began in 1970 to set up their own studio, "and started working on the music, building equipment," for the eventual rearmament of their fatherland.

"After the war," explains Ralf, "German entertainment was destroyed. The German people were robbed of their culture, putting an American head on it. I think we are the first generation born after the war to shake this off, and know where to feel American music and where to feel ourselves. We are the first German group to record in our own language, use our electronic background, and create a Central European identity for ourselves. So you see another group like Tangerine Dream, although they are German they have an English name, so they create onstage an Anglo-American identity, which we completely deny. We want the whole world to know our background. We cannot deny we are from Germany, because the German mentality, which is more advanced, will always be a part of our behavior. We create out of the German language, the mother language, which is very mechanical, we use as the basic structure of our music. Also the machines, from the industries of Germany."

As for the machines taking over, all the better. "We use tapes, prerecorded, and we play tapes also in our performance. When we recorded on TV we were not allowed to play the tape as a part of the performance, because the musicians' union felt that they would be put out of work. But I think just the opposite: With better machines, you will be able to do better work, and you will be able to spend your time and energies on a higher level."

"We don't need a choir," adds Florian. "We just turn this key, and there's the choir."

I wondered aloud if they would like to see it get to the point of electrodes in the brain so that whatever they thought would come through a loudspeaker. "Yes," enthused Ralf, "this would be fantastic."

The final solution to the music problem, I suggested.

"No, not the solution. The next step." ●

ANTHOLOGY/PSYCHOTIC READINGS AND CARBONE NO KING, AND OF THE ESTATE OF LESTER BANGS

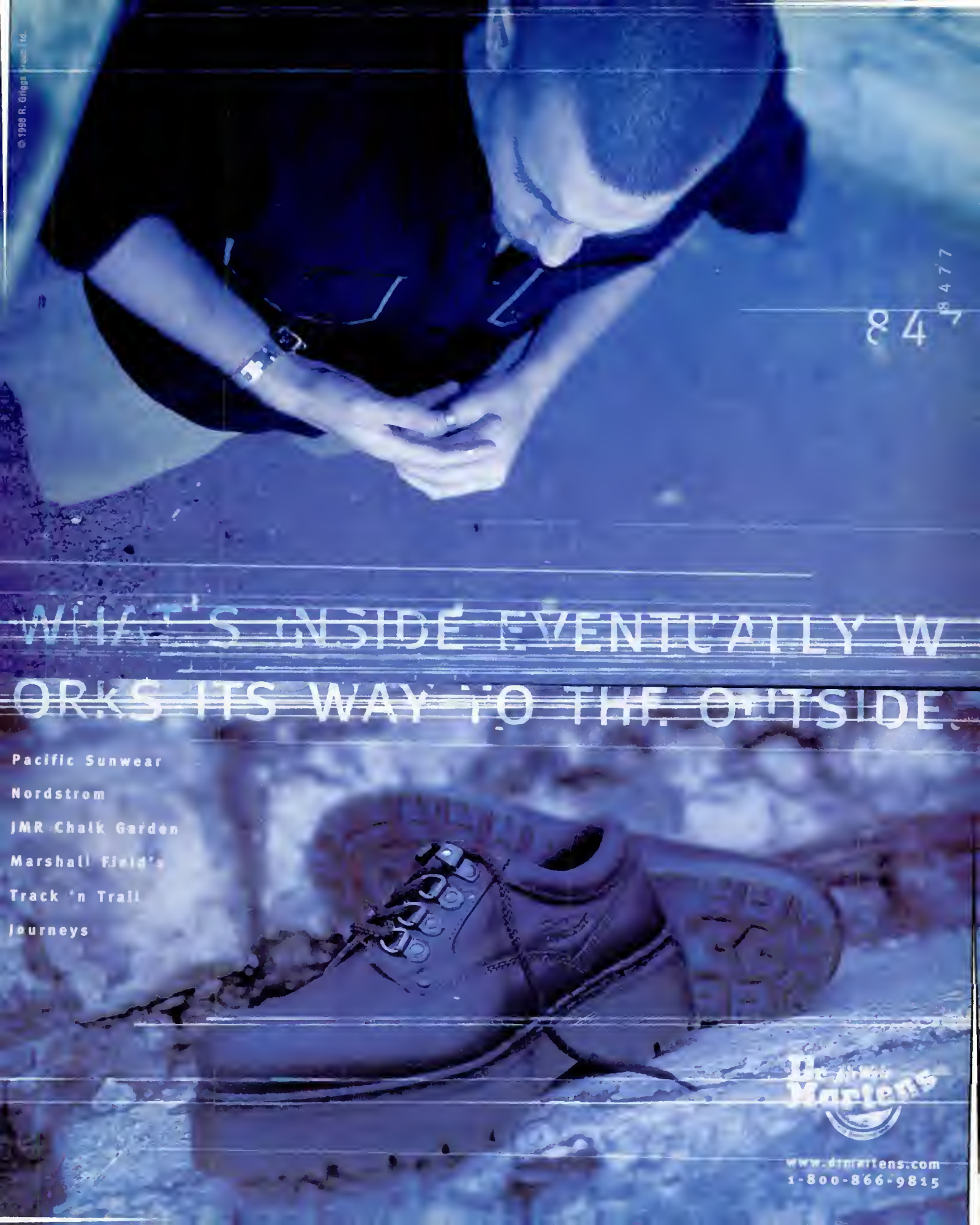


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THE BLACKOUT GAME

During a surreal six-month period,
the young Sioux
of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation
began trying to kill themselves,
deliberately, successively, inexplicably.

by Alec Wilkinson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRETA PRATT

// Left, a shrine to George Weasel built by his family in the closet where he hanged himself with the edge of a blanket. Above, Robert Jensen, the first Standing Rock youth to commit suicide, in his coffin last September.

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One night while some kids were drinking, first a boy, then a girl, tried to hang themselves from a clothesline. Soon another girl was found in the basement with a piece of wire around her neck, looking for a place to hang it.



// **Far left, Silas Ortley tried to hang himself from a pipe with another boy, who died. Ortley is thought to have been dead for 13 minutes before he was resuscitated. Left, Charles Gerry's coffin is taken to the Indian graveyard at Little Eagle.**

THE STANDING ROCK INDIAN RESERVATION INCLUDES TERRITORY IN NORTH Dakota and South Dakota and extends east and west across two time zones, Central and Mountain. The several towns within it are widely separated. Across the long perspectives of grass between them you sometimes see cattle so far away that they appear to be the size of type on a railroad timetable. The features of the landscape are orderly—the rolling hills like folds in the sheets of an unmade bed; the weathered buttes; the silos; the grain elevators rising like columns in a temple. In winter, the bare brenches of solitary trees stand against the horizon like patterns of nerves. Rain falls infrequently. The soil is powdery and insufficient for most agriculture. The sky is like a river you're at the bottom of.

The largest town on the reservation is McLaughlin, South Dakota. About 1,200 people live there. The majority are white. The Indian residents are mainly descended from a branch of Sioux called Lakota. The Lakota defeated Custer. Crazy Horse was a Lakota. So was Sitting Bull, who was born on land included in the reservation and is buried there, too. James McLaughlin was a government agent toward the end of the 19th century. He issued the orders for Sitting Bull's arrest, during which Sitting Bull was shot dead by Indian police. The Indian name for the town is Bear Soldier. The people who consider themselves to be residents of McLaughlin live eccording to Mountain time, end the residents of Bear Soldier live according to Centrel time, so as to be synchronized with their tribal heedquerters in Fort Yates, 20 miles awey.

Last August 30, a 17-year-old Indian in McLaughlin named Robert Jensen hanged himself from e water pipe in the basement of his family's house. Within severel weeks another Indian boy hanged himself, and then enother. The third, Charles Gerry, was 16. He was Jensen's cousin and he hanged himself in November from the same pipe Jensen had used. By February, six Indian boys had successfully hanged themselves—five in McLaughlin and one in Fort Yates. Fifty-four other boys and girls had tried. Seven of these were considered to have died and been brought back to life.

Of every hundred thousand people in America, 13 might be expected to shoot themselves dead, or to swallow poison or enough tranquilizers to kill themselves, or to die by means such as jumping off bridges or inheling cerbon monoxide from their cars. Each year four or five towns or small cities experience episodes where more people than expected kill themselves. This happened recently in Pierre, South Dakota, about a hundred miles from the Standing Rock Reservation. Over the lest three years, 11 young men and women have killed themselves in Pierre, a town of 13,000. All of the suicides were white people. Increased to reflect a population of a hundred thousand, this figure would calculate to a rate of approximately 80 suicides over the three years, when you might have expected 39. If you perform the same math on the figures from the two reservation towns, their rate of suicide per 100,000 would be 600 e year—or 1,800 over the same period as Pierre would have had 80.

To the Indian residents of McLaughlin, especially the parents, the suicides seemed like a visitation. "You feared Monday morning," a Lakota woman told me, "because the funerals were on weekends and they usually inspired other attempts." A Lakota medicine man expressed the opinion that an evil being was walking among the tribe. The atmosphere of death was so insistent that Indian children in McLaughlin began refering to their portion of the reservation as Death Alley.

IN MCLAUGHLIN, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF FILLING STATIONS, A MOTEL, A LIBRARY THAT lends mainly paperback fiction, e liquor store, a grocery, a pharmacy, a bingo hell, e school, and a stockyard at which cattle are auctioned every Tuesdey. By the stockyard is a trailer where Donna Archambault, a Lakota who also calls herself Donna Red Fox, lives with her husband, Curtis, and some of her children; she has two sons and four daughters. One of her sons is in custody. He allegedly took part last fell with several other boys in a beating administered to a boy who refused to buy liquor for the others. A week later the boy died of his injuries.

One morning in Jenuery, Archambault noticed that her son, George Weasel, who was 20, had not slept in his bed the night before. He occupied a small room beside the living room. The room had a window and a shellow closet. Weasel lived part of the time on the Cheyenne River Reservation, which shares Standing Rock's southern border. He also had a girlfriend in Little Eagle, ten miles away.

On the second evening after Weasel had disappeered, Archambault and her husband and several of her children were eating dinner and watching television in the living room. "We heard a boom," she said when I went to see her, "like something hit the floor beneath the trailer, and it made the floor shake. We just kind of looked at each other and said, 'Cats.' They have these big old alley cats from over at the stockyard, and they get under the trailer sometimes and fight and bump up against the bottom of the floor, and it shakes the place, and we have to go out and chase them off."

Archembault's father was in the hospital, receiving treatment for cancer—he died a few weeks leter. When she was not visiting him, she was usually at her treiler. Periodically, she looked for her son. "I even went to the jail to see if they hed him," she said. "When I was home I'd open the door to his room and see his coat on the bed and wonder what he was wearing."

The latch on the front door to Archambault's treiler was broken, and one morning her husband decided to fix it. He recalled seeing some doorknobs in a box on the shelf in the closet in Weasel's room. The closet door was stuck. He pulled it herd, it opened, and George fell out.

"He had put clothes in the sliding doors to jam them shut," Archambault said. "He had hung himself with the binding from the edge of a blanket, and it had broke, and I alweys wonder if that boom we heard eating dinner was him hitting the floor. He was here with us four days before we found him."

THE AVERAGE YEARLY INCOME FOR AN INDIAN LIVING ON STANDING ROCK IS $2,500. Three out of four people who could work have none to do. Violence within families is commonplace. Drinking too much is a pastime.

"The worst time in town is towerd the first of the month," an Indian woman told me. "When the checks arrive, the kids are drunk, the parents ere drunk, and they don't reelize the kids are drunk, because *they're* drunk. The kids can take the liquor from the parents, because the parents are passed out. Some people you don't see for days. Something happens with the kids, and you can't even find the parents."

Children on the reservation sometimes buy a can of hair spray, poke a hole with a nail in the top of it to let the propellant escape, combine the contents with a gallon of water, and drink the mixture. To intoxicate themselves more quickly and thoroughly, they might use only half a gallon of water. They drink Lysol. They huff gasoline and cooking spray and spray paint and aerosol air freshener. They also inhale carburetor cleaner, rubber cement, neil polish, and White Out. Some-



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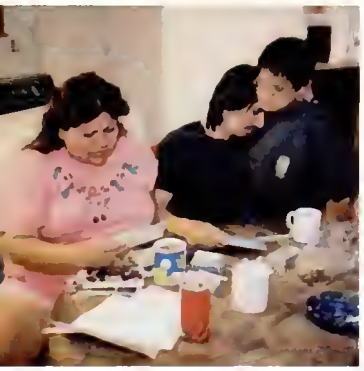


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Let's make things better.

// Below left, Robert Jensen's family looks at photos of Robert in their home.



One girl died playing Blackout, which involves tightening a noose around the neck until a person passes out. Once she passed out, there was no one to loosen the noose.

times they peint the insides of their noses with White Out. The effects cause them to become disoriented and sometimes to hallucinate. Sometimes they pass out. A therapist in North Dakota who works with extravagantly distressed children tells me she once treeted a boy who had been among e group who were inhaling e flammable intoxicant end smoking. The intoxicant caught fire and the fleme followed the intoxicant's trail down his throat.

Being poor end suceptible to elcohol, end having a tendency towerd violence end discreditable behavior, is no more an element of the Lakoten character then it is of the European or African or Asien character. The elcoholic plague that descended on the Indians in the 19th century began as e calculation on the part of treders who noticed that they could strike more favorable terms with a drunken Indian.

People who kill themselves appear to feel that their circumstances are permanently hopeless and that enduring them is more then they can manage. According to Dr. Lemyre DeBruyn et the Centers for Diseese Control, who hes studied suicide on Indian reservations, the causes for despair among Indians are both immediate and historical. "When you horribly disorganize a community, and you essentially change a culture by means of boarding schools and forced removal of children," she says, "when you evict people from the lends they are accustomed to occupying end prevent them from precticing their religions for years, end when you introduce disease among e people for whom a span of 500 years is like yesterday, then you are dealing with the effects of profound mourning."

Among the Lakota, suicide has treditionally been forbidden. A tribal official nemed Virgil Taken Alive told Jeffray Olson of the *Bismarck Tribune* that in his 40 yeers on the reservation he could recall only one previous suicide. When a suicide took place among the tribe in the 19th century, the tribe would move. "Having suicide show up now among them," says DeBruyn, "indicates that you're talking ebout e modern response to incredible grief and incredible anguish."

In McLaughlin tha Indian children sometimes pley e geme called Blackout, a milder version of which children heve played for years. Blackout involves cutting off a person's air supply by squeezing his throat until he loses consciousness. "We used to do that up on Main Street," en Indien girl in McLaughlin told me. "My cousin did it to me one time. I fell down, and they said I started sheking, end when I got up I felt like I'd been slaaping a long time."

A more virulent version of Blackout appeared in North Dakota in 1995. In this version, children tightened nooses around their necks until they passed out. A nine-yeer-old girl died playing Blackout by herself; once she passed out, there was no one to loosen the noose. A friend she had played the game with said she had learned it from a cousin who lived near the Standing Rock Reservetion.

JOSIE THUNDER SHIELD, ROBERT JENSEN'S SISTER, DESCRIBING THE EVENING of his death: "When Robert died, ell my brothers and sisters and me were home, everyone except for my mom end dad. My mom was et the hospital with my dad; he got sick. That day there didn't reelly seem like enything was wrong with Robert. Ha had trouble with his girlfriend, but he really didn't tell me anything about it. She was here, too."

Thunder Shield wes sitting in the yard of her femily's house on a back street in McLaughlin. It wes early in the evening. She looked at the ground while she telked. The historical Sioux believed thet looking someone in the eye wes emberressing. Beside har, a little girl dug in tha dirt for a toy soldier she lost months ago. When I esked, "What time was it when Robert died?" Thunder Shield raised her head slightly and looked at the sky. "It was like this," she said. "About this late."

A little girl on Rollerblades epproached her. "This is my sister. She wes the one who found Robert," Thunder Shield said. "She's still upset. She dreams about it. She's going to start taking medication. My mother, too."

Thunder Shield scratched the ground with a stick and said, "I was washing clothes that day. Robert cama out of his room, and he would visit with us and go back in the room with his girlfriand. The times he came out of tha room and was talking, he looked happy to me. The very last time I talked to him I was fixing the TV for the little kids. I didn't see where he went after that. Then I told my sister to go downstairs and turn on soma water for the washer, and she came back upstairs, and she was crying and said Robert was hanging down thera."





// Above, on Main Street in McLaughlin, Le Roy Jensen, Jordan Thompson, and Brady Claymore wait for something to happen. Left, Bear Soldier 7th Ganeration Youth mambers broadcast a radio show to help prevent futura suicides.

In a photograph taped to the refrigerator in the kitchen, Jensen appeered to be tall and lanky, with high cheekbones. There were scars on one side of his fece. He liked to box; the reason his family gave for his having quit school is that he had been kicked out for fighting. He drank a great deal, especielly last summer, and he hed been errested more than once, but he was lively and cherismatic. McLaughlin fairly seethes with resentments. ("This place is too much for e person," Thunder Shield said. "No one here knows how to get along.") But I didn't hear anything disparaging about Jensen. His friends felt his absence as a deprivation.

An Indian women in McLaughlin told me that Jensen had made e suicide pact with two other boys. One of the boys she said wes involved was Cherles Gerry, who was Jensen's cousin end best friend. On the night of Novambar 16, using his belt, Gerry hanged himself from the same pipe in Jensen's basement.

"I was home when Cherles wes found," Thunder Shield said. "I was sleeping. Where Robert and Charles hung themselves is right under my bedroom. After Robert died, we didn't let nobody in our basement—the door was always shut. That night it was open, and my father went down thera, and the way he cried out, 'Cherles!' I got really scared."

ABOVE THE RIGHT ELBOW ON DANI BLACK FOX'S ARM IS A TATTOO THAT SAYS BLACKFOX. "It shouldn't be one word," Bleck Fox told me. Black Fox is 14 end lives with her mother in a house on the outskirts of McLaughlin. One house separates their housa from the grasslands.

Black Fox tried to kill herself one night in the fell. "There were 11 of us at the house that night," she said. "About three weren't drinking because they were watching the younger ones. The rest of us were drunk or drinking. My friend J.J. wes talking ebout killing himself because the other kids accused him of stealing their money. Everyone put in money to buy more beer, and J.J. took it and gava it to a buyer, and he lost it. He got really angry and spazzed out and was on the ground crying end just seying he was going to die. Nobody was reelly thinking about it, but enother boy, Allan White, heard J.J. and he went and hung himself from the clothesline with a wire, and the wire broke.

"Then we were all inside for a while, end when we came out someone saw Floris White Bull, who is my best friend, hanging from the clothesline. They cut har down and put har on the ground, but she was already dead. Just then my sister drove up and she knows CPR, but sha wes so upset, she forgot it, and she was just slapping Floris in the face end hitting her, trying anything, and then she remembered how to do it, and Floris started coughing and then she was on her side throwing up. Then my other sister drove up. I was in the basement with a piece of wire around my neck, and I was looking for a place to hang it from, and they found me and took the wire awey and locked me in my room.

"I don't remember really why I did it. I was drunk; the idea just popped into my mind. I guess it was because Robert was someone who reelly looked out for me, lika when someone wes trying to beet me up, he would tall tham to leeva ma alone, or he would make them stop. He was really nice to me and stuck up for me, and nobody stuck up for me after that."

THERE IS A THEORY THAT ALL ADOLESCENT SUICIDE IS ACCIDENTAL, BECAUSE edolescents lack the experience of life that might persuade them the future is not necessarily a continuation of the present. Also they're susceptible to acting on

(Continued on page 132)

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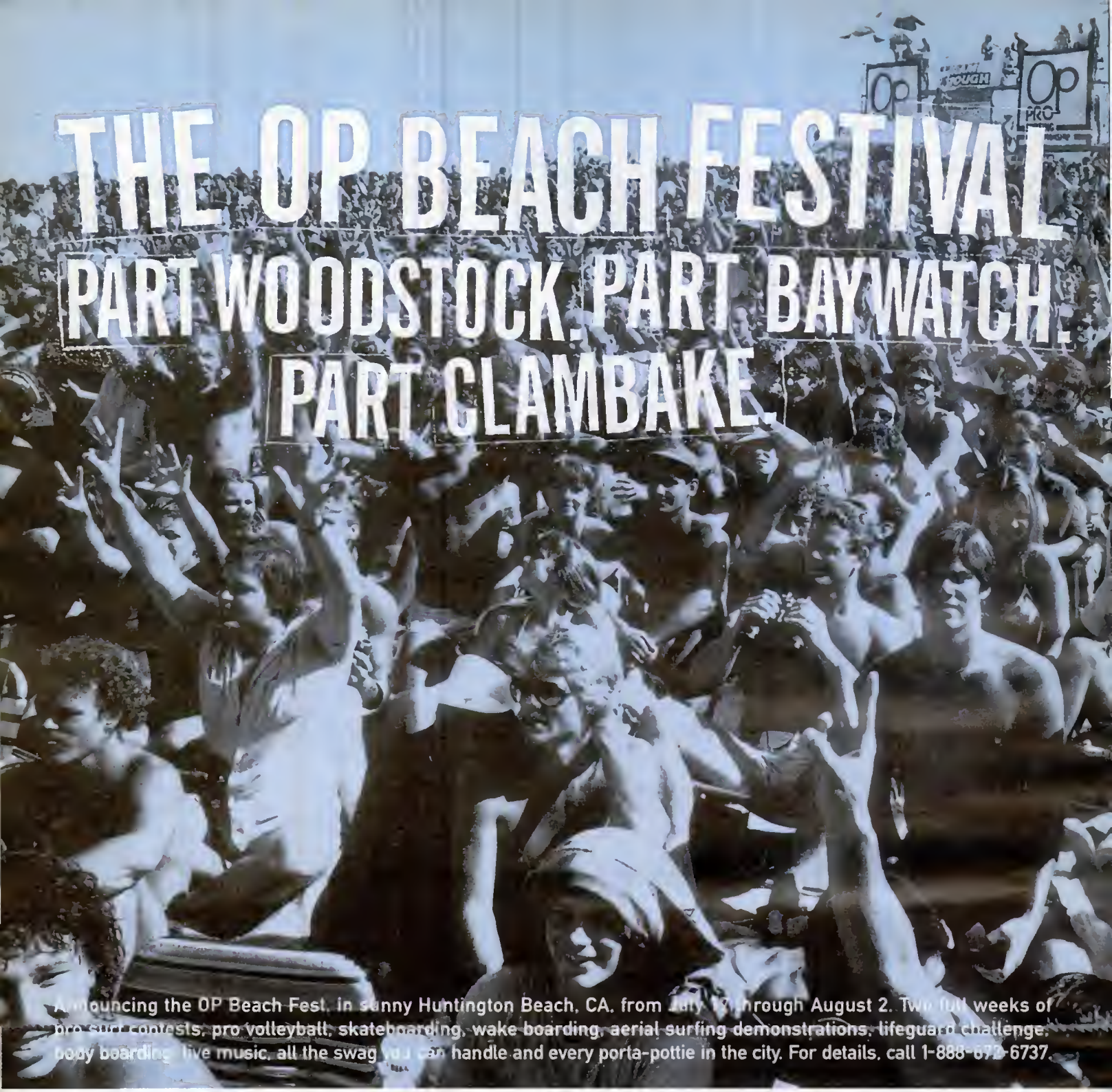
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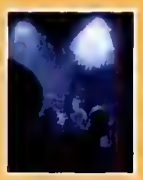
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impulse. Furthermore, many adolescents appear to have a view of death that is romantic. They imagine they will be reunited with someone they love. Or that they will shed a painful existence for a peaceful one in a parallel world, or that even one that involves suffering will be no worse than the one they lead. They don't seem to accept that what they have resolved to commit cannot be undone.

The frustration and feelings of helplessness that vex many adolescents are especially insistent in the case of Indian children, who are subject to the extra instability of belonging to cultures whose relation to the larger one in their midst is uneasy. A tribe that is indigenous to a landscape it no longer possesses might have one of three relationships to the culture it now finds itself overshadowed by: accommodation, indifference, or tension—that is, the tribe might assimilate itself into the larger culture, it might ignore it in favor of its own, or it might partly assimilate and partly be at odds. People who occupy the third circumstance, which describes the existence of the inhabitants of Standing Rock, are most at risk for the kinds of anxieties that might place them in harm's way. According to Gerry Harrington at the Suicide Information and Education Center in Calgary, Alberta, such people have "nowhere to go. They don't know their own culture, and they don't know the new one, either." Exiles is what they are.

For the most part, the boys who committed suicide had either left school or been asked to leave. At least one of them had been emancipated by the courts: having seen the boy on several occasions, a judge had decided that if he came before him again he would be tried as an adult. A small group of boys in McLaughlin aspire to being members of the Crips, and some of the children who attempted suicide said they had been put up to it by members of the gang. Others said that their attempt had been made to fulfill a pact; one of the pacts was said to involve 30 children. Before killing himself, one of the boys had listened to "I'll Be Missing You" by Puff Daddy. As a remembrance the tribal radio station played the song repeatedly, until a doctor informed the station that by doing so it was unintentionally suggesting that death might confer stature on a life that had none.

When a series of suicides occurs among a group of people, and there appears to be an element of contagion involved, the suicides are said to be cluster suicides. Dr. Madelyn Gould at Columbia University Medical Center studies cluster suicides. Without knowing more about the deaths at Standing Rock, she was reluctant to say they fit such a designation, but when I described to her the circumstances and how many children were involved and how small the community is, she paused before saying, "That number would be statistically very significant by any definition."

Cluster suicides are most likely to occur when the first few deaths are of people who were widely known and liked and when the deaths receive a certain degree of ceremony. An Indian woman told me, "There was a feeling about the first few who died that they did it, they got away with it, they succeeded. The other kids thought of them as heroes. After the first two, someone painted tombstones for them on the side of a building, then someone painted a third one and left it blank, as if to say, 'Who's next?'"

On two occasions, in December and in February, as a means of trying to stop the suicides, Indian parents and children in McLaughlin gathered in the Bingo Hall. They called the event a Lock-In. Two hundred and fifty people came to the first Lock-In, and 175 attended the second. An Indian woman who attended told me, "We begged people to be kind to each other, because death is at the door. It's nobody's fault that these children decided to take their lives. Indian kids, they don't verbalize things, they do it. It's not like white kids. That's the difference between our world and yours."

Another Indian woman, describing the second event, said, "It was so sad. The kids were saying, 'There's one month we made, and nobody died. Let's just try to make it another 30 days.'"

IN FORT YATES I MET A MAN WHO TOLD ME I SHOULD TALK TO GEORGE IRON Shield, a Sioux medicine man in McLaughlin. Using my pencil, he drew a map in my notebook to Iron Shield's house. Iron Shield turned out to be a tall, sad-eyed distinguished-looking man, with long black hair to his chest. He is 56 years old. I arrived at his house in the middle of the morning. He sat at a table in the kitchen, eating a plate of chicken breasts and macaroni with tomato sauce and drinking coffee from one of those big plastic mugs you get at gas stations.

When I asked about the suicides, he said, "I buried one of those boys. The first one. Robert. He wasn't baptized. He had no Indian name, never had no ceremony or nothing. In old days before the reservation, getting a name was done with a boy at four days. Reason it's four days, by then the mother's going to live, and the



child's going to live. The family gathers robes, blenkets, and a horse for gifts, the feed is prepared, and the grandfather carries the child in his cradleboard and leads the gift horse and leaves the camp where the tepees are set up. At the edge of every camp, not too close by and not too far away, wes a camp where ell the foolish women lived. Hermaphrodites, sissy women. Their camp was away from the main camp, with the widows and orphans. These men did not quelify to stay in the main camp, but not too far ewey because they'll get wiped out by the enemy.

"The foolish woman sees the grandfather coming and says the name, the grandfether hears it, so that's the secret name, the sacred name. He leaves the horse and the gifts and goes back to the main camp. How the secret neme helped: say the enemy was overwhelming, you could speak the secret neme end go right through them and not get hurt, even if they heve bullets. Nowedays maybe you heve e car accident, as soon es your car's flipping you say that secret name, and you won't die."

He put his fork down and placed his hands in his lap.

"It's four heevens in Lakota," he said. "The first is cloudy end there's no sun, it's like a desert, very windy, every once in a while you hear people crying somewhere, you don't see them, though. The second it's still cloudy, but you can see some vegetation, maybe some trees, and every now and then you'll see people going by, maybe just their heads and that's it, they're gone. The third one, you can see the sun through the clouds, and you can see encampments in the distance. The fourth, it's sunny and calm, there's enough food, you don't heve no wants or desires. It's paradise."

He drenk some coffee.

"At the wake for Robert," he seid, "we put e feather on him to try to get him into the spirit world. Without the right observations, we fall off the trail to the afterlife and end up wandering this earth forever."

He picked up his fork.

"Evidently he didn't go through," he said. "It didn't work, he came back."

"Pardon?"

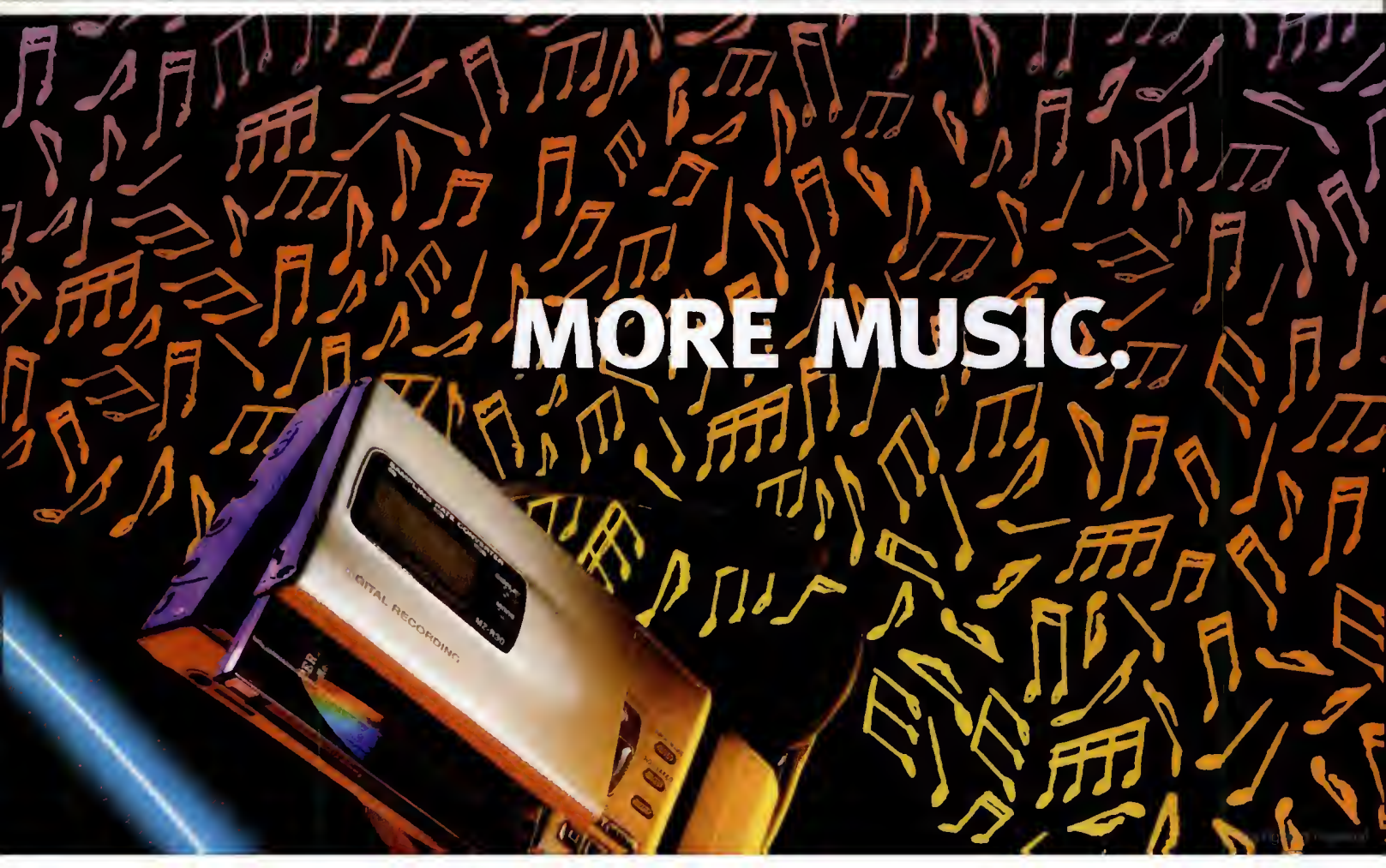
"They seen him, they seen the spirit talk to people. In fact his cousin said he came back end talked to him, and the cousin did the same thing in the same house."

Among white people I had met, the explanation for why the suicides appeared to have ended wes thet the reservation's high-school basketball team, the Warriors, had won the state championship in March. The victory had cheered everyone, they said, and turned their minds from thoughts of death. I esked Iron Shield if this reasoning sounded accurate.

"They ended," he said, "because I stood up at a meeting and said, 'No more ceremonies.' The first two were high-honored. The third one was buried with an embroidered shirt end moccasins. It was glamorizing death. 'The next one we bum up the body,' I said. If there's no more ceremonies—even if he dies innocently—he's not going to the other side. He'll be lost. You are lost here on earth forever if you discard the body."

SOMEWHERE, WILLIAM MAXWELL HAS WRITTEN THAT THE SECRET OF THE afterlife is nothing, or rather it is only one secret compared to all the secrets thet the deed take with them when they depart. Whet the boys were thinking, no one knows. None of them left an explanation. Donna Archambeult, George Weesel's mother, keeps a candle burning on the shelf in the closet where her son hanged himself. In the closet there ere also a smell stuffed toy dog, a Bible, some silk lilecs and roses, an eagle feather, a pelm-leef crucifix, end an Easter card from one of his brothers with a message saying he loves him. "I don't know whet he felt," Archembault said. "I still believe he's here with me, so I don't go anywhere. I keep thinking he'll come and tell me why, but I know thet won't happen. These days, I like just to sit here in my chair and stare at the pictures of my children; they all look so heppy."

The graveyard in Little Eagle consists of two small pieces of fenced land on a hill above the town. George Weasel is buried between Orlie Little Dog (1960–1981) and Beatrice Weasel (1930–1980). On the mound of his grave there are cigerettes—the Lakota believe in making offerings of tobacco for the dead—some plestic roses end poinsettias, and an Easter bunny. He lies in the company of Simon Looking Back, Dale Bleck Bird, Corrine Shoots the Enemy, Irene Villege Center, Alice Grindstone, Preston Fire Cloud, Alvin Yellow Earring, Daniel Has Horns, Sr., Ambrose Chasing Hawk, Imelda Swift Cloud, Mercy Fem Flying Bye, Jemes N. Kills Alive, Perry G. Many Wounds, Rebecca Sees the Beer, Oray Long Elk, Nency Fast Horse, end Baby Girl Iron. ●



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Hipster Blues

The Beastie Boys stare down a musical midlife crisis. by **Jane Dark**

7 Beastie Boys
Hello Nasty (Grand Royal/Capitol)

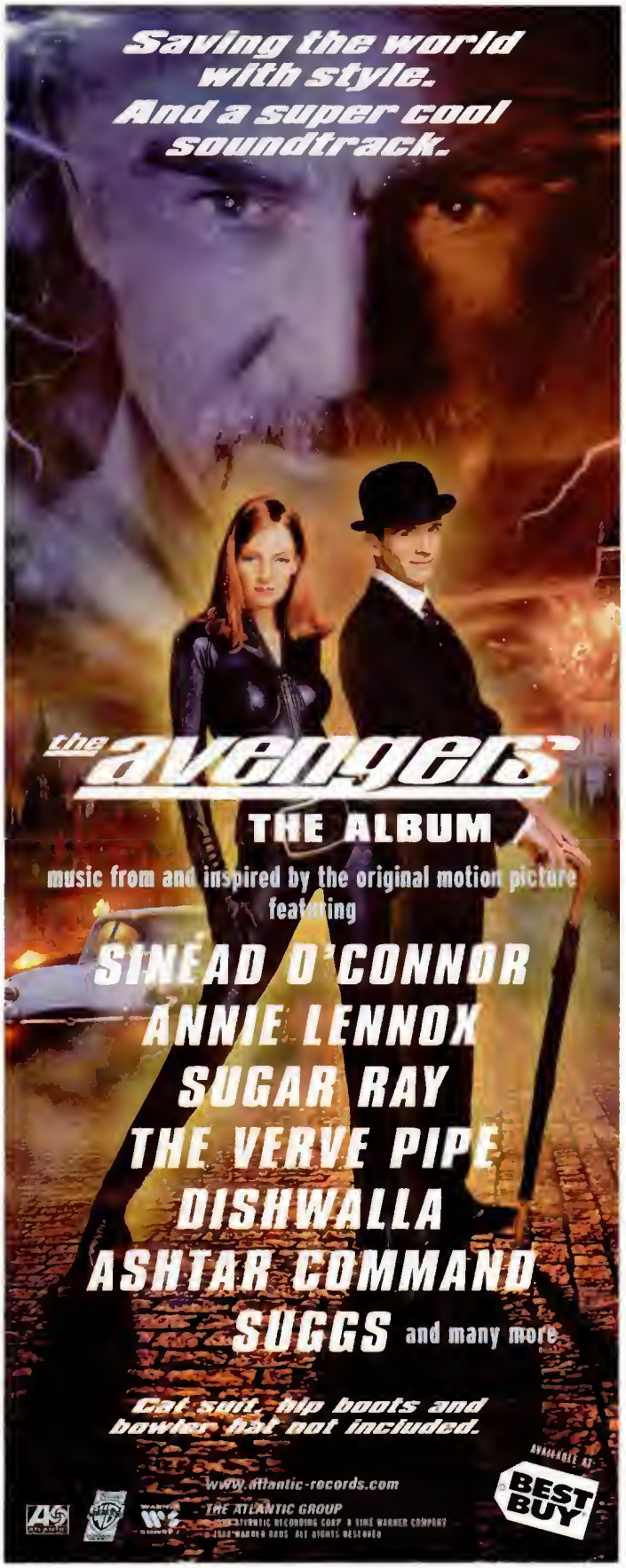
Once upon e time, all the Beastie Boys wanted was an indoor Wiffle ball stadium of their own. Insteed, they got rich end famous; got en ultrecool record label; got older; got religion; got a lifetime supply of hipster cred end e streined reletionship with their own history. Nowadays, if they stay out lete, they heed home singing "No Sleep 'Til Silverleke." Whither the brats of yesteryear? And where do they go from here? Fifteen years after "Cooky Puss," these questions break *Hello Nasty* in two. Oh well. Records were made to be broken.

If you're still weiting for the Boys to renew their license to ill, abandon hope now: They ere never going beck to their old school. But they ere going back to everyone else's. No metter how much they sweer they're "getting on down for the year 2000," the *Hello Nasty* that is given over to hip-hop is filled with so much money-makin' and disco-breakin' on and on till the breakedawn, you'd think we'd taken the wey-beck mechine into the eerly Kengol ere. Yet such recapping doesn't sound even faintly kitschy. More like a labor of love by three premillennial mensches leying their roots down: e B-boy Anthology of New York Folk Music.

U.T.F.O., Mantronix, end T. Le Rock? It's in there. Battle rhymes end zodiac signs? In there. Fet stacks of Flash and Run-D.M.C.? In there like Times Square. "Super Disco Breakin'" end "The Move" kick off the jams with 808'n'hi-hat action on the classic tip, plus sirens, hand cleps, and even a little beatboxing. "Unite" locks up funky breeks, horn semples, and ye olde def rhymes—if enything's New York folk music, this is. They pledge to tradition and tea ("I'll be smoking roaches in the vestibule / Till the next millennium I'll still be old school") and try to bridge the breakers and the revers. It would be e perfect album closer, except thet it's followed by three throweweys, including an excruciating Lee Perry guest dub. And back in the middle of the record, "Three MC's and One DJ" (with guest cutup Mix Master Mike) should be the disc's fattest single.

But who will play it? The problem with history is thet you can get stupid with it but you can't exactly get stupid-fresh, and none of this heritage-hop delivers the shock of the new, much less the schlock of the populer. Without a gangsta, pleye, soldier, or en R&B hook in the house, *Hello Nasty* can say goodbye to both pop and urban redio. Lacking en eirweve outlet, the Beasties heve no way to find a new eudience, and you can feel them hemmed in with their core fans: the same cless clowns they've been stuck with ell decade. There's a lot of love in the room, but

Shrug problem: the Beastie Boys frankly flummoxed by the problem of how to grow old gracefully. From left, Adam Yauch, Adem Horowitz, and Mike Diamond.



the room is beginning to reek.

It's this trap that sets the tone for the other *Hello Nasty*—the one that wants to escape into the current landscape, to plot a course for the future. Of course, everyone in rockville faces the same puzzle; the funny part is how the Grand Royal label roster seems to heve a clearer vision of what comes next than do its principals. But then, Sean Lennon and Alec Empire can soup up the boho-alt precisely because they lack such a history; the Beasties are still swimming in B-boy bouillebeisse.

Given such claustrophobia, every turn away from tredition glows with the possibility of the new. Some of the turns ere alreedy taken, like the instrumental snooze-ups familiar from *Check Your Head* and *Ill Communication*—Santane roedies rocking the lounge et a French film festival. But other songs sound like the Beesties heve been cruising the post-rock aisle and trying to read the changes. "Picture This" features downtown ingenue Brooke Williems's brooding torch folk over a controlled jem, like en East Village take on the Chemical Brothers/Beth Orton colleboretion. "Song for the Men" co-opts the groovy, eimless charm of their Dust brother-in-law, Beck. While it's a surprise to heer that half-singing, it's nothing like when Adam Yauch grabs the mic for "I Don't Know," the album's highlight. His airy, thoughtful falsetto wanders through a fog of acoustic guitar and strings, with Miho Hatori of Cibo Matto cooing underneath. It's es heartfelt as any old-school tribute, and twice as pretty. "I'm walking through time, deluded es the next guy," he concedes. By the end, he's left repeeting "I don't know" in a sweetly crecked falsetto, end you believe him. It's the sound of somebody trying to choose sides without breaking in half; somebody trying to find not a way back but a way out. ❦



7 Maxwell
Embrya (Columbie)

If you're a type-A male, you probably don't get Mexwell. Why should you? He's the king of mush, and he's not fiending for *your* love, brother. Until you've seen him charm mammoth audiences of grown women into utter hysteria, you're allowed to inquire, "What's all the rumpus?" Afterward, you bow down and admit thet he's Maxwell and you're not, and for however long he's onstage, every vulve in the room is Mexwell's property—including your main squeeze's.

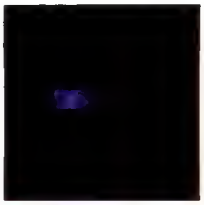
How is it that Mexwell's slightest quiver of the wrist elicits sighs and shudders es surely as his pleading falsetto and heart-palpitating lyrical tactics? Maxwell is not, as has been suggested, the second coming of Marvin Gaye so much as the new Smokey Robinson. His is not the kind of supernatural voice you'd happily hear reciting the phone book. But like Robinson, his way of stroking and stoking a keening ballad is smart, emotive, and tripping over with the light fantastic. His interpretations ere just corny end horny enough to twist naked longing into tenderness without sacrificing male pride.

In studied contrast to the meny crude adolescent lovemen who dot the field, Maxwell puts more emphasis on seduction than raw dog-fucking. His debut, *Maxwell's Urban Hang Suite*, contributed et leest two classics to the genre of baby-making music—"Til the Cops Come Knockin'" and "Whenever Wherever Whatever"—erotic panegyrics in praise of unabashed mele vulnerebility. *Embrya* doesn't rock the besic formula too herd because original producer/cowriter Stuart Mathhewman (of Sade fame) is still in the mix to keep the situation misty and mellow. For these reasons the album probably won't diseppoint the core demographic.

Embrya is all about the art of the slow groove es analogous to the slow you-know-what. It tracks, approprietely enough, es en equetic journey into the very birthing room of love by opening with "Gestetion: Mythos." Out of this pregnancy of possibilities come several songs that vamp till the break of dawn and more then a couple where the band plays on long efter Maxwell hes stopped singing. Heevy on lambent surf guitar and hop-e-long wah-wah pedaling, lighter on memoreble melodies then its predecessor, *Embrya* comes off as a tad New Agey, art-rock pretentious, emotionally calculeted, and sappy. But what great rhythm and blues about the acid pit of desire doesn't? Too bad brother didn't push the envelope more, though, 'cause given Maxwell's incoherent penchant for Kate Bush covers and Lenny Kravitz–like closet-rocker encores, it would have been

10 A Classic	5 Marginal
9 Near Perfect	4 Poor
8 Very Good	3 Dud
7 Worthy	2 Worthless
6 Reasonably Good	1 Vile

nica if he'd gottan a little grungy with it this tima out. But mark thasa words: In Maxwall's future there will be a *Purple Rain*. GREG TATE



8 Plastikman
Consumed (Minus/Novamute)

7 Concept 1
96:CD (Minus)

Unlike great white hopes such es Eric Clapton and Vanilla Ice, who firmly belong to the ancient tradition of Anglo-American blackface minstrelsy, Windsor, Ontario's Richie Hawtin is a genuine innovetor. After being turned on by the melodic techno of Darrick Mey and Kevin Saunderson that was coming across the river from Detroit, Hawtin rejigged their machine-soul into something he called "complex minimalism." On modern classics such as "Spastik" and *Muzik*, Hawtin's geometric sound—all cavernous spaces between beats and aggressively jagged edges—became one of the building blocks of the hair-shirt techno now being expounded by Berlin's Chain Reaction label and its distent cousins in Germany's hard-trance movement. After three very-low-profile years, Hewtin has returned with two elbums of music that has been processed, stretched, and refined until there is nothing left but nuance end texture.

Given Hewtin's Canedien home, tha most obvious metephor for the brooding minimalism of *Consumed* might ba the tundre. Actually, it reminds me more of being in a submarine: You're ewere of a vast expanse of spaca eround you, yet are constrained end cramped et the same time. While at first glanca, the infinitasimal movements of tona color may seem about as fescinating as plankton, there are plenty of dapth-charge synth noises, steely timbres, end bottom-feeder belches floating in the sound field to give shape to Hawtin's abstractions. *Consumed* may indeed be aquatic, but thare are no cooing dolphins or mermaid strings; this is real 20,000-leagues-below-the-saa stuff, whara the only life-forms you see ara your own hallucinations.

96:CD is comprised of tracks from the monthly 12-inches Hawtin released throughout 1996 using his elter ego, Concapt 1, and it is e drier, even more ascetic version of *Consumed*'s matallic pressure drops. Whare Plastikman creates a wave of sound to submerge the listener, Concept 1 uses a synth riff that sounds like e dripping faucet. As well as Hawtin's obvious and abiding debt to Chicago acid house, *96:CD* also betrays the influence of Jamaican dub's spatial ewarenass: The fourth treck (thera are no titles) twitches like the ramnants of reggae's skank aftar being mangled by the g-force of reentry. Tha ninth song is a compelling fusion of dub drum rolls and staccato effects and a quicksand techno march—a centrifugue, if you will. For all their dope-fried sensibilities, it's safe to say King Tubby and Lee Perry could never have imagined that their legacy would mutate into something so resolutely untropical. (Minus, 530 Walker Rd., Windsor, Ontario N8Y 2N1, Canada) PETER SHAPIRO



8 Public Enemy
He Got Game (Def Jem)

Derwinian rep—chenging with the times—is for fakers. PE, the real thing, once forced their place in the culture, now they're lucky to find a spot. Tha best thing about *He Got Game* is that the chence to piggybeck Spike Lee's new movie has put PE back in the public's eye and ear. Basketball is not just a theme dictated by Spike—on the superb first helf of 1992's *Greatest Misses*, PE created e b-bell narrative in "Air Hoodlum" that wes mora affecting than eny of Hollywood's bogus hoops-as-redemption minstrel shows. On *He Got Game*, PE use basketball in the tredition of their other sports metaphors (Chuck's "rhymer in the zona" boast on *Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age*) as the assence of black male aspiration. Disproving tha film's suggestion of b-ball as an easy passport out of the ghetto, PE chellenge trite essumptions about bleck luck and skill; asking "Why does this verse come six times rehearsed?" they pleinly acknowledge the sweat and practice behind bleck "skills." And the concept of innate recial "genius" is further disavowed by tha title track's unique form—it's a sacular pop gospel.

Timing isn't averything in pop, but it is luck. An album of the experimental style of *Greatest Misses* might now be received as magnificent. Today we

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must simply be content with PE's slightly out-of-time excellence on *He Got Game*. Getting dissed by fickle children (rap's initial audience) can't help dislocating any artists' instincts. This comeback album lacks the R&B ease Puffy commands, but it proves PE will carry on. It's timeless rather than timely rap, made with doubt that it's going to have an impact on trendy hip-hop consumers. Chuck's tough delivery—"Back again / On track again / Some of y'all black again!"— belies the energy going out of e fighter. And the beats are full of life and push.

Too bad PE occasionally succumb to desperate measures—the (improved) Wu mimicry of "Resurrection," the taint of guest rapper KRS-One's self-righteousness on "Unstoppable," and other stuff that verges on being Common. But the reunion with cowriter/coproducer Hank Shocklee is exciting—with its chanting sisters and authentically soulful groove, "Shake Your Booty" is not only a good time but a dream come true. Its freaky chorus—"Let's go crazy / Wave your hands in the air / Then you're swazy"—proves PE can still summon up originality at will and hook it to a beat. Tracks such as "Go Cat, Go," "Revelation 33⅓ Revolutions," and "Politics of the Sneeker Pimps" show that old ideas of kick-ass uplift still have a place—in hearts and, hopefully, charts. **ARMOND WHITE**



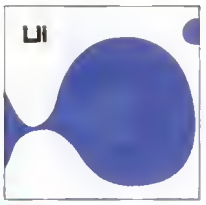
3 Brian Wilson
Imagination (Giant)

It's hard not to harbor mixed feelings about Brian Wilson in the late '90s. While it's great he's up end about (and not being "treated" by Dr. Eugene Landy), there's something slightly pathetic about the music he makes whenever anyone tries to carve out a niche for him in the modern world. We have become too accustomed to Wilson the professional idiot savant, a walk-on Forrest Gump.

The latest knight in shining armor to fund a "Brian Is Back!" opus is Irving Azoff and his under-performing Giant label. Sadly, Azoff has merely repeated the mistake Sire made with 1988's *Brian Wilson*, which is to accomodate Wilson's childlike witlessness. At one point there was talk of Seen O'Hegen—leader of the brilliant avant-MOR band the High Llamas and a devoted Wilson cultist—producing this album: a concept possibly too *Smile*-esque by half, but at least more promising than the cloyingly faux-naive nursery rhymes on *Imagination*.

There are intermittent fleshes of Wilson's vaunted melodic genius on the album: pretty *Pet Sounds* changes on ballads such as "She Says That She Needs Me" and "Where Has Love Been?" mostly bolstered by his patented stacks of vocal harmonies. But the man's penchant for writing these days in cheery major keys, coupled with the record's horribly sterile sound, turns songs such as "Sunshine" and "Your Imagination" into nothing more than goofy retreads of early Beach Boys hits. Nothing here hints at the mystic grandeur of his last great song, 1971's "Surf's Up"—whose oceanic majesty not even visionary lyricist and Beach Boys collaborator Van Dyke Parks could resurrect on 1995's Brian-fronted *Orange Crate Art*.

Somebody needs to find the Adult Within the Big Kid who is Brian Wilson. With brothers Dennis and Carl both gone, it's time—as the surfin' genius sang way back when—to "grow up to be a man." **BARNEY HOSKYNS**



7 Ui
Lifelike (Southern)



6 Kreidler
Appearance and the Park (Kiff)

In the computer musik world of the mouse and VDU, Ui and Kreidler will not let go of their instruments. To avoid the electronic doldrums, they'd rather play that shit live than press "play."

New York City's Ui are immersed in rhythm. Their lineup includes two bassists (*Spin* contributor Sasha Frere-Jones, Wilbo Wright), a break-beating drummer (Clem Waldmann), but virtually no vocals or guitar. Their third full-length, *Lifelike*, tempers organic musicianship with digital programming. The sprightly "Blood in



No-star lineup: unjustly obscure proto-punk heroes the Twinkeyz.

Retro Active

8 The Twinkeyz
Aliens in Our Midst (Anopheles)

10 Suicide
Suicide (Blast First)

When the New York Dolls screamed "Something muste happened / Over Manhattan!" they weren't just ed-dressing the proto-punk residents of the Lower East Side. The joyous frustration spoke to folks all over the USA who were impetient for rock to rise phoenixlike from the burned-out decadence of the eerly '70s. As the Twinkeyz' Donnie Jupiter seys in the liner notes to the excellent anthology *Aliens in Our Midst*, "When [we] put out our first single in...1977, it aeemed that other people had spon-taneously gotten the idea to do the same thing at the same time." The "same thing" often took wildly diver-gent forms, but whether it meant looking to America's garage punk past or streamlining for the future, bands such es Pere Ubu, Electric Eels, Styrenes, the Modern Lovers, and Mirrors were all driven by a simultaneous urge to meke it new *and* do it themselves.

Fluent in the psychedelic glories of the '60s, Sacramento, California's underknown Twinkeyz were wise enough to know that '77 wasn't Year Zero, but too hep not to plunge into punk's (under)groundswell. *Aliens in Our Midst* gathers their two end a half singles, a studio LP formerly availeble only in the Netherlands, and some freely blasted live tracka. The foursome seem thrilled with every scuzzy note they play, cutting their modernized garege-junk blare with treeted vocals, ecid-zone guiter, plua the occasional synthesizer blurt and Mellotron wash. The Twinkeyz live in a world whose coordinates are aliens, E.S.P., cartooning, and 13th Floor Elevators covers. This collection, featuring the meltdown of "Alpha Jerk" and the feedback pocket symphony of "Wild Love," leaves you thinking you don't need much else in the way of ear candy. The live songs almost overshadow the studio material, their anti-fidelity rumble reaching the kind of apex of high Guided by Voices would kill for. *Aliens* lets you know both what wes end what might have been if the Twinkeyz hedn't vanished into the ether by the dawn of the '80s.

Even more crucial participents in the proto-punk revolution, Suicide managed to teer a gient hole in rock orthodoxy and screem inside the wound. Consisting of nothing more than Martin Rev'a wheezing synthe-sizer and Alan Vega's greetings-from-purgetory wail, Suicide began es a gesture of pure confrontetion in 1972, scaring the shit out of jaded New York City art crowds. This reis-sue of their self-titled 1977 debut comes with an excellent bonus live disc, whose final track is the long-lost EP "24 Minutes Over Brussels": a document of what happened when crenky Belgians waiting for headliner Elvis Costello decided the only healthy responae to Suicide wes a full-bore riot.

Suicide itself is beyond classic, a spere, cleustrophobic collection that bottled big-city paranoia like nothing before or since. In spite of many attempts, no one has ever come close to repliceting its monolithic vibe. Though an ancient drum machine clicks in the background, it's Vega's reverbed, dead-Elvis vocals that give the songs their shud-dering, bluesy rhythm, as Rev's synth elternetes between primitive grace and oppressive moans. From the enthemic "Ghost Rider" to the delicate, subway-glance romanticism of "Cheree" to "Frankie Teardrop"—the most upsetting song about bed jobs ever recorded—Suicide crafted one of American rock's most unique-ly disconcerting albums. But for all the morbid vision, it's not Vega's declaration on "Frenkie" that "We're all lying in hell" thet defines Suicide. It'a his impassioned urge to "*Get up!*" right after that resonates the most. Suicide didn't gesture at the surrounding darkness so much as point us toward the light. (Anophe-les, PO Box 170045, San Francisco, CA 94117) **JOE GROSS**





the Air" uses a booming beat under a banjo-like melody and a bass mimicking a hend drum. Your innerds jingle as Timbeland end Creedence vibe in Ui's trunk. "Molloy's March" bumps ehead with e snere-roll rhythm that emerges from what sounds like a noisy cloud of dragonflies with contact mics on their wings. "Lacerìa" (meening "carpentry of knots") hes a stumbling kick drum similar to Busta Rhymes's "Dangerous" and a repeating guitar vibrato that simultaneously recalls Tortoise's "Gamera" end Neil Young's "Cowgirl in the Sand." Dropping hom swells into a postpunk idiom and blending genres via samplers end sequencers, Ui's sonics diversify—proving repetition needn't mean everything sounds the same.

If Ui get sore from jamming, then Düsseldorf's Kreidler cruise into e cerpel-tunnel synth-drone. Infused with the influence of Neul's *motorik* Krautrock, their second LP pulses with little variation in its sleek technological monotony. "Il Sogno Di Una Cosa" is a pleasant day trip, its guitar chugging alongside streamlined synthesizer tones as if pondering whether human and mechine can push forth together, hand-in-digit. "Necessity Now" pops off like the percussion-only bonus beat versions you get on electro records, but the drumming ia manuel, not beatbox. That live feeling is the lubricant the Kreidler android needs for hip motivation.

Attempting to push boundaries *and* your buttons, Ui and Kreidler won't let you forget humans are not only on board but at the wheel. Both embrace change: Kreidler sometimes get stuck to their snooze buttons, while Ui hit with emotive switches in sound. Gotta move that ass to get the bug out. (Southern, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657) **DAVE TOMPKINS**



7 Various Artists
The Pink and the Black: A Goth & Glam Collection (Delinquent)

Glam and Goth are different sides of the same kinky coin—one giddy, one gloomy, but both equally narcissistic about their lipstick and eyeliner, favored respective shades of which

Singles
by Charles Aaron

This column's new motto is from the best punk-rock show of 1998, *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* (it's a play, okay?). Stuck in a Midwestern trailer perk, Hedwig, the German transsexual antihero, pointedly schools her teenage lover: "Do not mock a multiplatinum single!" With that wisdom in mind, let's proceed, though I'd just like to add: Leann Rimes's "How Do I Live" is prematurely menopausal crap! Uh, sorry....

Company Flow
"N to N Burners"/"Krazy Kings Too" (Rawkus)

Their beats stalk you like attention-deficit-disorder Portishead, all digital dystopia and mad scratching, while rappers Bigg Jus and El-P spew hypertext on the secret history of graffiti and the secret future of B-boys. Indelible quotable (per El-P): "Little leaguer, my violence is also clearly ironic / Like hittin' Pick Six on the day of the apocalypse."

Fatboy Slim
"The Rockafeller Skank" (Astralwerks/Caroline)

Sampling like a punk gangsta on the lam—So sue me, coppers, I'm crazy and bald, hal hal hal—Norman "Fatboy Slim" Cook blows up Rock 'n' Roll High School (again) and pieces together the stone-cold-stoopidest techno/hip-hop/pop song since the last Fatboy Slim song that should've been a diaposable smash hit (or a Nike ad) but wasn't. Dig, if you will, a young Spoonie Gee sittin' in with Duane Eddy sliced and diced by an extremely amused Aphex Twin.

Goodie Mob (Featuring OutKast)
"Black Ice" (LaFace)

From deep in the belly of the "nigga experience," Atlanta's Goodie Mob are muttering, stuttering historians of this country's breech birthplace and the next century's drawing board—our fair Christian Southland. Preaching voodoo science about the Middle Passage, the drug game, the pimp schtick, and the prison routine over a gourd-shakin', guitar-pluckin' jeep beat from Organized Noize's Mr. DJ, they're as true-blue American as strange fruit.

Massive Attack
"Teardrop" (Virgin)

The definitive Massive vocalists—Shara Nelson, Horace Andy—are world-weary griots who've suffered for our sins, but on "Teardrop," ex-Cocteau Twin Liz Fraser

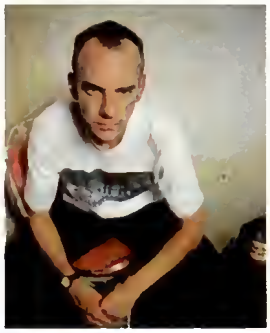
provide the title for the shrewd new compilation *The Pink and the Black*. Showcasing mostly unknown '90s bands indebted to blueprints laid down by seemingly minor '80s cult acts like Henoi Rocks and Sisters of Mercy, this double disc ergues thet perversions declared passé yeers ego ere in fect persevering in the fece of messive public indifference.

The *Pink* glem disc is, needless to say, more fun, though et times its fun is too streightforwerdly punk or powerpop. But bubblicious brets like the cutely nemed Foxy Roxx nervous-energy-spurting class clowns like the purple-heired Zeros end Itely's Smelly Boggs give their vocals an endrogynous helium flounce, their drums a rolling bounce, end their riffs e shimmering tunefulness.

Devient Europeen noise boys Deed Toys end Undercover Slut end the *Pink* disc with curiously compelling trecks dense end derk end weird enough to heve made more sense in the *Black*. After ell, Goth is besicelly glem without its sense of humor, replecing glem's bubblegum self-mockery with prog-rock delusions of grendeur. These delusions ere teken to berfable extremes here by metellic dungeonmesters Seesons of the Wolf and Morphine Angel, both of whom flex too much Neenderthal muscle to make sense in such twinkle-toed compeny.

Too much of the *Black* disc sounds merely grey in its wreparound fogginess. The high-mennered whining of Bella Morte end the New Creetures would come off more convincingly doleful if it could maintain e certain degree of forward motion. And given the hints of hypnotic bliss in their merger of chiming electroclenk end spiraling downtrodden guitar torpor, it's unfortunete so meny of these vempires-from-the-ebyss ere scared to sound beautiful. The two Goth outfits here thet don't shy eway from lushness close the *Black* disc on a stetely, unexpectedly uplifting note, end it's no coincidence thet both—the Shedow Dance from Finland end Sen Francisco's Sunshine Blind—ere fronted by women. Sunshine Blind's "Neon" even boests e coherent lyric, exploring the more-glem-then-Goth theme of being e runewey on the filthy urben streets. If you really wenne sound scery, it's best to avoid feiry tales—even if you're e boy weering girls' clothes. (Delinquent, PO Box 2594, Decetur, AL 35632) CHUCK EDDY

(Continued on page 142)



Stormin' Norman: Fatboy Slim.

floats her gulleless soprano through an ominous, womblike dubscape, and you're like, "Hey, watch out, kid!" (Harpsichord samplas give me the creeps, too.) Also: a non-album, nonlinear chatfest with Tricky, and a Mad Professor version that's so scarily fluid and lovely it could be a sonographic soundtrack.

Mya & Sisqo

"It's All About Me" (Interscope)

While Aaliyah strikes her Hilfiger pose, R&B jailbait du jour Mya Harrison cuts in to coo over this warmly minimal "interpolation" of Art of Noise's "Moments in Love" from Dru Hill's Sisqo and Jodeci producer Darryl Pearson. Basically, the message is a G-rated version of Lil' Kim's pussy-power politics: Foreplay or the highway, bwoy.

Propellerheads Featuring Shirley Bassey

"History Repeating" (DreamWorks)

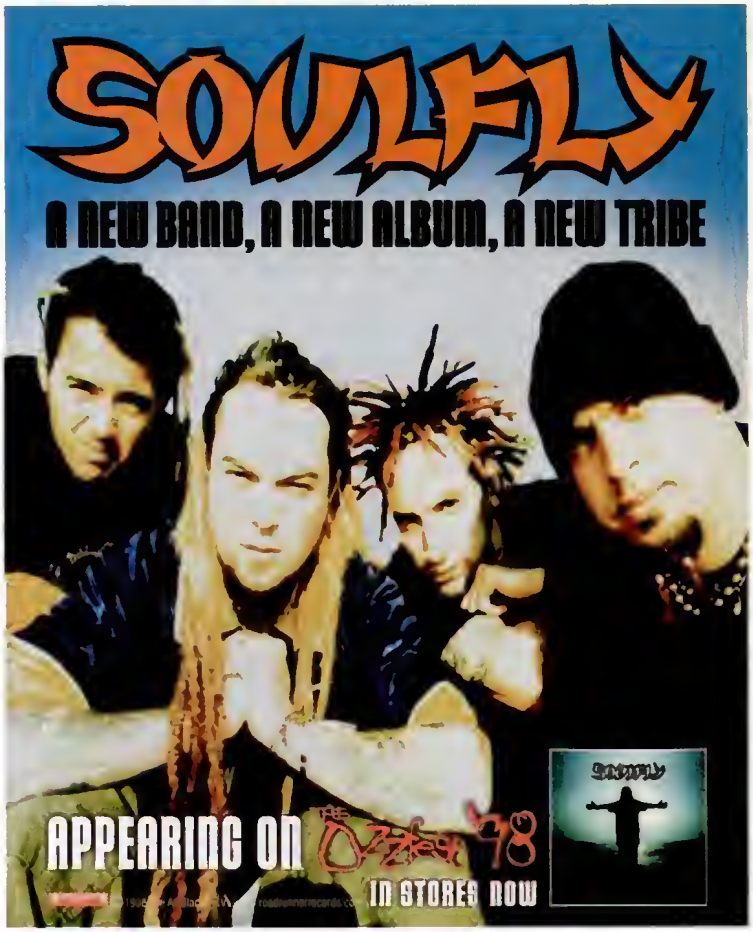
As rock stars, they strut like alcoholic ad execs, but as studio pros, they're worth a shaken martini or two, and this collaboration with Miss Bassey even achieves an aura of after-hours truth. Working a swoonworthy melody hooked to a swank organ riff and bossa nova beat, the 007 diva preens and preaches to the electronica flock: "They say the next big thing is here / And the revolution's near / But to me it seems quite clear / That it's all just a little bit of history repeating."

Dwight Yoakam

"Things Change" (Reprise)

No longer a tight-hipped hillbilly sex symbol (at least since Sharon Stone tossed his hat in the trash), Yoakam is still a masterful writer of tight-lipped relationship songs. On the matter-of-fact "Things Change," guitars chime, hearts are estranged, and everybody gives somebody the cold shoulder sometime, na na na na na na.

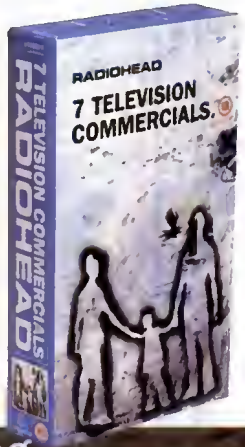
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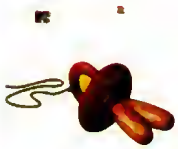
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BEST BUY



7 Various Artists

MTV's Amp 2 (Astralwerks/Caroline)

Another yeer into tha electronica revolution and record companies still haven't figured out how to peddle machine music to tha American masses. All those nearly identicel collections of attractive, anonymous instrumentals haven't blown up, so 1998's strategy is to run with what actually *worked* last year—Prodigy, a.k.a. tough beets with a rock'n'rep identity.

That's the hard-sell of *MTV's Amp 2*, a collaboration-and-remix-heavy compilation of new end recent techno monsters designed to fool mosh types into skanking to that Devil dance music. Whereas MTV's originel *Amp* presentation (end its accompenying CD) favored head-nodding computer esoterica over ennouncers/singers/humans, neerly every cut here has some rapper or ruda rock boy pumpin' up the adrenaline. Since Jason Nevins's housified remix of Run-D.M.C.'s "It's Like That" recently became the most successful rap record *ever* outside tha U.S., rep/rock/techno fusion could be the next big thing. *Amp 2* packs the largeness to prove it: Prodigy remixing Method Man's "Release Yo' Delf," Chuck D going to "War" with Ticc-Tacc and Amber Sunshower, Kool Keith teaming up with Hardkiss for "Sharks & Mermeids," Aphrodite and Micky Finn giving new beats to the Jungle Brothers' "Jungle Brother," and KRS-One rapping the praises of Goldie on "Digital." So much for techno's underdog archetype of a solitary bedroom boffin and his Casio.

It's too easy to be jaded about these high-profile TV-advertised attempts et selling underground culture: They're deliberately crass end should be consumed es such. Whet sets *Amp 2* apart from similar cash-ins is that the unrefined jams suit the macho marketing just fine. After all, a rapper is, in essence, *hype*, and these simple-(if-not-criminel)-minded jammies ere crazy with the Chaez Whiz. With surf guitar, chemical beats, and an incessant sample of obscure MC Lord Finesse chanting "Right about now / The funk soul brother," Fatboy Slim's "The Rockafeller Skank" represents the new brain-meltin', body-poppin' party groove. The parversa thing about *Amp 2* is that most of its tracks have never been end probably never will be played in full by MTV, except as background noise. Tha revolution, as usual, will not be televised. **BARRY WALTERS**



8 John Forté

Poly Sci (Refugee Camp/Columbie)

We got a liva one: Fugee-affiliata and Philips Exeter–skooled Brooklyn rapper/producer John Forté hes created en LP that refuses to be pinned down. *Poly Sci* wriggles frae from any standard hip-hop category. More important, it's the most aclectic and brain-jangling collage of beets end rhymes the Refugaa Camp has given us since the Fugees' '94 debut, *Blunted on Reality*—proof, when it's surely needed, thet thair unfocused eesthetic can still spin the mind end booty in directions more productively weyward then the suffocating corractness and musicienly politasse of thair recent work.

The first thing to strike you on *Poly Sci* is the sheer freak shamelessness of the sounds on offer, the spot-on mistakenness. It was inevitable that hip-hop would eventually graduate from the '70s funk samples it has exhausted to the sounds its current flexers end MCs ectually grew up on—the wealth of deft genius that is eerly '80s synth-pop and twilight disco. That's tha bargain bin into which *Poly Sci* dives, and it comes up giddy on helium-high Euro-pop and bleached soul.

The rub throughout *Poly Sci* is between Forté's entirely on-point lyrical invention and the gorgeous retro-ism of his sound. "Ninety Nine (Flash the Message)" hystericelly winds a warp of Nena's "99 Luftballons" under a humping electro chessis. "We Got This" sounds lika early '80s ambient guitar outfit Durutti Column lost on the D train, blending a strangely European/Mancunian sensa of space with a tentative exploration of defunct mixology that seems touchingly neive. Other trecks heve you fleshing on Arthur Beker, the Human Laegue, Talk Talk, and long-forgotten New Romentics such es Clessix Nouveaux.

As *Poly Sci* unfolds, strange traces of Forté's learning seep through—cellos, Dostoevsky, Philip Glass—making for e crush between ecademia and street life that's utterly absorbing. "All You Gotta Do" is pure rudeboy skank

wound around lines worthy of the Algonquin table. John Forté has managed to provide a complete end enthralling index to his own curious upbringing. **NEIL KULKARNI**



7 Wink
Herehear (Ovum/Columbia)

Thanks to freaky acid trax such as "Don't Laugh" and "Higher State of Consciousness," Josh Wink developed an early rep as a hard techno *übermensch*. Yet unlike countless goose-steppers who followed in his wake, Wink's Philly blunts are more House Nation than house of Wax Traxl Even his brutish tracks are giddy enough to lube a cyborg's joints.

Wink's use of spoken-word samples also reveals an artist itching to communicate more than just head-rushing beats. His 1996 debut, *Left Above the Clouds,* is a sky-high concept set with our man offering guided imagery exercises to "remove the toxins from your body." On the much-anticipated follow-up, *Herehear*, Wink puts a few more quarters in the jukebox—which dispenses jazzy drum'n'bass, mutant hip-hop, rocktronica, electro-soul—and wisely leaves the prose to the pros. (Like Trent Reznor, whose cameo on "Black Bomb" is almost as funk-lusting es "Closer.")

Wink's utopian, pan-tribal chutzpah is admirable: "Back in tha' Day" charts the relationship between techno, house, electro-funk, and old-school breakbeat, while "Hard Hit" is a fairly unprecedented collision of machine riddims and free-jazz muscle that nods to Sun Ra, who called Philly home alongside Saturn. Not all the home-town boosterism makes hay: The collaboretion with cheese-steak Britpop aspirants the Interpreters misses the "Setting Sun" mark to produce maybe the most ill-advised DJ/rock fusion since Wink's own quickie with Stabbing Westward on the *Spawn* soundtrack.

But *Herehear*'s breathtaking techno high jinks mostly subsume the genre-hopping missteps, leaving the bigger question: Is this sort of bass-bin whoopee useful the morning after? Personally, epiphanic dance-floor change-ups get me just as hard as conventional melodic hooks, and Wink nails those magic moments like the godhead mixmaster he is. I also dig how his jams explore melody in speechifying as well as diva sample-surgery, and appreciate that, es dance-floor pop-fusion goes, he prefers shifting pitches up to smecking bitches up. If he hasn't yet hit on the stylistic fusion of his dreams, well, give him props for dreaming. **WILL HERMES**

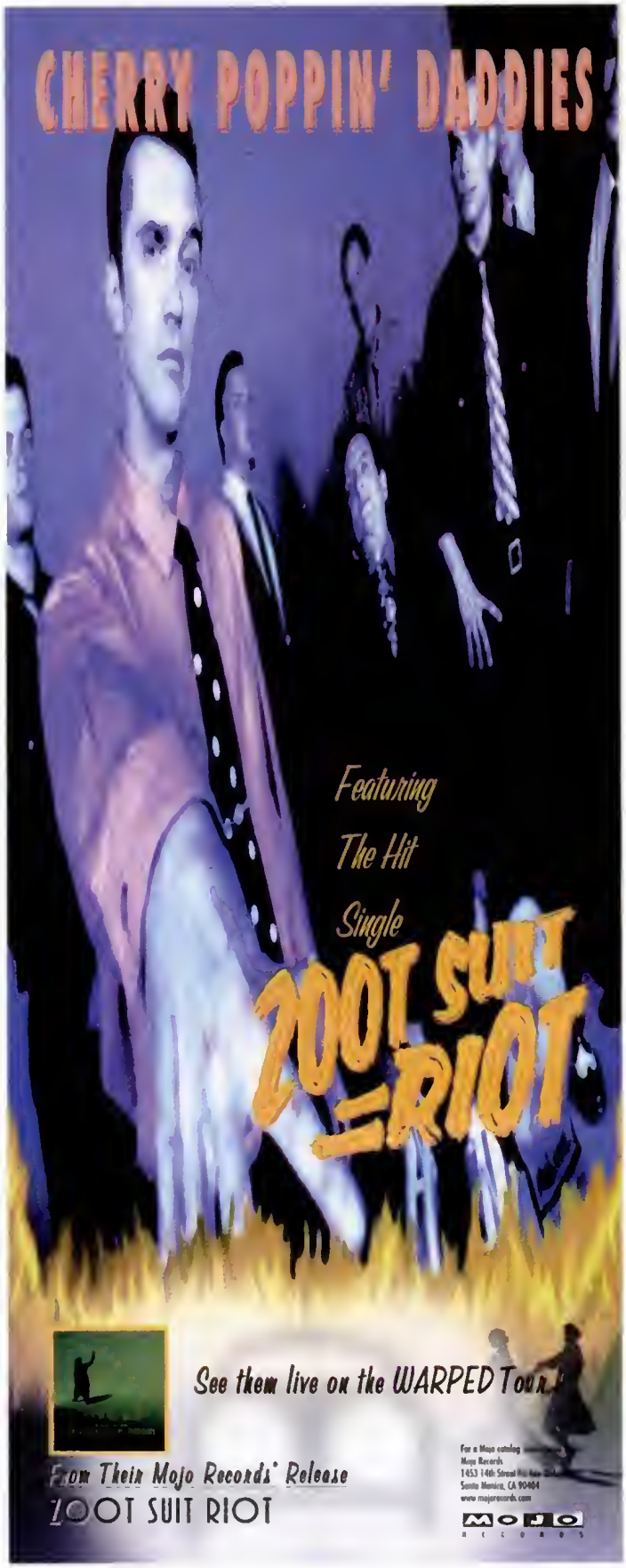


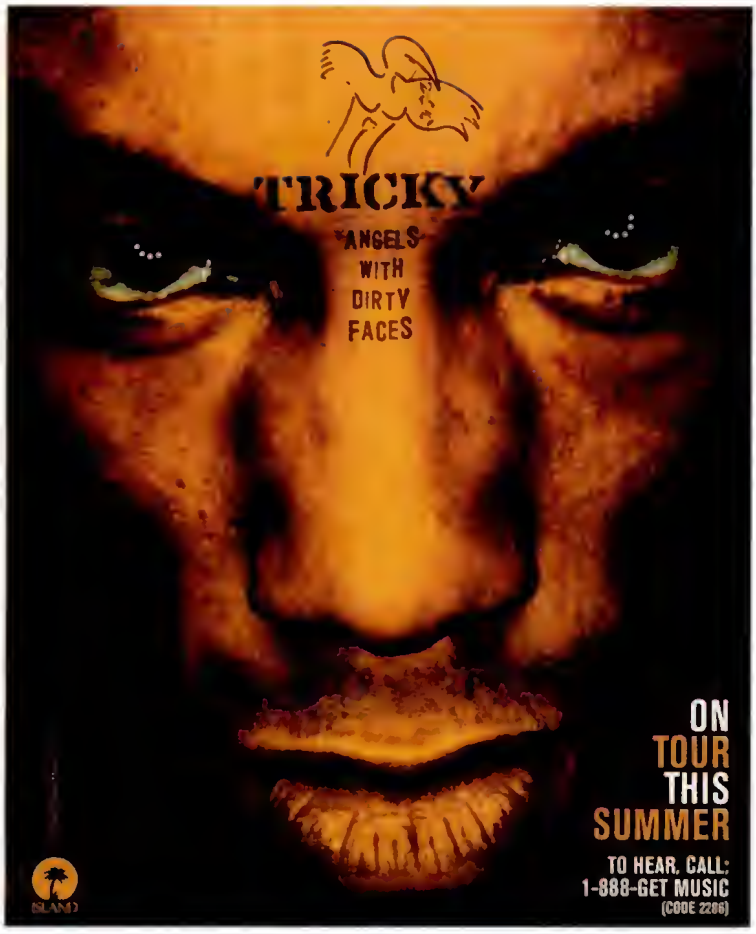
6 DMX
It's Dark and Hell Is Hot (Def Jam)

From the jailhouse strut perfected by mush-mouthed Edward G. Robinson in the noir classic *Little Caesar* to the outlaw personae cultivated by dead hip-hop heroes, the gangsta boogie mythology has long enthralled the psyche of popular culture. After the senseless slayings of Tupac and the Notorious B.I.G.—with black folks calling local rap stations crying 'bout "we need to make a change"—one had hoped the romenticized smokin' gun mentality would be traded for a bullet-less spirituality. Hell, even Martin Scorsese—the cinematic godfather for a generation of rhyme slayers—makes movies about religion these days.

Hailing from the mean streets of Yonkers, New York, obsessed with bugged violence and barking dogs, DMX is a young Staggerlee whose killer superiority complex gets more and more bizarre every time he opens his mouth. His debut, *It's Dark and Hell Is Hot*, is a psychotic concept album that celebrates bloody style over creative substance. With his gritty voice banging on a taut B.T. Express guitar sample, DMX's single "Get At Me Dog" asks: "What must I go through to show shit is real? / And I ain't never really gave a fuck how niggas feel / I rob and I steel / Not cuz I want to, cuz I have to."

Unfortunately, DMX never shares a worldview not seen from the inside of a prison or from behind a blue-steel trigger. While the often rough minimalistic beats can be infectious, they still don't mask the fact his lyrics are often plain ugly. Take the stupid rape fantasy "X-Is Coming." After confronting a jailhouse enemy, DMX sinisterly rants, "And if you have a daughter older than 15 / I'm-a rape her / Take her on the living-room floor." Is it any surprise the Devil, as heard rapping on the funky-satanic "Damien," is DMX's personal guardian angel? **MICHAEL A. GONZALES**







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QUICK CUTS



7 Matmos
Quasi-Objects (Vegua Terrain)

Few would disagree that the world of electronic music sorely needs some mirth-making, and San Francisco duo Matmos provide a whoopee cushion—*literally* ("Stupid Fambaloo," samples the aforementioned fert generator). Drew Deniel end M.C. Schmidt's m.o. is "turning noise into beats": Eschewing synths end drum machines, they sample found and created sounds—a microphone rubbed across a newly shorn head of hair, the "amplified synapse of creyfish neural tissue on display at the Exploratorium." On their second album, *Quasi-Objects*, "Latex" explores the squishy percussiva possibilities of stretched wet letex, while "The Purple Island" incorporates "slowed-down whistles and kisses." All that's missing is the sound of one hend clapping. Despite the Spike Jones schtick, Matmos aren't strictly Goofball City: Their best trecks recall the fuzzed-out grooves of eustere experimentalists Autechre or the clanky percussion of Javenese gamelan music. Obsessed with process, Metmos's mejor flaw is emphasizing the footnote over the text—something a funky rimshot loop now and then might remedy. (Vegua Terrein, 2710 20th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110) **MIKE RUBIN**

7 Rocket From the Crypt
RFTC (Interscope)

Rocket From the Crypt ere *big*—bigger than life, bigger than Elvis, big in England (where they had a hit with "On a Rope"), big and dumb and fast and fun like some kind of Arcadian ideel of rock'n'roll. They do the jerky-jerk; they c'mon end shake it up; they know what God mede cowbells for. The band's love of flash and trash ("She don't weer makeup," frontman John "Speedo" Reis leers, "only red lipstick") is streight out of the days when bands were expected to put on e show: You don't need to see a photo of Rocket to know they've got silver lamé suits. *RFTC* is e little more prefebricated then the bells-and-all tower of sound thet was 1995's *Scream, Dracula, Scream!*, mostly because they've figured out what the '50s rockers they love knew: bone-stupid, good-timey knockoffs can be a vehicle for anything you like. "I'm a fool / I'll never be true to you," Reis yowls in the roller-rink enthem "Break It Up" (two parts "Revolution," two parts "Jeilhouse Rock," 35 parts "Rock end Roll Part II"), but the raunchy delivery effectively translates as "Let's have e look at what's under that dress." It's almost too bad Rocket give their all on every single track—it doesn't take long for the omnipresent horn-section blare and unremitting high-energy bash to get e little weerying. Size isn't everything. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

4 Slayer
Diabolus in Musica (American)

Listening to the new Slayer is like the first time you wetch a *My So-Called Life* rerun end identify with the *mom*: You have ell these cliché TV-parent thoughts about turning that thing down and what's with that silly growling end whatever heppened to the nice old-feshioned melodies of Marilyn Manson? Like, if you heerd your deughter barking along with Sleyer's "In the Neme of God"—which goes, "I went to invite you / Welcome you to my hate"—you'd mumble, "That's okey, honey, I'll just weit in the car." Fifteen years into Slayer's career, they're still deploying the same fest beets end sluggish riffs end betty banter. Death metal was never one of your more flexible genres, end here it just feels *dead*. This is loudness without fun, blesphemy without subversion, darkness with no shades of gray. The drums are miked really well, though. **SARAH VOWELL**

8 The Spinanes
Arches and Aisles (Sub Pop)

What relevance does indie rock retain in the age of electronica? Well, guitar'n'bass can bring excitement to your ennui and erticuletion to your pain in weys drum'n'bass just plain can't. *Arches and Aisles* could be the cure for your rock-is-dead cynicism. Sole surviving Spinane now thet Scott Plouf hes split for Built to Spill, Rebecca Getes teams up with new "post-rock" friends John McEntire (Tortoise) and Sem Prekop (the Sea and Cake) to make a warm, thoughtful, and melodically gorgeous record. Getes produces, sings, and plays tha *merde* out of her guitar, while the ambient warblas of "Kid in Candy," the warm treacle embrace of "72–74," and the tension/releese etteck of "Love, the Lazee" all provide welcome respite from the digital deluge. **ANDY GENSLER**





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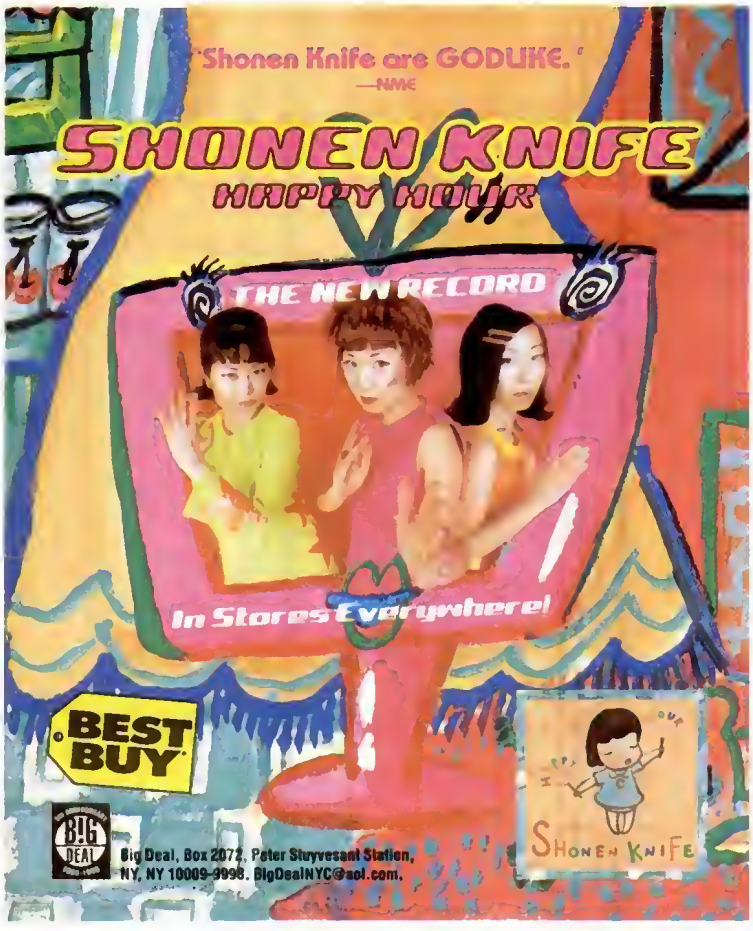
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Billy Idol wore wristbands, too: Shirley Manson of Garbage.

LIVE

Garbage
Warfield Theater, San Francisco
May 20, 1998

The infinite varieties of avant-dance might never sell, and the mainspring of alt-rock is nearly all sprung out. But somewhere on the borderline, the twain have already met: Call it the Next Midsize Thing. As electronica bum-rushes rock'n'roll, rock bands race to meet it in the middle—and Garbege is the reciest of ell. Their self-titled 1995 debut arrived on the scene like an Erector set for the new pop fusion. The recent *Version 2.0* is even more of e shoot-out at the *OK Computer* corral, gunning for perfectly synthetic beats while eiming further away from the niceties of verse/chorus/verse.

On the opening night of their 2.0 tour, they came off like Prodigy through the looking glass: Butch Vig sequestered Liam Howlett–style behind his Plexiglas-enclosed drum kit; Shirley Manson personality-plussing at the front of the stage like a better-dressed Keith Flint; the rest of the band—guitarist Duke Erikson, bassist Steve Marker, end temp worker Deniel Shulman—diligently dragging rock into the maelstrom of mathematical howl. Despite the party line about being a real band, they still play like a shell game: Manson strobing between cinnamon girl and wicked witch to divert attention from the sleight-of-technology in the background. The thing is, they're ell amazingly good at their jobs. Despite the spectre of sterility, the room felt more electric then electronic: Opener "Push It" set the pit in motion, and the set mostly kept it that way.

As the home turf of pop music shifts from guitarland to the dance floor, the idea of a "live show" grows either perplexing or irrelevant. Or both. You could hear the anxiety in the ways in which the concert remained steadfastly classic rock: enthemic arrengements, flickering white lights illuminating the stage, Manson striking boxer poses. And in typical rock show fashion, the bend outdid themselves playing new material while the crowd was mad for past hits: "Vow" and "Queer" brought the pleasure, even if "Medication" and "I Think I'm Paranoid" carried the

news. Manson sank into old-fashioned Chrissie Hynda moments on tha highlight "Special," and for once, the band gava her room to puzzle it through, letting thair wall-of-drona crumbla as sha climbed out of har haritage and back into harsalf.

Tha alectronica influanca rulad in tha excessively layarad rhythm tracks: It was hard to ralata Vig's traditional-looking rig to all tha complicatad baat happening. But the overall aesthetic was straight from tha daap-groova underground: how thare's no gap between high sariousness and gatting your groove on. "#1 Crush," a song as boring in concert as on disc, still brought the crowd to applausa and, mora mystariously for such a sombar ballad, drova it to dance as datarminadly as it would later for a bitterly ecstatic "Only Happy Whan It Rains."

During tha encore, the band's fusion fall into componant parts, from a sweatly austere Alex Chilton cover ("Thirteen") to tha push technology of "You Look So Fine." In tha final momants, as tha hit-that-perfact-beat boys whirred away, Shirlay stalkad and shimmiad as if dancing away from tha adga of something disturbing: opening-night narvas? aimlassnass? the burden of being tha soul of a new machina? **JANE DARK**

Goodie Mob

Tramps, New York City
May 31, 1998

From Puffy's dasignar escapism to Master P's gold-ancrusted tank to Hype Williams's vidao floor shows, mainstraam rap has antarad its lata Baroque parad, with stars reclining on ultra-jiggy divans whila tha faithful gapa in awa. So why was Goodia Mob's Caa-Lo, a stumpy, chrome-domad MC with the high-pitchad drawl of a strickan country praacher, joking about a $35 fake Rolax ha bought on Manhattan's scruffy Canal Straat? Because whan it comas to opulent grandstanding, this Atlanta hip-hop group *ain't* 'bout it 'bout it.

When Cee-Lo and partners Big Gipp, Khujo, and T-Mo matarialized in late 1995 with tha creepy-crawly, conspiracy-theorizing singla "Call Tharapy," produced by Organized Noiza (TLC, OutKast), folks outside tha South nodded their heads cautiously. Who wara these guys—rehabilitatad gangstas, ghetto sages, the Wu-Twang Clan? Thair first album, *Soul Food*, was a patchy primar, but this yaar's *Still Standing* jolts you like a future-funk manifesto—sophisticated, shifty production underlying hardscrabbla, spiritually hauntad rants. And at this sold-out, star-studdad club show, tha four MCs swapt onstaga in humble jaans and T-shirts, infusing their band's funk-rock groova (guitar, drums, bass, kayboards, backup singers) with the kind of explicit moral imparative that Chuck D now chokas on. Assassing the psychic damaga of slavary past and prasant (prisons, projects, etc.), Goodia Mob also flashad a loopy sansa of humor, breaking into a booty-bass bounce, quoting Frankie Goes to Hollywood, and whipping off thair shirts to raveal proud, everyguy bellies.

"I will ramove all doubt—I am fina as hall up hare," joked Cee-Lo, striking a saggy, fireplug profila befora ha launchad into a rightaously manic spoken-word interlude that echoed the Last Poets' Umar Bin Hassan. "You niggas is strong, but you must be stupid to be so strong and still be whara you at!" he cried, before calling for whomever cared about the "stata of this art form wa usad to call hip-hop" to punch thair fists in the air. On this night, ha didn't hava to ask twice. **CHARLES AARON**



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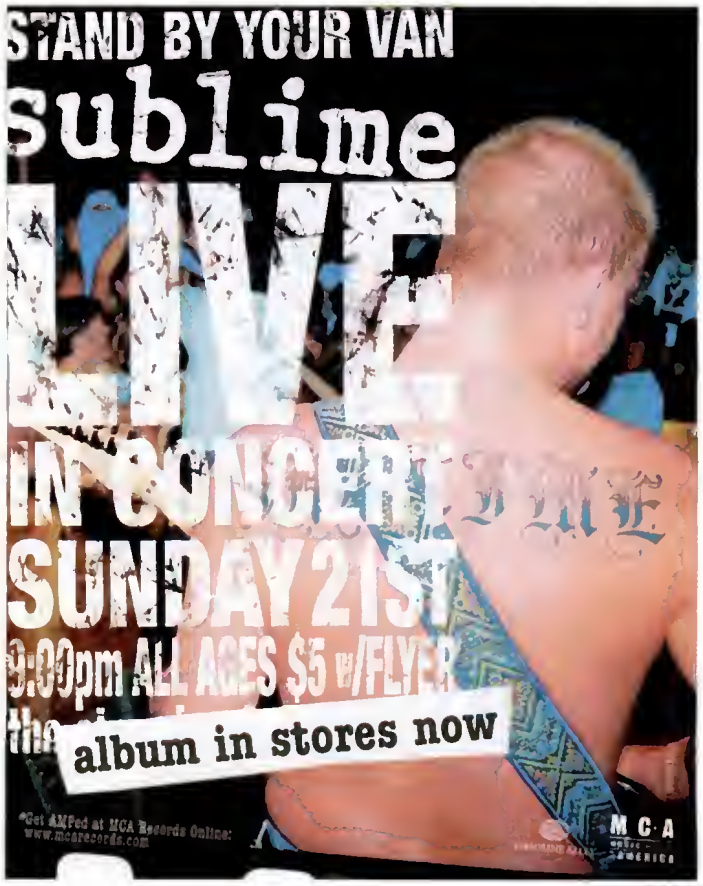
Includes two songs previously unreleased in the U.S., plus classics like "Wave Of Mutilation" and "Monkey Gone To Heaven."

Six

Produced for the BBC by Mike Robinson, Dale Griffin, Mitt

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HEAVY ROTATION

A recap of the past few months' most notable releases



Tori Amos
From the Choirgirl Hotel
(Atlantic)

What you're missing: Amos scolding God, rejecting communion for masturbation, and calling Lucifer "Father."
Conclusion: More than any singer/songwriter of her ganaration, Tori carries on rock's craation myth, that part of the ganre born of Pentecostal passion and slave sadnass.



Creeper Lagoon
I Become Small and Go
(NickelBag)

What you're missing: S.F. band whose sound lies somewhere between tha Matadorian arch-intelligantsia and the miniaturists of tha Elephant 6 collective.
Conclusion: Perhaps DreamWorks will capture the band's semi-live charm next record; for now *...Small and Go* is tha year's prettiast puzzle.



Garbage
Version 2.0
(Almo Sounds)

What you're missing: A nonstop singles aggregation that's going to make tha crap glutting Modarn Rock radio suck even worse.
Conclusion: Lessar gals may have stolan soma of har thundar, but taking tima off to craft alt-rock's very own *Ray of Light* has Shirley Manson poised for world domination.



Sean Lennon
Into the Sun
(Grand Royal/ Capitol)

What you're missing: Low-key songs that sound lika damos you couldn't build on without dastroying.
Conclusion: On his dabut, Lennon sounds lika a right regular guy, and it's hard to think of many things wairdar than that.



Pulp
This Is Hardcore
(Island)

What you're missing: Jarvis Cocker, living in tha sama world as the rest of us, and admitting as much without sounding too mundane or blowing his chic. That's no meen feat.
Conclusion: Who else smiles back at you in quite tha sama way?



Quasi
Featuring "Birds"
(Up)

What you're missing: Relentlessly grim assessments of love, work, friendship, love, tha future, intallect, and did we mention love?
Conclusion: Coming from most bands, this would just be pretentious whining, but Quasi's sound alavatas it to the level of black humor.



Rancid
Life Won't Wait
(Epitaph)

What you're missing: Tha catch in singer Tim Armstrong's voice, which snaps you back to mamorias of eyes-lockad, talk-all-night, actual communication.
Conclusion: Success saams to agree with Rancid's songwriting. Their world, lika thair sound, has gottan bigger.



Tricky
Angels With Dirty Faces
(Island)

What you're missing: Tricky, dreaming of Kurt Cobain's suicida along with ghatto shoot-outs, vibing off *Porgy & Bess* and Billia Holiday alongsida Gary Numan and Joy Division.
Conclusion: Forget old tarms such as "funk," "hip-hop," and "nu-skool-intelligent-hard-stap." Let's call this stuff what it is: black magic.



Rufus Wainwright
Rufus Wainwright
(DreamWorks)

What you're missing: Wainwright's originality, which is bound up in a tradition far removed from rock; try musical comady, Franch chanson, or mayba Al Jolson.
Conclusion: Whera's the lounge movamant now that we have somebody who knows how to take its values seriously?

where to buy



"Hello, Nasty"
Page 79 *Mistress Mine top*, $25, at Mistress Mine, New York City. *Vivienne Westwood skirt*, $235, at Untitled, New York City.
Page 81 *Vintage dress*, $28, at Resurrection, New York City.
Page 84 *Anglomenia by Vivienne Westwood corset*, $262, at Untitled.

"Hail Satan"
Page 91 *Thuy Quang Pham cape/coat*, $800, at Steven Alan, New York City.

"The Knockout Artist"
Page 94 *RP55 T-shirt*, $25, at Footlockar, nationwide; Tha Lark, Chicago; Up Against tha Wall, Naw York City. *Polo Sport jecket*, $145, at Polo Sport, New York City; Bloomingdales, Naw York City; Macy's, New York City.

"Supergrass"
Page 98 *Y.M.C. shirt*, $125, at Louis of Boston, Boston; Naked, Los Angeles.
Page 99 *Katharine Hamnett jacket*, for information call 011-44-171-823-1002. *Burro pants*, $165, at Burro, London.
Page 100 *Meherishi top*, $250, at Union, New York City; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. *Paul Smith pents*, $295, et Paul Smith, New York City. *Diesel socks*, $13, at Diesel, New York City, Las Vegas, and Washington, D.C.
Page 101 *6876 sweeter*, $195, at Louis of Boston; Harvey Nichol's, London.
Page 102 *Burro shirt*, $115, et Frad Segal, Senta Monica, Californie; Louis of Boston; Burro. *Evisu jeans*, $165, et American Rag, Los Angelas; Jones 13, London.
Page 103 *Maharishi top*, $250, at Union; Fred Segal.

"The Accidental VJ"
Page 106–108 *Filthmart T-shirt*, $16, at Filthmart, New York City. *Leather Rose cuff*, $125, at Laather Rose, New York City.

"Sinéad O'Connor Not a Bad Bastard Anymore"
Page 110 and 113 *Balenciaga cape*, $1,370, available by special order at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City; Barney's, New York City.

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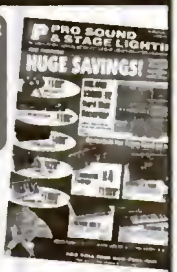
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